

B E A U T I E S

OF THE

ENGLISH DRAMA.

V O L. I.

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ENGLISH DRAMA

VOL. I

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T H E
B E A U T I E S
O F T H E
E N G L I S H D R A M A ; K
D I G E S T E D

Alphabetically according to the Date of their
Performances.

Consisting of the most celebrated
Passages, Soliloques, Similies, Descriptions,

A N D O T H E R
P O E T I C A L B E A U T I E S

Contained in the Works of

SHAKESPEARE	ADDISON	STEELE	SMOLLETT
JOHNSON	ROWE	DAVENANT	PHILIPS
DRYDEN	YOUNG	RAWLEY	MASON
LEE	MALLETT	LILLY	FROWDE
OTWAY	FRANCIS	HILL	HAYARD
BEAUMONT	MILLER	HOME	DENNIS
FLETCHER	SHIRLEY	CONGREVE	DUNCOMBE
MASSINGER	CHAPMAN	SAVAGE	MURPHY
LANDSDOWN	GLOVER	WHITEHEAD	CUMBERLAND
DENHAM	MIDDLETON	S. JOHNSON	BROOKE
SOUTHERN	C. JOHNSON	MILTON	KELLY, &c. &c.

With a copious Index to the Subjects, and a List of
the Plays made use of in the Work.

I N F O U R V O L U M E S .

V O L . I .

L O N D O N :

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row. 1777.

THE BEAUTIFUL

ENGLISH DRAMA



With a complete index to the subjects, and a full list of the books and articles in the volume.

— IN FOUR VOLUMES —

VOLUME I.

— OF THE —

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P R E F A C E.

THE inaccuracy and neglect of former publications on this plan induced the present Editor a few years since to attempt supplying their deficiencies by selecting such beautiful passages from English Theatrical Writers, as had before been omitted, and to collect others from more modern publications and productions; how far he has accomplish'd his intended improvement the following sheets will prove. In this collection he has endeavoured to avoid the introduction of any subjects that were either of too great an extent, or that tended to obscenity, immorality, or vice; preferring such as were concise, that enforce virtue, liberty, morality and patriotism, and that decry vice in all its various forms. He has made several from some pieces that were not successful on the stage, yet had their merit of composition, but could not resist the rage of faction, the power of party, or the clamours of prejudice: Several passages are selected from others that afford more pleasure in the closet than
in

in representation. With respect to several productions that have not been so successful as to gain admittance into either of the theatres, it may perhaps be sufficient to observe, that this ought not to determine their real worth, unless the judgment of every theatrical manager or licensed inspector of plays, be supposed infallible,

Indeed, the present Editor is far from contending for the excellence of every performance here taken notice of, many of whom deserve the contempt they have met with; nevertheless, out of some, even the worst, may be gleaned a striking sentiment, a pertinent reflection, or an apposite simile, that wants nothing but a more elegant dress, or better company, to recommend them to notice. To render his selection useful as well as entertaining, the various subjects are arranged in a chronological series, with the names of their authors affixed to each, and the piece from whence they are extracted, according to the time of their respective appearances, either on the stage or in print, by which may be seen the different modes of theatrical expressions, from the time of Shakespeare to the present period; which will enable the reader to trace the progress of particular sentiments thro' a variety of hands, and enable him to do justice to the real author.

Not

P R E F A C E vii

Not to be acquainted with the beauties of our Dramatic Authors, which are so very numerous, is an injustice to the nation, and a reflection on ourselves; for in forming a fine taste, and laying a foundation of true elegance, a knowledge of the poets has been always allowed by the greatest critics to be very essential; for in them may be seen the most admired precepts, strong and natural descriptions, elegant thoughts, brilliant wit, and the most beautiful diction, to neglect the knowledge of which is unpardonable; and to enable the rising generation to pay a due tribute to their countrymen, was a considerable inducement to the present undertaking, which contains the essence of our most refined geniuses. It reflects honour upon the nation, and exemplifies its literary character; and it is presumed, will convince the world, that the English Dramatic Writers can justly boast as bold imagery, as daring metaphors, as warm fancy, as glowing imagination, as spirited language, and a strain of poetry as sublime and enthusiastic, as any nation in the universe.

in the universe.

THE
B E A U T I E S
OF THE
E N G L I S H D R A M A.

A B B E Y.

I AM no enemy to religion;
But what is done, it is for England's good;
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy abbots, and of full-fed friars,
That neither plough, nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor?

Indeed, these things you have alledg'd, my lord,
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn
Will curse the time the abbles were pull'd down;
I pray now, Where is Hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed people go
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limbs?
And where religious men should take them in,
They'll now be kept back by a massiff dog.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Cromwell*.

————— This holy cell
Is dedicated to the sons of peace ;
The foot never profan'd this floor ;
Nor doth Wrath here with his consuming voice
Affright the buildings ; Charity with Prayer,
Humility with Abstinence combin'd,
Are here the guardians of a grieved mind.

HOFFMAN'S Tragedy.

A B S E N C E.

My eyes are robb'd of what they lov'd to see ;
My ears of the dear words they us'd to hear ;
My longing arms of the embrace they covet.
Forgive me, Heaven, if when I these enjoy,
So perfect is the happiness I find,
That my soul satisfy'd, feels no ambition
To change these humble roofs, and sit above.

*ROCHESTER'S *Valentinian*.*

Absence alone, can make our sorrows less ;
And not to see what we can ne'er redress.

*DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.*

Fly swift, ye hours, you measure time for me in vain,
Till you bring back Leonidas again,
Be swifter now, and to redeem that wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long.

*DRYDEN'S *Marriage à la Mode*.*

Moments to absent lovers tedious grow :
'Tis not how time, but how the mind does go.

*SEDLEY'S *Anthony and Cleopatra*.*

Winds murmur'd thro' the leaves your short delay,
And fountains o'er their pebbles chide your stay :
But with your presence cheer'd, they cease to mourn,
And walks wear fresher green at your return.

*DRYDEN'S *State of Innocence*.*

With thee to live is Paradise alone,
Without the pleasure of thy sight is none. *Ibid.*

Life of itself will go, now thou art gone;
Like flies in winter, when they looke the sun.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

She's gone, and I like my own ghost appear:
It is not living when she is not here. *Ibid.*

Without her presence all my joys are vain;
Empire a curse, and life itself a pain. *Ibid.*

————— It was not kind,
To leave me like a turtle, here alone,
To droop and mourn the absence of my mate.
When thou art from me, ev'ry place is desert,
And I, methinks, am savage and forlorn.
Thy presence only 'tis can make me blessed,
Heal my unquiet mind, and tune my soul.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

The tedious hours move heavily away,
And each long minute seems a lazy day.
OTWAY'S Caius Marius.

What shall I do? Oh! how alone am I!
I walk, methinks, as half of me were lost. *Ibid.*

————— Every moment
I'm from thy sight, the heart within my bosom
Moans like a tender infant in its cradle,
Whose nurse had left it.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserved.

Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;
And every little absence is an age.

DRYDEN'S Ambition.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
Else who could bear it?
When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,
Then will I own I ought not to complain,
Since that one hour is worth whole years of pain, }
ROWE'S Tamerlane.

Night must involve the world till she appear ;
 The flowers in painted meadows hang their heads ;
 The birds awake not to their morning songs ;
 Nor early hinds renew their constant labour :
 Ev'n Nature seems to slumber till her call,
 Regardless of th' approach of any other day.

Rowe's Ulysses.

I charge thee, loiter not, but haste to bless me ;
 Think with what eager hopes, what rage, I burn
 For ev'ry tedious minute, how I mourn :
 Think how I call thee cruel for thy stay,
 And break my heart with grief for thy unkind delay.

Ibid.

Oh Love ! how swiftly thy hours fly away
 When we are bless'd ? How tedious are thy minutes
 When cruel absence parts two longing lovers ?

Carrol's Perjur'd Husband.

This close confinement pains me less
 Than separation from my much lov'd lord,
 Were I with him in narrower bounds imprison'd,
 Imprisonment itself would please ; but since
 His charming conversation is deny'd me,
 I like the melancholy nightingale,
 Shut in a cage and widow'd from her lover,
 Shall languish, droop, and pine myself to death.

Trapp's Abimelech.

————— In my Lucia's absence
 Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burden ;
 And yet when I behold that charming maid,
 I am ten times more undone, while Hope, and Fear,
 And Grief and Rage, and Love rise up at once,
 And with variety of pain distract me.

Addison's Cato.

Then sun, drive on, drive on in full career,
 And let thy fiery couriers, fleet as winds,
 Guide the immortal chariot round the sphere
 With more than common, with a lover's speed,
 For that blest hour shall both our joys compleat,

Make

Make mine as happy as thy own is great,
 When, you retiring to your Thetis' charms,
 Revel in love and wanton in her arms ;
 Then blest Almeyda shall behold her lord,
 Whom she so long hath lov'd, so long ador'd.

BECKINGHAM's Scipio.

Four moons already I have sigh'd alone,
 And with repeated prayers invok'd his name ;
 But he, or deaf, or fearful of our fates,
 Shuns the sad triumph of his conquering eyes.

SEWELL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

I call to witness all my leisure hours,
 Spent in retirement and the thought of you ;
 And when the court and camp by turns amus'd me,
 'Twas but a faint relief to heighten care :
 For, oh ! the torment when I went to rest,
 And clos'd my eyes in vain ! when all at once
 A thousand anxious thoughts, that slept by day
 Swarm'd in my brain, till it resembl'd hell
 Hot, dark and hot : My sick imagination,
 Assisted by the shades of night, would give
 A gloomy turn to each idea there :
 The prospect then of joys to come revers'd
 Grew less and less, and doubtful and remote
 Remembrance haunted me with past endearments ;
 But most the image of some happy rival.
 At length when Nature harass'd to repose,
 Forc'd on my half-shut eyes, a minute's slumber,
 The beatings of an aking heart would wake me
 From some black dream of horror and despair ;
 Till morning sleep reliev'd my wearied soul ;
 And Hope, the daughter of the dawn, return'd.

JEFFREY's Edwin.

Let met kiss off these tears. O beauteous tears
 If shed by doubting love, if shed for absence.
 Instead of these reproaches, ask me rather
 How I that absence bore : And here all words,
 All eloquence is dumb, to speak the pangs

A C T

That lurk'd beneath the rugged brow of war.
 When glaring day was clos'd, and hush'd the camp,
 O! then, amid ten thousand other cares
 'Those stung the keenest that remember'd thee,
 That on my long-left Clytemnestra thought
 On what wild seas and mountains lay between us.

THOMPSON'S Agamemnon.

'Twas not in cruel absence, to deprive me
 Of your imperial image.—Every where
 You reign triumphant; memory supplies
 Reflexion, with your power; and you, like Heaven,
 Are always present —

HILL'S Zara.

Far in the depths of thy sad desarts trac'd,
 My heart will seek thee; Fancy there misleads
 My weary, wandering, steps: There, Horror finds,
 And preys upon my solitude: There, leaves me
 To languish life out, in unheard complaints
 'To wait, and wither in the tear-less winds.

HILL'S Alzira.

————— Think, O think
 What in this age of absence I have borne,
 How combated each tender thought, and liv'd
 For thy dear sake a victim to despair.

WHITEHEAD'S Cressa.

ACTION *opposed to* CONTEMPLATION.

'This were to lose the very end of being,
 And render virtue useless to the world.
 'Tis action gives its beauteous image life,
 As it diffuses health to human kind.
 Which is, without it, but a fair idea,
 A painted prospect, void of all the worth
 Which its appearance boasts. This were to be
 The mere outside, the statue of a man.

BELLERS'S Injur'd Innocence.

A C T.

ACTIONS or DEEDS.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

SHAKESPEARE'S Hamlet.

Our actions are our own ; their consequence
Belongs to Heaven. The secret consciousness
Of duty well perform'd ; the public voice
Of praise that honours virtue and rewards it,
All these are yours. —

FRANCIS'S Eugenia.

Actions rare and sudden do commonly
Proceed from fierce necessity ; or else
From some oblique design which is ashamed
To shew itself in the public road.

DAYENANT'S Cruel Brother.

A D V I C E.

— These few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act :
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all ; to thine own self be true,

8 A B V
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

Fool. Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set not less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door.

King. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unsee'd
lawyer;
You gave me nothing for't.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Law*.

Obeey thy parents; keep thy word justly;
Swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse;
Set not thy sweet heart on proud array.
Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks,
Betray thy poor heart to woman:
Keep thy foot out of brothels; thy hand out of
plackets;
Thy pen from lenders books, and defy the foul fiend.

Ibid.

He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf,
The heels of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath
of a whore.

Ibid.

Love all; trust a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy,
Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

SHAKESP. *All's Well that Ends Well*.

The honour of a maid is her name,
And no legacy is so rich as honesty;
Beware, Diana, of gallants; their promises, en-
ticements,

Oaths,

Oaths, tokens, and all those engines of lust,
Are not the things they go under: many a maid
Hath been seduc'd by them; and the misery is, ex-
ample,

That so terribly shews the wreck of maidenhood,
Cannot, for all that, dissuade succession; but that
They are limed with the twigs that threaten them.
I hope I need not to advise you further. But I hope
Your own grace will keep you where you are;
Tho' there were no farther danger known,
But the modesty which is so lost.

SHAKESP. *Al.'s Well that Ends Well.*

When things go ill, each fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise;
All wretchedly deplore the present state,
And that advice seems best which comes too late.

SEDLEY'S *Anthony and Cleopatra.*

A D U L T E R Y.

Oh! you have done an act,
That blurs the face and blush of Modesty;
Calls Virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths. O such a deed!
Heaven's face doth glow at it.
Yea, this solidity, and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Hamlet.*

Thou art as honest
As summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and look'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee!
Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of thy cheeks,
 That would to cinders burn up modesty,
 Did I but speak thy deeds.
 Heav'n stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
 The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
 Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
 And will not hear it.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello*.

Just reeking from my Arms ! O thou adulteress !
 Whose name to mention, sure, would rot my lungs,
 And blister up my tongue ! Insatiate Scylla !
 Bark'st thou for more ? Then let the furies seize thee,
 Whose burning lust damns to the lowest hell,
 Smokes to the heavens, and sullies all the stars.
 Had she not fallen thus, Oh ! ten thousand worlds
 Could ne'er have ballanced her ; for heaven is in her,
 And joys which I must never dream of more.

LEE'S *Cæsar Borgia*.

I would chuse to scramble at a door ;
 Make my loath'd meals out of a common basket,
 With dungeon villains ; wallow in the stews,
 And get my bread by poisoning my firm limbs ;
 E'er pass an hour with her I have espous'd,
 If but in thought consenting to another.

Ibid.

————— All women will deny :
 What have we for your truth, but your bare words ?
 The subtle path is trodden without print ;
 Not the least footstep to be traced for truth.

LANSDOWN'S *Heroick Loots*

The stain of violation is upon thee,
 The ruddy spot fresh ardent on thy face :
 Thy cheeks are burning with the adulterer's mark ;
 His print is on thy lips ; thy melted eyes
 Yet glow with languish'd lustre.

Ibid.

G6,

Go, thou black pattern of thy subtle sex;
 Leave this dull fool, this husband to his shame.
 Go to thy am'rous sports again, and hug
 The royal lecher in thy wanton arms.
 The king!—Ay, there resentment must be mute.
 O had another, potent as himself,
 Unguarded by the sanction of that name,
 Dar'd to invade my property, my tongue
 Had then been silent, and my sword had spoke!
 Yet, I have her, that strumpet of a wife;
 There shall my vengeance strike a double blow:
 Yes, she shall suffer strangely for them both;
 Whilst I shall punish him, in torturing her.

BECKINGHAM'S King Henry IV. of France.

—— Who robs me of my wealth,
 May one day have ability, or will
 To yield me full repayment---but the villain
 That doth invade a husband's right in bed,
 Is murd'rer of his peace, and makes a breach
 In his life's after-quiet, that the grief
 Of penitence itself cannot repair.

HAWKINS'S Cymbeline.

AFFECTATION of Maidens.

—— Maids, in modesty, say no, to that
 Which they would have the profferer construe, ay.
 Fie, fie; how wayward is this foolish love,
 That like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
 And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod?

SHAKESP. Two Gentlemen of Verona.

AFFECTATION of Manners.

—— I'll hold thee any wager,
 When we are both apparel'd like young men,
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace,

And speak between the change of man and boy
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,
 Like a fine bragging youth ; and tell quaint lies,
 How honourable ladies sought my love,
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died.

SHAKESP. *Merchant of Venice.*

AFFECTION *Natura!*

The virtuous man and honest—he's my brother
 And he alone ; for Nature never meant
 By her affections to engage our hearts
 To villainy and baseness.

FRANCIS'S *Eugenio.*

————— What so sweet,
 So beautiful, on earth, and, ah ! so rare,
 As kindred love, and family repose.

YOUNG'S *Brothers.*

Fathers alone, a father's heart can know
 What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
 When brothers love : But if their hate succeeds,
 They wage the war ; but 'tis the father bleeds.

Ibid.

Yet tell me, can I say to my revenge
 Be thou my daughter ? To this fierce ambition
 Bequeath my power, and bid it to inherit
 My name and honours ? Can his deepest groans
 Charm my transported soul, like those sweet sounds,
 That call'd me father ? FRANCIS'S *Constantine.*

————— Can public trust,
 O reverend sage ! destroy the softer ties
 That twine about the parent's yearning heart ?
 That holy passion Heav'n itself infus'd,
 And blended with the stream that feeds our life.

MALLEY'S *Alfred.*

Is passion to be learn'd then? would'st thou make
A science of affection, guide the heart,
And teach it where to fix?

Earl of Warwick.

AFFLICTION.

Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue:
Where patience, honour, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude take root, and strongly flourish.

Mallet's Alfred.

From place to place my restless griefs explore,
A momentary refuge from despair,
But still to me, as to a bankrupt wretch,
One misery seldom comes alone, the world
Takes flying Fortune's part, each thriving knave
Puts forth an envious hand to keep him down;
Each place looks dark, and gloomy as myself,
And keeps the face of horror still before me:
What friend but Death shall my afflictions court?
The close of life, the surest close of woe.

Beckingham's King Henry IV. of France.

AFFRONTS.

It wounds indeed,
To bear affronts, too great to be forgiven,
And not have power to punish.

Dryden's Spanish Fryar.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts;
Old age is slow in both.

Addison's Cato.

AFRICAN.

Behold the African,
That traverses the vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow:

Coarse

Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
 Amidst the running stream he flakes his thirst;
 Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night,
 On the first friendly bank he sits him down,
 Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
 Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game;
 And if the following day he chance to find
 A new repast, or an untasted spring,
 Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

ADDISON'S Cato.

A G E.

'Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming Winter's drizzled snow;
 And all the conduit of my blood froze up;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory,
 My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

SHAKESP. Comedy of Errors.

————— My May of life
 Is fallen into the fear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troop of friends,
 I must not look to have: but in their stead
 Curses, not loud, but deep; mouth-honour, breath
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

SHAKESPEAR'S Macbeth.

Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching slow
 To distant fate, by easy journeys go:
 Gently they lay them down, as ev'ning sheep
 On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.
 So noiseless would I live such death to find;
 Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
 But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,
 And, dying, nothing to myself would owe:
 Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
 Of less'ning joys, I by degrees would waste:

Still

A M A

15

Still quitting ground by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away.

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

Must I then be to visitants a gaze,
Or pity'd object? these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose, clust'ring down;
Vain monument of strength; till length of years
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs,
To a contemptible old age obscure.

MILTON'S Samson Agonist.

A L L E G I A N C E.

What added guilt can that black bosom feel,
That has shook off allegiance to its king?
Whole seas of common and of noble blood
Will not suffice, the banquet must be crown'd,
And the brain heated, with the blood of kings.

HAYWARD'S King Charles I.

A L P S.

Thus where the Alps their airy ridge extend,
Gently at first the melting snows descend;
From the broad slope, with murm'ring lapse they glide;
In soft meanders down the mountain's side.
But lower fall'n streams with each other cross,
From rock to rock impetuously are tost,
Till in the Rhone's capacious bed they're lost.
United there roll rapidly away,
And roaring reach o'er rugged rocks the sea.

FROWD'S Fall of Saguntum.

A M A Z E M E N T.

But look! Amazement on my mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

SHAKESPEAR'S Hamlet.

A M A Z O N.

Camilla chaste! an Amazon and chaste!
 That quits her sex, and yet retains her virtue,
 See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed,
 In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,
 And chuse the lover in the sturdy foe.

SMITH's Phædra and Hippolitus.

To wield the sword, to strain the twanging yew,
 To lash the foaming steeds, and drive the car
 With rapid wheels, o'er-mangled carcasses,
 These are Amazonian virtues!

FROWD's Fall of Saguntum.

A M B I T I O N.

Ambition's like a circle on the water,
 Which never ceases to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

SHAKESPEAR's Henry VI.

Fling away ambition:
 By that sin fell the angels. How can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win it?

SHAKESPEAR's Henry VIII.

————— 'Tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young Ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his face;
 But when he once obtains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend.

SHAKESPEAR's Julius Caesar.

The very substance of the ambitious
 Is merely the shadow of a dream.

SHAKESPEAR's Hamlet.

Ambition,

Ambition, like a torrent, ne'er looks back,
It is a swelling, and the last affection
A high mind can put off. It is a rebel
Both to the soul and reason, and enforces
All laws, all conscience; treads upon Religion,
And offers violence to Nature's self.

BEN JOHNSON's Cataline.

Ambition is like love, impatient
Both of delays and rivals.

DENNHAM's Sophy.

Ambition, the disease of Virtue, bred
Like surfeits, from an undigested fulness,
Meets death in that which is the means of life.

ibid.

Yet true renown is still with virtue join'd,
But lust of power lets loose the bridled mind,
The blast which his ambitious spirit swell'd,
See by how weak a tenure it was held.
If glory was a bait that angels swallow'd,
How then, should souls allay'd to sense resist it.

DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

Ambition's never safe, till power be past;
As men, till impotent, are seldom chaste.
Ambition is the dropy of the soul,
Whose thirst we must not yield to, but controul.

SADLER's Antony and Cleopatra.

Ambition is a lust that's never quench'd,
Grows more inflam'd, and madder by enjoyment.

OTWAY's Cains Marius.

Ambition is an idol, on whose wings
Great minds are carry'd only to extream;
To be sublimely great, or to be nothing.

SOUTHERN's Loyal Brother.

————— Ambition is at a distance
A goodly prospect, tempting to the view;
The height delights us, and the mountain top
Looks beautiful, because 'tis high to heaven:

But

But we ne'er think how sandy's the foundation;
 What storms will batter, and what tempests shake it,
OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

What is ambition but desire of greatness?
 And what is greatness but extent of power?
 But lust of power's a drop of the mind,
 Whose thirst encreases while we drink to quench it,
 Till swell'd and stretch'd by the repeated draught,
 We burst and perish.

HIGGONS's Generous Conqueror.

Ambition! the desire of active souls,
 That pushes them beyond the bounds of nature,
 And elevates the hero to the gods.
 That can inform the souls of beardless boys,
 And ripen 'em to men in spite of Nature.

Row's Ambitious Step-Mother.

What pity 'tis,
 That I had not your birth, or you my soul;
 A prince without ambition!
 O monstrous contradiction! how it sounds!

TRAP's Abramula.

Already Caesar has ravaged
 More than half the globe; and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword.
 Should he go further, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battles, and support his crimes.
 Ye gods! what havock does ambition make
 Among your works!

ADDISON's Cato.

What will not curs'd ambition work in woman!
 Ambition first taught angels to rebel:
 Ambition made Eve fall: And sure, my Elfrid,
 If ever woman could resist, 'twas she,
 Who knew no power to wish, but was her own.

HILL's Fair Inconstant.

Ambition

Ambition never was my view,
 'Tho' glory, still has been my great pursuit :
 I would by noble actions in her service,
 Deserve the utmost honours of my country,
 Nor higher do my thoughts affect to rise.

FROWD's Fall of Saguntum.

The cheat Ambition, eager to espouse
 Dominion, courts it with a lying shew,
 And shines in borrow'd pomp to serve a turn :
 But the match made, the farce is at an end ;
 And all the hireling equipage of virtues,
 Faith, Honour, Justice, Gratitude and Friendship,
 Discharg'd at once.

JEFFERYS's Edwin.

Ambition was my charge ! which when it climbs
 O'er violated laws, tramples on virtue :
 Yet of the narrow mountain when possess'd
 The footing how unsure ! the fall how dreadful !
 Perhaps by treason ! treason has ambition !
 Or say thou wert secure, how vain the glory !
 To stand in clouds, on eminence, alone !
 And view the happier social slaves beneath thee.
 Even then must thou descend ! Cæsar, behold,
 Fix on this mould'ring monument thy eyes ;
 Amidst the wonder, that our Nile can boast,
 This best might suit Ambition's meditation :
 Of all the spacious earth his soul subdu'd,
 Great Alexander now commands but this.

GIBBER's Cæsar in Egypt.

Too much already has that toy, Ambition
 The child of Vanity and Ignorance
 Deluded and betrayed us both to folly.

CH. JOHNSON's Medea.

Ambition ! nothing is too hard for thee !
 Rul'd by the influence of thy fatal charms,
 Man fears no law, nor human, nor divine.

TRACY's Pericles.

Ambition,

Ambition, thou art like the Pelican,
The parent of a numerous race of cares
Which prey upon the breast that gives them birth.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

O curst Ambition, thou devouring bird
How dost thou from the field of honesty,
Pick every grain of profit or delight,
And mock the reaper's virtue!

HAYWARD's King Charles I.

————— God-like power,
Thou noble thirst, thou fever of the soul,
Not to be quench'd but from th' immortal spring
Of ever-streaming greatness!

Let priests with cold enervate hearts inculcate
And preach dull morals to th' unthinking vulgar;
What know the brave but vengeance or ambition?
Ambition, that lifts up th' exalted soul,
And places it in Jove's eternal seat.

MARSH's Anapha.

————— Dire Ambition
By following thee, I headlong urge my fate
And change secure repose, for wretched state.

MALLER's Musapha.

————— Ambition! deadly tyrant!
Inexorable master! what alarms,
What anxious hours, what agonies of heart
Are the sure portion of thy gaudy slaves!
Cruel condition! Could the toiling hind,
The shivering beggar, whom no roof receives,
Wet with the mountain shower, and crouching low
Beneath the naked cliff, his only home,
Could he but read the statesman's secret breast,
But see the horrors there, the wounds, the stabs
From furious passions and avenging guilt,
He would not change his rags and wretchedness
For gilded domes and greatness!

Ibid.

Well

Well hast thou warn'd us to oppos'd ambition,
 A passion oft so ignorant of glory,
 By its own nature so corruptible
 That it shall stoop to be a tyrant's slave
 To play the greater tyrant o'er its people.

CIBBER's King Job.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,
 Even from the birth affects supreme command,
 Swells in the breast, and with resistless force,
 O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
 As when a deluge overspreads the plains,
 The wandering rivulet and silver lake
 Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral roar.

S. JOHNSON's Irene.

Ambition is the stamp, impress'd by Heav'n,
 To mark the noblest minds, with active heat,
 Inform'd they mount the precipice of pow'r,
 Grasp at command and tow'r in quest of empire;
 While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,
 Gaze on their height, and tremble at their danger:
 Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark
 The varying seasons, and revolving skies,
 And ask, what guilty pow'r's rebellious hand
 Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
 While some archangel nearer to perfection,
 In easy state presides o'er all their motions,
 Directs the planets with a careless nod,
 Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres:

Ibid.

No tie so sacred binds endanger'd valour
 Where hot ambition spurs it—Every rampart
 Gives way before him. Law, corrupted, guards him.
 Wealth dresses, Poverty attends, Pride leads;
 And Priesthood presses Gods who hate—to serve him.

HILL's Merope.

From thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
 How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!

Wish

Wish gains on wish, Desire surmounts desire,
 Hope fanns the blaze, and Envy feeds the fire:
 From crime to crime aspires the madd'ing soul,
 Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears its rage controul;
 Till Heav'n at length awakes, supremely just,
 And levels all its tow'ring schemes in dust.

SMOLLET'S Regicide.

————— Ambition —————
 Methinks, I see the radiant goddess come,
 And, like a soldier's mistress, to my arms
 Painted with blood; how fiercely sweet her beauties!

FRANCIS'S Constantine.

O dire ambition! what infernal power
 Unchain'd thee from thy native depth of hell,
 To stalk the earth with thy destructive train,
 Murder and Lust! to waste domestic peace
 And every heart-felt joy. —

BROWNE'S Barbarossa.

————— O false Ambition!
 Thou lying phantom! whither hast thou lur'd me!
 Ev'n to this giddy height; where now I stand
 Forsaken, comfortless! with not a friend
 In whom my soul can trust.

Ibid.

A N A T H E M A.

Hear then high heav'n and earth! ye saints above,
 And men below! Christians and angels, hear!
 Hear the tremendous doom, our holy church
 On this accurst, apostate head denounces!
 Drive him ye mighty kings, and potentates,
 From realm to realm, a lost abandon'd exile!
 All bonds of peace, defence, alliance, commerce
 Broken! absolv'd! annul'd! O sweep him forth,
 Like the first bloody Cain, detestable!
 This sacrilegious parricide! whose arm,

Against

Against the sacred bosom of our mother,
 Has drawn the impious sword of disobedience!
 From this immediate moment be his crown
 The spoil, the right, the just reward of him
 Whose happier hand shall rend it from his brow!
 Be all his subjects from allegiance free;
 From duty, converse, all benevolence,
 Support, or correspondence interdicted!
 On pains eternal to the soul offending!
 And meritorious shall the meanest soul
 Be deem'd, rever'd, to ages canoniz'd,
 Who shall by violence or stratagem,
 For these his crimes, deprive him of his life.

CIBBER's King John.

No sooner was the dread anathema denounc'd,
 But like the burst of thunder from the heav'ns,
 It struck the shudd'ring nation with dismay;
 Ev'n pale Devotion at the doom, stood silent,
 Nor dar'd to lift her downcast eye for hope;
 O never was a state so terrible!
 Now all the rights of holy function cease!
 Infants, unsprinkled, want their Christian names!
 Lovers, in vain betroth'd, resume despair,
 Nor find a fire to sanctify their vows!
 In vain the dying sinner groans for pardon!
 Ev'n penitence, depriv'd of absolution,
 In all the agonies of fear, expires!
 Nor after death has at the grave a prayer,
 Or, for the parted soul, one *requiem* sung. *Ibid.*

A N C E S T O R.

What have I lost by my fore-father's fault?
 Why was I not the twentieth by descent
 From a long restive race of droning kings?
 Love, what a poor omnipotence hast thou
 When gold and titles buy thee.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

A N G E L.

A N G E L.

So angels, when they stoop to mortal fight,
Strike us with awe, yet ravish with delight.

LEE's Nero.

Mortals in sight of angels mute become:
The nobler nature strikes th' inferior dumb.

DRYDEN's Auringnebe.

From the bright empire of eternal day,
Where waiting minds for Heaven's commission stay,
Amariel flies: A darted mandate came
From that great will, which moves this mighty frame.

DRYDEN's Tyrannic Love.

A N G E R.

————— Anger is like
A full-hot horse: allow him but his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

SHAKESPEAR's Henry VIII.

————— Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus;
That these hot tears, which break from me by force,
Should make thee worth them. —————

SHAKESPEAR's King Lear.

————— Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that ye lose,
To temper clay.

Ibid.

The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Wou'd with his daughter speak; commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this? — My breath and blood —
Fiery? the fiery duke? Tell the hot duke that —
No! but not yet; may be he is not well:

* * * * *

Go tell the duke and's wife, I'd speak with them,
Now presently bid them come forth, and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, sleep to death.

SHAKESP. *King Lear*

You see me here, ye gods! a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both.
If it be you, that stir these daughters hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. — You think I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep — I have full cause of weeping.
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Ere I weep. — O fool! I shall go mad!

Ibid.

Go shew your slaves how cholerick you are;
And make your bondmen tremble; must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you: for from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you're waspish.

SHAKESP. *Julius Cæsar*.

Oh! Cassius, you are yoked with a man,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who much enforced shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Ibid.

Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And like the Devil from his very arm,
Pust his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Othello*.

Anger like madness is appeased by rest.

HOWARD'S *Indian Queen*.

With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
 He coin'd his face in the severest stamp,
 And fury shook his fabrick like an earthquake.
 He heav'd for vent, and burst, like bellowing Ætna,
 In sounds scarce human. *DRYDEN'S All for Love.*

My heart swells at him, and my breath grows short,
 But whether fear or anger choaks it up,
 I cannot tell. *DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.*

Oh! I burn inward; my blood's all o' fire:
 Alcides, when the poison'd shirt sat closest,
 Had but an ague fit to this my fever.
DRYDEN and LEE'S Oedipus.

I thank thee, that thou do'st my anger move:
 It is a tempest that will wreck my love.
 Go bind them, ere my fit of love return;
 Fire shall quench fire, and anger love shall burn.
 Thus I prevent those follies I might do,
 And 'tis the nobler fever of the two.
DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.

———— Have but a moment's patience!
 Preach patience to another lion — what? —
 Hold my arms? I shall be murder'd here,
 Like poor Darius, by my own barb'rous subjects.
 Perdiccas, sound my trumpet to the camp,
 Call my soldiers to the court; nay, haste,
 For there is treason plotting 'gainst my life,
 And I shall perish e'er they come to rescue.
LEE'S Rival Queens.

———— My pardon you shall never have,
 For know I hate thee on a double score;
 Much for thy love, more for tyrannic pow'r:
 Princes, who have, like me, dishonour'd been;
 Shou'd blush to be dishonour'd so again.
LEE'S Hannibal's Overtbrow.

Oh! do not look so terrible upon me!
 How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!
OWEN'S Venice Preserv'd.
 Frowning

———— Frowning he went;
His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
Their red and angry beams; as if his sight
Would, like the raging dog-star, scorch the earth,
And kindle rivers in its course.

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.

ROWE's Fair Penitent.

Anger with friends, like obligations past;
Should never be rehears'd ———

CH. JOHNSON's Medea.

When Anger rushes, unrestrain'd, to action,
Like a hot steel, it stumbles in its Way!
The Man of Thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely.

SAVAGE's Sir Tho. Overbury.

———— When I with tameness,
With tameness, which astonish'd thy brave spirit,
Seem'd to submit to that unequal sway
He arrogated o'er me; know my heart
Ne'er swell'd so high as in that cruel moment.
My indignation, like th' imprison'd fire
Pent in the troubled breast of glowing Ætna,
Burnt deep and silent. ———

THOMPSON's Coriolanus.

A N T I D O T E.

Oft have I seen its vital touch diffuse
New vigour thro' the poison'd streams of life,
When almost settled into dead stagnation;
Swift as a southern gale unbinds the flood.

THOMPSON's Edward and Eleonora.

A P O S T A T E.

Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,
The future miseries that await th' apostate;
So shall timidity assist thy reason,
And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

S. JOHNSON's Irene.

The

The soul once tainted with so foul a crime
 No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour.
 Those holy beings, whose superior care
 Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
 Affrighted at impiety like thine,
 Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin. *Ibid.*

Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime.
 Angelic greatness is angelic virtue.
 Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,
 Will not th' apostate feel the pangs of guilt,
 And wish too late for innocence and peace?
 Curst, as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
 With gloomy state and agonizing pomp. *Ibid.*

A P O T H E C A R Y.

I do remember an apothecary,
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples: meagre were his looks;
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread; and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.

SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.

A P P E A R A N C E.

O how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance! Shew men dutiful?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
 Why so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
 Why so didst thou. Seem they religious?
 Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
 Free from gross passion or of mirth, or anger,
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
 Garnish'd

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliments,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulded didst thou seem;
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
 To make the full-fraught man, the best-endu'd
 With some suspicion.—

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry V.*

Your good appearances are necessary
 To countenance the growth of infant power.

JEFFERYS's *Edwin.*

Thy plain and open nature sees mankind
 But in appearances, not what they are.

FROWD's *Philotas.*

Appearances deceive
 And this one maxim is a standing rule,
 Men are not what they seem.—

HAYARD's *Scanderbeg.*

Gods! what is all appearance?—What the truth
 Of seeming honesty and patriot-zeal,
 When one short hour can change the gaudy scene
 Presenting the reverse.

HAYARD's *Regular.*

A P P L A U S E. *See Popular.*

Such a noise arose
 As the shrowds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 Doublets, I think flew up, and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost.

SHAKESPEAR's *Henry VIII.*

Caps, hands and tongues, applaud it to the skies.

SHAKESPEAR's *Hamlet.*

O breath of public praise,
 Short liv'd and vain! oft gain'd without desert,
 As often lost, unmerited: composed
 But of extreams:—Thou first begin'st with love

Enthusiastick, madness of affection: then,
 (Bounding o'er moderation and o'er reason)
 Thou turn'st to hate, as causeless, and as fierce.

HAYARD'S Regular.

ARBITRARY POWER.

What alas is arbitrary rule,
 He's far the greater and the happier monarch
 Whose power is bounded by coercive laws,
 Since, while they limit, they preserve his empire.

TRAF'S Abramule.

No government can e'er be safe that's founded
 On lust, on murder, and despotic power.
 'Tis not in lawless strength, to turn and manage
 This cumbrous and unweildy bulk of empire,
 Which like the restless sea still works and tosses,
 Vex'd with continual change and revolution.
 How few of my unhappy successors
 Will scape my fate? Even while we keep the throne,
 We fear those subjects threats on whom we frown,
 Infringe their liberty, and loose our own;
 And hourly prove by arbitrary sway,
 That he's the greatest slave, whom none but slaves obey.

Ibid.

Such are the woes when arbitrary power,
 And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.
 If there be any land, as Fame reports,
 Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,
 A happy land, where circulating pow'r
 Flows through each member of th'embodied state,
 Sure not unconscious of the mighty blessing,
 Her grateful sons shine bright with ev'ry virtue;
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
 Unbroken, as the sacred chain of Nature,
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

ARMOUR.

A R M O U R.

— His arms might well denote him,
The milk-white plume that nodded on his helmet,
And Roman eagle that adorn'd his shield.

FROND'S Fall of Saguntum.

A R M Y.

An army more compleat, more martially
Prepar'd, yet never trod this northern herbage!
Their eager march comes onward straight to Angiers!
All flusht and confident in strength and spirit?
Not form'd of mercénaries, hands compell'd,
But volunteers, that sport with war, that come
Like crested champions to a tournament?
Jocund as huntsmen at their sun-rise meeting,
Or playful shepherds piping o'er the lawns,
That having tir'd the courie of idle pleasures
Now turn bright honour into modes more noble!
With these along a troop of beauties pass,
Who form the court of Lady Blanch of Spain;
And those by martial-lovers are surrounded.
All plum'd and gorgeous, wanton sons of Fame,
Who having fell'd their grandsires oaks at home,
Carry whole mortgag'd manors on their backs,
To make a venture of new fortunes here:
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than English bottoms, now have wasted o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To violate the maiden peace of Europe!

CIBBER'S King John.

See, where th' unnumber'd Trinobantians spread
In rude disorder o'er the vale beneath,
Whose broad extent this eminence commands.
Mark their wide-waving multitude, confus'd
With mingling standards, and tumultuous cars.

GLOVER'S Boadicea.

Yonder

Yonder see
The Roman legions all array'd for battle,
Are now descending; see their dreaded eagles,
Their dazzling helmets, and their crimson plumes;
A grove of jav'lines glitters down the steep.

GLOVER'S *Boadicea*.

A R T.

Art however innocent
Looks like deceiving. —

HILL'S *Zara*.

Skill'd how to spread Craft's nets, allure the people;
I rain them by ev'ry art: poize ev'ry temper:
Avarice will sell his soul: buy that and mould it.
Weakness will be deluded; there, grow eloquent.
Is there a tott'ring faith? grapple it fast
By flatt'ry: and profusely deal my favours.
Threaten the guilty. Entertain the gay.
Frighten the rich. Find wishes for the wanton:
And reverence for the godly;—Let none 'scape thee.
Dive into hearts: sound every Nature's bias—
And bribe men by their passions—But these arts
Already thine, why waste I time to teach thee!
Vainly the sword successful scales a throne
Since Fortune changing, strength's lost hope is flown.
But art, call'd in, attracts reluctant will.
And, what were lost by power, is gain'd by skill.

HILL'S *Merops*.

A S P I C K.

Welcome thou kind deceiver,
Thou best of thieves! who with an easy key
Dost open life, and unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves; discharging so
Death's dreadful office better than himself,
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That death stands by deceiv'd by his own image,
And thinks himself but sleep.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love*.

A S T O.

ASTONISHMENT. See Consternation.

I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Wou'd harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet.*

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
 Their dreadful heralds to astonish us.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar.*

The pale assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
 The still born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring tongue.

LEE'S *Theodosius.*

I who before had crimson'd
 My arms with blood of rebels; I who moved
 With whirlwind's swiftness still on every side,
 And tost like leaves the weightiest foes about me,
 Now stood as if Gorgonian charms had fix'd me.

Your sword

Fell from your hand, your mighty spirit left you,
 And as some famous piece of antick work
 When the sunk props and wasted beams decay,
 Staggers and nods before the ruin comes,
 So wav'd your royal fabrick e'er it fell.

LEE'S *Mitbridates.*

Prepare to hear

A story that shall turn thee into stone.
 Could there be hewn a monstrous gap in Nature,
 A flaw made thro' the center by some god,
 Thro' which the groans of ghost might strike thy ears,
 They would not wound thee as this story will.

DRYDEN and LEE'S *Odyssey.*

C 5

My

My soul runs back,
The words of reason roll into their spring.

DRYDEN and LEE'S Duke of Guise.

My heart sinks in me,
And every slacken'd fibre drops its hold,
Like Nature letting down the springs of life.

DRYDEN'S Spanish Fryar.

Not the last sounding could surprize me more,
That summons drowsy mortals to their dooms;
When call'd in haste, they fumble for their limbs,
And tremble, unprovided for their charge.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

This is a fight that like the Gorgon's head,
Runs thro' my limbs, and stiffens me to stone.
He blushes, and would speak, and wants a voice;
And stares, and gapes, like a forbidden ghost.

DRYDEN'S Cleonens.

O my heart pants, and every nerve is shaken;
Upon my forehead sits a damp like death:
My blood runs cold; I feel the channel freeze,
Scarce will my trembling limbs support my weight;
But shake like cowards on a day of battle.

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

It drives my soul back to her inmost seats,
And freezes ev'ry stiff'ning limb to marble.

ROWE'S Ulysses.

What means that ghastly look?
Hast thou the furies seen? why stand'st thou speechless?
What means that deep-fetch'd groan? why does despair
Stare thro' thy haggard eyes?

DENNIS'S Ipbigenia.

Thy late dreadful tale
Had rais'd such various furies in my soul,
As left me impotent of thought or speech.

DENNIS'S Liberty Asserted.

Fix'd

Fix'd in astonishment I gaze upon thee.
Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heaven,
Who pants for breath, and stiffens yet alive,
In dreadful looks, a monument of wrath!

ADDISON's Cato.

Thy despairing looks
Have told me all the tragick tale already

TRAP's Abramule.

Astonish'd at his voice he stood amaz'd
And all around with inward horror gaz'd..

ADDISON.

Thy looks do more than speak, my son is dead.

FROWD's Fall of Saguntum.

A T H E I S T.

When prejudice and strong averfions work,
All whose opinions we diflike are Atheifts.
Now 'tis a term of art a bug-bear word,
The villains engine, and the vulgar's terror.
The man who thinks and judges for himfelf,
Unfway'd by aged follies reverend errors
Grown holy by traditionary dullnefs.
Of fchool authority, he is an Atheift.
The man who hating idle noife preserves
A pure religion feated in his foul,
He is a filent dumb difsembling Atheift.

SEWELL's Sir Walter Relcigl.

A T T A I N D E R.

When treafons manifef
Are fo contriv'd (as treafons often are)
That they defy the force of written laws;
Or, when the wealth, or dignity of traitors
Set them above the reach of common juftice:
Attainders are the refuge of the ftate.

PHILIPS's Humphrey Duke of Gloucefter.

C 6

ATTEN-

A T T E N T I O N

——— When he speaks, the air
A charter'd libertine, is still.
And the mute-wonder lurketh in men's ears,
'To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences.

SHAKESPEAR's Henry V.

They say the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention, like deep harmony.

SHAKESPEAR's Richard III.

I'll lie and listen here as reverently
As to an angel. If I breathe too loud,
'Tell me, for I would be as still as night.

BEAUMONT's King and no King.

Oh! I will hearken like a doating mother,
To hear her children praised by flattering tongues.

HOWARD's Duke of Lerma.

——— Still as a statute, lo!
I stand; nor shall the wind presume to blow:
Speak, and it shall be night; not one shall dare
To sigh, tho' on a rack he tortured were;
Nor for his soul whisper a dying prayer.

LEE's Sophonisba.

——— The air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and 'is calm,
The hurry'd orbs with storms so rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still as *you* yourself were talking.

DRYDEN and LEE's Oedipus.

——— Sure 'tis the calm of Nature:
So hush'd a silence, as if all the gods
Look'd down, and listen'd to what we were saying.

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

——— As I listen'd to thee
'The happy hours passed by us unperceived,
So was my soul fixt to the soft enchantment.

Row's Tamerlane.

My

My soul is wrapt in dreadful expectation,
And listens to thee as if Fate were speaking.

DENNIS's Appius and Virginia.

A V A R I C E.

Can nothing then content that greedy Tartar
But trading with the purchase of thy virtue,
Damn'd avarice, curs'd destructive avarice,
Thou everlasting foe to love and honour:
What will not this vile merchant turn to traffick,
If chastity itself be set to sale,
And innocence and virtue cannot 'scape him?

TRAF's Abramule.

—— May his soul be plung'd
In ever burning floods of liquid gold,
And be his avarice the fiend that damns him!

MURPHY's Alkuma.

A V E R S I O N.

As well the noble savage of the field
Might tamely couple with the fearful ewe;
Tygers engender with the fearful deer;
Wild muddy boars defile the cleanly ermine;
Or vultures sort with doves; as I with thee.

LEE's Mithridates.

No! were we join'd, even tho' it were in death,
Our bodies burning in one fun'ral pile,
The prodigy of Thebes would be renewed,
And my divided flames should break from thine.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Lead me o'er bones, and skulls, and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them:
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corpse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed.

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

AUGUR.

A U G U R.

Some frantic Augur has disturb'd the skies :
 Some victim wants a heart, or crow flies wrong.
 Shall I go publish Hector dares not fight,
 Because a madman dream'd he talk'd with Jove ?
 What could the god see in a brainfick priest,
 That he should sooner talk with him than me ?

DRYDEN's Troilus and Crissida.

Now, dotard ; now, thou blind old wizard prophet !
 Where are your boding ghosts, your altars now,
 Your birds of knowledge, that in dusky air
 Chatter futurity ?

DRYDEN and LEE's Oedipus.

The sacred Calchas, who reads every page
 Of secret fate, and knows the hearts of gods.

LANSDOWN's Heroick Love.

A U R O R A. *See Morning.*

Thus when her son on Phrygian plains lay dead,
 In humid clouds Aurora veil'd her head ;
 Her rosy cheeks thro' the dim crystal glow
 With fainter colours, and confess her woe,
 Sadly her radiant eyes the tears adorn,
 Yet in the fragrant dew, more sweetly rose the morn.

FROWD's Fall of Saguntum.

A U T H O R I T Y.

————— Authority !
 Thy worship'd symbols round a villain's trunk
 Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

JEPHSON's Braganza.

A W E.

This is the secret centure of the isle :
 Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
 Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,
 How stern he frowns, and with this broad brown-
 arms

Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,
 The dark stream brawling round it's rugged base,
 These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
 Skirted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul,
 As if the very genius of the place
 Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
 Stalk'd thro' his drear domain. And yet my friends,
 (If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)
 Surely there is a hidden power that reigns
 'Mid the lone majesty of untam'd Nature,
 Controuling sober reason ; tell me else,
 Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
 O'ercome me thus ? I scorn them ; yet they awe me.

MASON'S Caractacus.

B A C C H U S.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,
 Coasting the Tyrrhens shore, as the wind list'd,
 On Circe's island fell :

This nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,
 With ivy-berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, e're he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father. —

MILTON'S Comus.

The

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly God in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face.
 Now gives the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he
 comes !

Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain :
 Bacchus's blessings are his treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.
 Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

DRYDEN's Alexander's Feast.

Hail young-ey'd god of wine ! parent of joys !
 Frolic, and full of thee (while the cold sons
 Of Temperance, the fools of thought and care,
 Lie stretch'd in sober slumbers) we, the few
 Of purer flame, exalt each living hour
 With pleasures ever new.— *MALLEY's Eurydice.*

B A D N E W S.

Because I knew 'twas harsh, I would not tell
 All at once, but by degrees and glimpses
 I let it in, lest it might rush upon you,
 And quite o'erpower your soul: in this, I think,
 I shew'd a friend. Your part must follow next,
 Which is to curb your choler, tame your grief,
 And bear it like a man.

SHAKESPEARE's Troilus and Cressida.

I bring

I bring you, brother, most unwelcome news ;
 But since of force you are to hear it told,
 I thought a friend and brother best might tell it ;
 Therefore, before I speak, arm well your mind,
 And think y'are to be touch'd ev'n to the quick ;
 That so prepared for ill, you may be less
 Surpriz'd to hear the worst.

SHAKESPEAR'S Troilus and Cressida.

Seek him, whilst I go meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears, I may say thrusting it ;
 For piercing steel and darts invenom'd,
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
 As tidings of this fight.

SHAKESPEAR'S Julius Caesar

B A N I S H M E N T.

Romeo is banished—to speak that word
 Is father, mother, Tibalt, Romeo, Julier,
 All slain, all dead.—Romeo is banish'd.
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word death ; no words can that woe found

SHAKESPEAR'S Romeo and Juliet.

Enter Friar Lawrence and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth, thou fearful
 man,

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts ;
 And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the prince's
 doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hands,
 That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such four company ;
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom.

Rom. What less than death can be the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say banishment;
'Tis death mis-term'd; calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath push'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment,
This is dear mercy, and thou see'st it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives. There's more felicity
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips;
But Romeo may not, he is banished!
Oh father, hast thou no strong poison mixt,
No sharp ground knife, no present means of death,
But banishment to torture me withal.

Fri. Fond mad-man hear me speak,
I'll give thee armour to bear off that word,
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee tho' thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banish'd? hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more——

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. I thou can'st not speak of what thou dost not
feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, T'wilt murdered:
Doating like me, and like me banished;
'Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear
thy hair,

And

And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Romeo and Juliet*.

B A N Q U E T.

In cool recess,
The seats are plac'd, the tables neatly laid;
And instantly convey'd by magic hand,
In comely rows the costly dishes stand;
Meat of all kinds that Nature can impart,
Prepar'd in all the nicest forms of art:
A troop of sprightly nymphs arrayed in green,
With flow'ry chaplets crown'd, come scudding in;
With fragrant blossoms, these adorn the feast,
Those with officious zeal attend the guest;
Beneath his feet the silken carpet spread,
Or sprinkle liquid odours o'er his head:
Others in ruby cups with roses bound,
Delightful! deal the sparkling nectar round:
Or weave the dance, or tune the vocal lay,
The lyres resound, the merry minstrels play;
Gay health and youthful joys o'erspread the place,
And swell each heart, and triumph in each face.
So when embolden'd by the vernal air,
The busy bees to blooming fields repair,
For various use employ their chymic pow'r,
One culls the snowy pounce, one sucks the flow'r;
Again to diff'rent works returning home,
Some knead the honey, some erect the comb;
All for the gen'ral good in concert strive,
And ev'ry soul's in motion, ev'ry limb's alive.

Dr. Lisle's *History of Persia*.

Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing,
All your storins are overblowing:
While you in this idle art biding,
You shall feast without providing.
Every dainty you can think of,
Every wine which you wou'd drink of,

Shall

Shall be yours ; all want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

DRYDEN'S Tempest.

————— Come to the banquet all,
And revel out the day, 'tis my command;
Gay as the Persian god, our self will stand,
With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand :
Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
While antic measures beat the burden'd ground,
And to the vaulted skies our clangors sound.
All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
Mars and Bellona join to make us music.
A hundred bulls be offer'd to the Sun,
White as his beams. Speak the big voice of war,
Beat all our drums, and blow our silver trumpet,
Till we provoke the gods to act our pleasures
In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder.

LEE'S Alexander the Great.

Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

Hard are the laws of Love's despotick rule,
And every joy is trebly bought with pain.
Crown we the goblet then, and call on Bacchus,
Bacchus! the jolly god of laughing pleasures.
Bid ev'ry voice of harmony awake,
Apollo's lyre, and Hermes' tuneful shell:
Let wine and musick join to swell the triumph,
To smooth uneasy thoughts, and lull desire.

ROWE'S Ulysses.

————— Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter,
Piping

Piping and playing, minstrelfies and masking,
 'Till life fled from us like an idle dream;
 A shew of mummary without a meaning.

Rowe's Jant Shore.

Prepare a banquet; costly let it be,
 And in magnificence bespeak my Mind:
 Whate'er the east of delicacy yields
 Is in my present spoils, let the commanders,
 Worthy companions in the well-fought field,
 Be summon'd to partake. The chearful goblet
 Shall raise our souls, while, with a decent pride,
 Conscious we'll boast the dangers we have known;
 And war's great toils shall be the soldier's theme.

Frowd's Philotas.

The banquet waits our presence; festal joy
 Laughs in the mantling goblet, and the night,
 Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
 Rivals departed day.—

Brown's Barbarossa.

B A S T A R D.

Thou Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
 My services are bound: Wherefore should I
 Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
 The curiosity of nations to deprive me.
 For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
 Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
 When my dimensions are as well compact,
 My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
 As honest madam's issue. Why brand they us
 With base, with baseness, and with bastardy;
 Who in the lusty stealth of Nature take
 More composition, and fierce quality,
 Than does within a dull, stale, tired bed,
 Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
 Got between sleep and waking?

Shakespeare's King Lear.

Bless'd

Bless'd be the bastard's birth! thro' wond'rous ways
 He shines eccentric, like a comet's blaze;
 No sickly fruit of faint compliance he;
 But stamp'd in Nature's mint with extasy!
 He lives to build, not boast, a gen'rous race:
 No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
 His daring hope no fire's example bounds;
 His first-born lights no prejudice confounds.
 He, kindling, from within, requires no flame,
 He glories in a bastard's glowing name.
 Loos'd to the world's wide range, enjoin'd no aim,
 Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name:
 Nature's unbounded son he stands alone,
 His heart unbiass'd, and his mind his own.
 O mother, yet no mother!—'tis to you
 My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
 —What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 By Nature hating, yet by vows confin'd,
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
 A lawful lump of life, by force your own!
 —I had been born your dull domestic heir;
 Load of your life, and motive of your care.
 Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great;
 The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state:
 Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown;
 A lawful lump of life by force your own.

SAVAGE's Bastard.

Why should dull law rule Nature, who first made
 That law, by which herself is now betray'd?
 E'er man's corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most noble, who was born most free:
 Each of himself was lord and unconfin'd,
 Obey'd the dictates of his godlike mind
 Law was an innovation brought in since,
 When fools began to love obedience,
 And call'd their slavery safety and defence.
 Why should it be a stain then on my blood,
 Because I came not in the common road,
 But born obscure, and so more like a god?

OTWAY's Don Carlos.
 He's

He's a bastard! got in a fit of nature!
 She shook him from her nerves in a convulsion;
 His father stamp'd the bullion in a heat,
 And taking from the mint the fiery oar,
 His image bless'd, and cry'd, it is my own.
 Yet more! a priest begot him; and 'tis thought,
 'That earth is more obliged to priests for bodies,
 Than heaven for souls. Nay, and a young priest too!
 Perhaps in the embraces of a nun,
 Who ventur'd life to clasp the hasty joy.

LEE'S Caesar Borgia.

—— Do not these veins contain
 The same rich blood, that circles in the king's?
 Tho' but a bastard scion of his stem:
 Tho' mark'd with infamy, and quite despoil'd
 Of that inherent right, which Infant-Nature,
 In her first uncorrupted state, allow'd
 To all: yet the ethereal energy,
 The actuating principle, that moves
 The soul to godlike acts—that thirst of sway
 Which was implanted in me at my birth,
 Has not forsook me.——

MARSH'S Amasis.

What! tho' my father, without priestly form,
 Infus'd his godlike soul into my mother;
 And I am but the produce of stol'n joys,
 When vigorous Nature prompted them to love!
 My spirit! that aspiring heav'nly spark!
 Struck out from Jove to lighten up this clay,
 Would soar aloft. — Beyond the vulgar ken
 In her imperial seat look down on men,
 As the strong eagle mounts, and scorns the distant
 wren.

Ibid.

B A T T L E.

—— All furnish'd, all in arms,
 All plum'd like ostridges, that with the wind
 Baited

Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd;
 Glitt'ring in golden coats like images,
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer.
 Wanton as the youthful goats, wild as young bulls.

SHAKESPEAR'S Henry IV. Part I.

Behold those wounds,
 These mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's fedy bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
 drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisped head in the hollow bank,
 Stain'd with the blood of those brave combatants.

SHAKESPEAR'S Henry IV. Part II.

Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
 Fear frames disorder; and disorder wounds,
 Where it should guard. O War! thou son of Hell,
 Whom angry Heav'n's do make their minister,
 Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
 Hot coals of vengeance! let no soldier fly.
 He that is truly dedicate to war,
 Hath no self-love; for he that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour

SHAKESPEAR'S Henry VI. Part II.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
 Forc'd by the tides to combat with the wind;
 Now sways that way, like the self-same sea;

Forc'd

B A T

Forc'd by the tides to combat with the wind;
 Now sways that way, like the self-same sea;
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind,
 Sometimes the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
 Now, one the better; then, another best,
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered;
 So is the equal poize of this fell war.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.

—The signal given
 Of battle, when our enemies came on,
 (Directed more by fury, than by warrant
 Of policy and stratagem) I met them;
 I in the fore front of the armies met them;
 And as if this old weather-beaten body
 Had been compos'd of cannon proof, I stood
 The volleys of their shot. I, I myself
 Was he that first disrank'd their woods of pikes:
 But when we came to handy-strokes, as often
 As I lent blows, so often I gave wounds,
 And every wound a death.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S Lovers of Candy.

New storms of war like hail around us fall:
 Fury that sat at home on massy shields,
 Now heaves them up, and ranges thro' the fields:
 With all her hundred whips of wire she comes,
 And drives despairing monarchs to their tombs.
 War! how it sounds! away, to arms! to arms!
 My soul to battle now all fiery warms:
 Swift as the gods, in haste outstrips the wind,
 And leaves the coursers of the day behind.

LEE'S Sophonisba.

The neighbouring plains with arms is cover'd o'er,
 The vale an iron harvest seems to yield,
 Of thick sprung lances in a waving field.
 The polish'd steel gleams terribly from far,
 And every moment nearer shews the war.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war;
The labour'd battle swear, and conquest bled.

LEE's Alexander.

Then planting at the walls a scaling ladder,
I mounted spite a show'r of cranes, bars, arrows,
And all the lumber which they thundered down.
I left the walls to fly among my foes,
And like a baited lion, dy'd myself
All over with the blood of those dire hunters;
'Till spent with toil I battl'd on my knees,
Pluck'd forth the darts, that made my shield a forest,
And hurl'd them back with most unconquer'd fury.

Ibid.

Oh! spare the wounds our bleeding country fears,
The thousand ills that civil discord brings!
O! still the noise of war; whose dread alarms
Frighten repose from country villages,
And stir rude tumult up, and wild distraction,
In all our peaceful cities!

ROWE's Ambitious Step-Mother.

Yet, yet a little, and destructive slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous prospect!
Pass but an hour, which stands betwixt the lives
Of thousands and eternity; what change
Shall hasty death make in that glittering plain!
O thou fell monster, war! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation;
The boast and master-piece of the great maker
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileg'd from thee!

ROWE's Tamerlane.

When at the legion's head the brave old king
And I, like clouds with thunder charg'd,
Encountring rush'd together,
Long was the tug of fate, and mutual wounds
On each side were receiv'd; at last my stars
Prevail'd,

Prevail'd, and Gondibert, o'erthrown by fate,
Relign'd that life he so deserv'd to keep.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

When my fierce courser with a javelin stung,
First rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
The trembling earth, plung'd deep amidst the foe;
And now a thousand deaths from every side
Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung
Thro' the throng legions; like a tempest rush'd
This friend, o'er gasping heroes' rolling steeds,
And snatch'd me from my fate.

YOUNG'S Rufus.

Hark—the death-denouncing trumpet sounds
The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset—
Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
And bathes itself in blood: havoc let loose,
Now undistinguish'd, rages all around;
While ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
Sees the plain strew'd with subjects truly her's,
Breathless and cold.

HAYARD'S Scanderbeg.

With such a strenuous, such a labour'd conflict,
Sure never field was fought! until Gustavus
Aloud cry'd, victory! and on his spear
High rear'd the imperial diadem of Denmark.
Then slack'd the battle, then recoil'd our host;
His echo'd victory! and now would know
No bounds. Rout follow'd, and the face of fight.

BROOKS'S Gustavus Vasa.

The wafting winds, in audible perception,
Set all the terrors of the field before me!
This jar of drums! the lofty trumpets clangour!
The vaunting echoes of the neighing steeds!
This clang of armour! these sky-rending shouts
Of charging squadrons, speak the battle raging!

CIEBER'S King John.

————— Involv'd in clouds
 Impervious to the view, the battle long
 Continued doubtful, 'midst the mingling sounds
 Of trumpets, neighing steeds, tumultuous shouts
 Of fierce assailants, doleful cries of death,
 And clat'ring armour; 'till at length the noise
 In distant murmurs dy'd.

SMOLLEY'S Regicide.

See, where th' unnumber'd Trinobantians spread
 In rude disorder o'er the vale beneath,
 Whose broad extent this eminence commands.
 Mark their wide-waving multitude, confus'd
 With mingling standards, and tumultuous cars.

GLOVER'S Boadicea.

————— Yonder see
 The Roman legions all array'd for battle,
 Are now descending; see their dreadful eagles,
 Their dazzling helmets, and their crimson plumes!
 A grove of javelins glitters down the steep. *Ibid.*

B A W D.

Hence, thou our sex's monster, pois'nous bawd,
 Lust's factor, and damnation's orator,
 Gossip of hell: were all harlots sins
 Which the whole world contains, number'd together,
 Thine exceeds them all: of all the creatures
 That ever were created, thou art basest.
 What serpent would beguile thee of thy office,
 It is so detestable? for thou livest
 Upon the dregs of harlots, guard'st the door,
 Whilst couples go to dancing. O coarse devil!
 Thou art the bastard's curse, thou brand'st his birth,
 The lecher's French disease; for thou dry suck'st him,
 The harlot's poison, and thine own confusion.

MARSTON'S Dutch Courtesan.

I find by this fair lady
 The calling of a bawd to be a strange,

A wise

A wise and subtil calling : and for none
 But staid, discreet and understanding people.
 And as the tutor to great Alexander
 Would say, A young man should not dare to read
 His moral books till after five and twenty :
 So must that he or she that will be bawdy,
 (I mean discreetly bawdy, and be trusted)
 If they will rise and gain experience,
 Well steeped in years and discipline begin it—
 I take it 'tis no boy's play.

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

I charge you, in the name of Chastity,
 Tempt me no more : how ugly you seem to me !
 There is no wonder men defame our sex,
 And lay the vices of all ages on us,
 When such as you shall bear the name of women !
 If you had eyes to see yourselves, or sense
 Above the base rewards ye earn with shame !
 If ever in your lives ye heard of goodness,
 Tho' many regions off,—as men hear thunder ;
 If ever ye had father's, and they souls,
 Or ever mothers, and not such as ye are !
 If ever any thing were constant in you
 Besides your sins !
 If any of your ancestors
 Dy'd worth a noble deed—that would be cherished,
 Soul-frighted with this black infection,
 You would run from one another's repentance,
 And from your guilty eyes drop out those sins
 That made you blind and beasts. *Ibid.*

Go—get you from me ;
 Ye are your purses agents not the princes.
 Is this the virtuous love ye train'd me out to ?
 Am I a woman fit to imp your vices ?
 But that I had a mother, and a woman,
 Whose ever living fame turns all it touches
 Into the good itself was, I should now
 Ev'n doubt myself ; I have been search'd so near

The very soul of honour. Why should you two,
 That happily have been as chaste as I am!
 Fairer I think by much, (for yet your faces
 Like ancient well built piles shew worthy ruins)
 After that angel-age, turn mortal devils!
 For shame, for womanhood, for what you have been,
 (For rotten cedars have borne godly branches)
 If you have hope of any heav'n but court,
 Which like a dream you'll find hereafter vanish:
 Or at the best but subject to repentance!
 Study no more to be ill spoken of.
 Let women live themselves; if they must fail,
 Their own destruction find them.

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

Your own dark sins dwell with you, and that price
 You sell the chastity of modest wives at,
 Run to diseases with you.—I despise you,
 And all the nets you have pitch'd to catch my virtue,
 Like spiders webs I sweep away before me. *Ibid.*

Curse on that formal steady villain's face.
 Just so do all bawds look: nay, bawds they say,
 Can pray upon occasion, talk of heaven,
 Turn up their goggling eye balls, rail at vice,
 Dissemble, lie, and preach like any priest.

Orwar's Orphan.

B E A U T Y.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.
 Beauty! too rich for use, for earth too dear.
 So shews a snowy dove, trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellow shows.

SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
 Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that

The

The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they bear, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description. She did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork Nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling cupids,
With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like Nereids,
So many mermaids, tended her, it th' eyes
And made their bends adorings. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the senses
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city calls
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

SHAKESPEARE's *Antony and Cleopatra*.

A beauty ripe as harvest,
Whose skin is whiter than swan all over,
Than silver, snow or lillies; a soft lip,
Wou'd tempt you to eternity of kissing,
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood,
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your god,
All her looks are sweet
As the first grapes or cherries.

BEN JOHNSON's *Volpone*.

My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,

Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love is, to have two made one
In will, and in affection, that the minds
Be first inoculated, not the bodies.

BEN JOHNSON's New Inn.

Why did the gods give thee a heav'nly form,
And earthly thoughts to make thee proud of it?
Why do I ask? 'Tis now the known disease
That beauty hath, to bear too deep a sense
Of her own self-conceived excellence.

BEN JOHNSON's Cynthia's Revels.

She's outwardly
All that bewitches sense, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.

BEAUMONT's Captain.

With this reward, the great reward of beauty,
The batter'd soldier crowns his glorious labours,
And softens all the rugged toils of war.

BEAUMONT's Bondage.

Had you less beauteous been, you'd known less care:
Ladies are happiest moderately fair.

ETHERIDGE's Love in a Tw.

Not purple violets in the early spring,
Such graceful sweets, such tender beauties bring;
The orient blush which does her cheeks adorn,
Makes coral pale, vies with the rosy morn.
Cupid has ta'en a surfeit from her eyes,
Whene'er she smiles, in lambent fire, he fries,
And when she weeps, dissolv'd in pearls, he dies.

LEE's Nero.

A lavish planet reign'd, when she was born,
And made her of such kindred mould to heav'n,
She seems more heav'n's than our. *DRYDEN's Oedipus.*
Beauty, like ice, our footing does betray;
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?
Pleas'd with the passage, we glide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

Awake.

Beauty is seldom fortunate when great,
A vast estate, but overcharg'd with debt. *Ibid.*

All hearts alike, all faces cannot move
There is a secret sympathy in love.
The powerful loadstone cannot move a straw,
No more than jet the trembling needle draw.

SEDLEY'S Anthony and Cleopatra.

Beauty, thou art a fair but fading flower;
The tender prey of ev'ry coming hour.
In youth, thou, comet-like, art gaz'd upon;
But art portentous to thyself alone:
Unpunish'd thou to few wert ever given,
Nor art a blessing, but a mark from heav'n. *Ibid.*

Her eyes have power beyond Thessalian charms,
To draw the moon from heav'n. For eloquence,
The sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flattery:
And while she speaks night steals upon the day,
Unmark'd of those that hear. Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy priests gaze on her when she smiles,
And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes. Ev'n I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty,
And, while I curse, desire it.

DAYDEN'S All for Love.

Her beauty's charms alone, without her crown,
From Ind and Meroe drew the distant vows
Of fighting kings, and at her feet were laid
The sceptres of the earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chuse where she wou'd reign. *Ibid.*

Her galley down the silver Cydnos row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold:
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch was plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born Venus lay.
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,

As if secure of all beholders hearts,
 Neglecting she could take them. Boys like Cupids,
 Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
 That play'd about her face. But if she smil'd,
 A darting glory seem to blaze abroad,
 That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,
 But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
 The silver oars kept time : and while they play'd,
 The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
 And both to thought. 'Twas heav'n, or somewhat more!
 For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
 Stood panting on the shore, as wanting breath
 To give their welcome voice. *Ibid.*

On she is the boast,
 The lovely chance-work master-piece of Nature :
 Who blush'd to see what her own hands had made,
 As if, mistaking moulds, she unawares
 Had cast Semandra in a form divine.

Lxx's Mithridates

Behold her stretch'd upon a flow'ry bank,
 With her soft sorrows lull'd into a slumber :
 The summer's heat had to her nat'ral blush
 Add'd a brighter and more tempting red :
 The beauties of her neck, and naked breasts,
 Lifted by inward starts, did rise and fall,
 With motion that might put a soul in statues :
 The matchless whiteness of her folded arms,
 That seem'd t' embrace the body whence they grew,
 Fix'd me to gaze o'er all that scene of love.
 While to my ravish'd eyes officious winds
 Waving her robes, display'd such well-turn'd limbs,
 As artists would in polish'd marble give
 The wanton goddess, when supinely laid,
 She charms her gallant god to new enjoyment. *Ibid.*

O she is all perfections !
 All that the blooming earth could send forth fair ;
 All that the gawdy heavens could drop down glorious.

Lxx's Theodosius.

But Theodosius comes ! hide, hide thy charms :
 If to his clouded eyes such days should break,
 The royal youth, who doats to death for love,
 I fear would forfeit all his vows to heav'n,
 And fix upon the world ; thy world of beauty. *Ibid.*

But oh ! what thought can paint that fair perfection ?
 Not sea-born Venus, in the courts beneath,
 When the green nymphs first kiss'd her coral lips ;
 All polish'd fair, and wash'd with orient beauty,
 Could in my dazzling fancy match her brightness.
 Her legs, her arms, her hands, her neck, her breasts,
 So nicely shap'd, so matchless in their lustre,
 Such all perfection, that I took whole draughts
 Of killing love, and ever since have languish'd
 With ling'ring surfeits of her fatal beauty. *Ibid.*

Is she not as harmless as the turtles of the woods ?
 Fair as the summer-beauty of the fields ?
 As op'ning flowers untainted yet with winds ?
 The pride of Nature, and the joy of sense ?

OTWAY's Caius Marius,

Angels were painted fair to look like you :
 There's in you all that we believe of heav'n,
 Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
 Eternal joy, and everlasting peace.

OTWAY's Venice Preserved.

Oh ! she is fair, beyond description fair :
 Fairer than youthful poets can express,
 Or happy painters fancy when they love.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Oh ! she has beauty might ensnare
 A conqueror's soul, and make him leave his crown
 At random, to be scuffled for by slaves ! *Ibid.*

Oh ! she has beauty that might shake the leagues
 Of mighty kings, and set the world at odds !

Ibid.

B. E. A.

No beauteous blossom of the fragrant spring,
Tho' the fair-child of Nature newly born,
Can be so lovely.

Idia.

For endless joys are in that heaven of love,
A thousand Cupids dance upon her smiles;
Young bathing angels, wanton in her eyes,
Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breasts:
Each word is gentle as a western breeze,
That fans the infant bosom of the spring;
And every sigh more rosy than the morn.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

Is she not brighter than a summer's morn,
When all the heav'n is streaked with dappled fires,
And fleck'd with blushes like a ris'd maid.

LEX'S Duke of Guise.

Beauty has bounds,
And can no more to every heart be so,
Than any coin thro' every land can go.

DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.

I long not for the cherries on the tree,
So much as those that on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose,
That in a cheek, than in a garden grows.

RANDOLPH'S Muscs' Looking-Glass.

Mark her majestic fabrick! She's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine:
Her soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

She whose eyes
Meet ready victory where'er they glance:
Whom gazing crowds admire, whom nations court:
One who could change the worship of all climates,
And make a new religion where'er she comes,
Unite the differing faiths of all the world,
To idolize her face.

DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.

Her

Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks, her shapes, her features
Seem to be drawn by Love's own hand; by Love
Himself in love. *Ibid.*

What images shall Eloquence prepare
To paint a form so perfect and divine?
Others by slow degrees advance in love,
And step by step, and leisurely get ground:
We article with judgment e'er we yield,
Reason rejecting oft, where fancy's fond.
She seizes hearts, not waiting for consent,
Like sudden death, that snatches unprepar'd;
Like fire from heaven, scarce seen so soon as felt:
All other beauties seem inferior stars,
At her appearance vanishing apace;
Whene'er she mounts they set.

LANDDOWN'S Heroic Love.

————— As at Tröy,
When Helen pass'd thro' the crowded streets,
Who curs'd her out of sight, strait bless'd aloud,
And cry'd, she's worth the war: who would not fight,
Tho' sure to die, to save such wondrous beauty,
So when the fair Chriseis comes in view,
Her beauty reconciles the most enraged;
The sick, who know they perish for her sake,
Crawl from their tents to gaze upon her face,
And, looking on her, feel returns of strength.
Soldiers and captains swarm in crowds about her;
All with one voice consent to their own ruin.
To lose the fight, seems what they fear
More than the loss of life or victory. *Ibid.*

My love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
Divides the waves; her wessel loose behind,
Play on her neck, and waltz in the wind:
The rising blushes which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lilly's bed.

GAY'S Dione.

A satir

A satin vest his slender shape confin'd,
 Embroider'd o'er with flowers of ev'ry kind,
 Flora's own work, when first the goddess strow'd,
 To win the little wanderer to her love.
 Of burnish'd silver were his sandals made,
 Silver his buskins, with gems o'erlaid;
 A saffron-colour'd robe behind him flow'd,
 And added grace and grandeur as he trod.
 His wings than lillies whiter to behold,
 Sprinkled with azure spots, and streak'd with gold,
 So thin their form, and of so light a kind,
 That they for ever danc'd, and flutter'd in the wind.
 Around his temples with becoming air,
 Ir wanton ringlets curl'd his auburn hair,
 And o'er his shoulders negligently spread,
 A wreath of fragrant roses crown'd his head.
 Such his attire. But O! no pen can trace,
 No words can shew the beauties of his face;
 So kind! so winning! so divinely fair!
 Eternal youth and pleasure flourish there:
 There all the little loves and graces meet,
 And ev'ry thing that's soft, and ev'ry thing that sweet.

Dr. LITTLE'S Persepolis.

Array'd in all her charms, appear'd the fair;
 Tall was her stature, unconfin'd her air;
 Proportion deck'd her limbs, and in her face
 Lay love inspir'd, lay sweet attractive grace;
 Temp'ring the awful beams her eyes convey'd,
 And, like a lambent flame, around her play'd.
 No foreign aids by mortal ladies worn,
 From shells and rocks her artless charms adorn;
 For grant that beauty were by gems increas'd,
 'Tis render'd more suspected at the least,
 And foul defects, that would escape the sight,
 Start from the piece, and take a stronger light
 Her chestnut hair, in careless singlets, round
 Her temples wav'd, with pearls and jacinth crown'd,
 And

And, gather'd in a silken cord behind,
 Curl'd to the waist, and floated in the wind.
 O'er these a veil of yellow gawse she wore,
 With amaranths and gold embroider'd, o'er
 Her snowy neck, half naked to the view,
 Gracefully fell; a robe of purple hue
 Hung loosely o'er her tender shape, and tried
 To shade those beauties that it could not hide.
 The damsels of her train with mirth and song
 Frolic behind, and laugh and sport along. *Ibid.*

— She was her sex's pride;
 Nor think my tongue too lavish, if I speak her,
 Fair as the fame of virtue, and yet chaste
 As its cold precepts, wise beyond her sex,
 And blooming youth soft as forgiving mercy,
 Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour.

Rowe's Famerlane.

The bloom of op'ning flowers, unsullied beauty,
 Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,
 And looks like Nature in the world's first spring. *Ibid.*

Is she not more than painting can express,
 Or youthful poets fancy when they love.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

— She is so exquisitely fram'd,
 That I who many years have dealt in beauty,
 And had the fairest females from all parts
 Committed to my care, ne'er yet beheld
 'Mongst such variety of foreign charms,
 A virgin half so lovely.

She is all perfection, and tho' born
 In a cold frozen cline o'erspread with ice
 And driving snow (which if compar'd with her,
 Loses its whiteness) yet her eyes dart fire,
 Able to melt the most benumb'd of hearts
 With kindling warmth, and thaw it into softness.

Tasso's Afranius.

Whether

Whether you blush, or weep, or smile or frown,
 You always charm, nor can you coin your face
 To an unpleasing shape. *Ibid.*

Sure never were there charms like thine, on which
 The fate of this great monarchy depends;
 Let dull astrologers foretel the doom
 Of kingdoms, from the stars, and with their schemes
 And calculations, cheat the giddy crowd:
 More ruling is the aspect of thy beauty,
 Than that of those bright orbs, to states and empires!
 More fatal influence flashes from thy eyes,
 Than all those glittering balls that light the skies.

Ibid.

When beauty bids the enamour'd hero fly
 To gather honour on the martial plain,
 The bright idea he preserves in view,
 And scowrs, with double force, the scenes of death:
 His valour then encreases with his love,
 And Cupid triumphs in the field of Mars.

COOKE'S Triumphs of Love and Honour.

If that be she who yonder pensive comes,
 She seems some bright inhabitant of heav'n,
 Shot with a falling star from yon bright region,
 To light the world below.

HILL'S Fair Inconstant.

'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire:
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

ADDISON'S Cato.

Her beauties glow'd upon my mind,
 And sparkled in each thought.

YOUNG'S Busiri.

What tender force, what dignity divine,
 What virtue consecrating every feature;
 Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl! *Ibid.*

—What

What art thou, beauty?
 Whose charm makes sense and valour grow as tame
 As a blind turtle.

FENTON'S *Mariamne*.

Mariamne with superior charms
 Triumphs o'er Reason; in her look she bears
 A paradise of ever-blooming sweets.
 Fair as the first idea beauty prints
 On the young lover's soul: a winning grace
 Guides every gesture, and obsequious Love
 Attends on all her steps; for majesty,
 Streams from her eye to each beholder's heart,
 And checks the transport which her charms inspire.

Ibid.

Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold had need the guard
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.

MILTON'S *Comus*

Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose,
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shewn
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship.
 It is for homely features to keep at home,
 They had their name from thence: coarse complexions
 And

And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.
What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts.

Beauty

That transitory flower; ev'n while it lasts
Palls on the roving sense, when held too near,
Or dwelling there too long: by fits it pleases;
And smells at distance best: Its sweets, familiar
By frequent converse, soon grew dull and cloy'd you.

JEFFREY'S *Edwin*

Is she not more than fancy can imagine?
So strangely beautiful, so divinely fair!
Made in the prodigality of nature
To shew the strength of her creating power!

BARFORD'S *Virgin Queen*

All glory in her eye! perfection thence
Looks from its throne; and on her ample brow
Sits majesty. Her features glow with life,
Warm with heroic soul. Her mien!—She walks
As when a towering goddess treads this earth.

THOMSON'S *Sophonisba*

O thou completest pattern of thy kind!
Beauties thy face, and virtues grace thy mind;
In wisdom, like Minerva, sprung from Jove;
In beauty, like the Paphian queen of love.
When thou wert form'd by the Almighty hand,
On earth he plac'd thee with this great command,
Go, teach the world, what thou canst prove alone;
Beauty and virtue may be join'd in one.

TACER'S *Periander*

Description is too weak to paint her charms,
Her form is like the op'ning dawn of spring
That joy diffuses thro' the whole creation:

Her

Her soul! where is the language can express it?
 Divinity sits strong implanted there,
 And in her looks such dignity appears,
 That all beholders adoration pay,
 And change th' inferior deities for her.

Ibid.

Such is the fatal growth of hapless beauty!
 In her soft spring she puts forth tender buds
 And blooming flowers, which the sun's genial warmth
 Calls forth to fruit, and ripens to high taste:
 When comes the savage, the despoiler, man,
 With hand rapacious ravages the boughs,
 Then leaves her naked, strip of all her honours.

Flowers' Philosophy.

Her beauty's dangerous;
 'Tis some strange witchcraft, or I know not what,
 But I have mark'd it oft, and forms like men,
 If there's an active spirit in a country,
 Are sure to find it out, and fire it too,
 And then they're mad, forsooth with high-flown honour,
 All point, and puncto, not will swerve an inch
 Wide of their own chimeric schemes of action,
 Into the beaten road of human doing.

Beller's Injured Innocence.

Flatter'd too long, beauty at length grows wanton
 And, insolently scornful, slight its praise.

Hill's Alaira.

Fancy not fairer paints those Heaven-born maids,
 Daughters of Paradise for ever young,
 For ever blooming; who on beds of flowers,
 By streams of living waters, soft repose
 To crown th' immortal bliss of happy souls
 With raptures unconceiv'd.

Mallet's Mustapha.

Beauty, good my lord,
 Is all ideal, 'tis the wayward child

Of

Of fancy, shifting with the changeful wind
 Of fond opinion; what to you appears
 The Model of perfection, may disgust
 My strange capricious taste.

TOLSON'S Earl of Warwick

O fatal beauty! why art thou bestow'd
 On hapless woman still to make her wretched!
 Betray'd by thee, how many are undone.—

PATTERSON'S Armistice

Know, beauty is a pure ethereal ray
 Of fair celestial make that issues forth
 From the sole fount of light, and lustre spreads
 Through air and earth and heaven: old ocean feels
 The influence of its beam: when tempests fly
 They bear it on their wings: the firmament
 Radiant with starry orbs, light above light
 In lucid order rais'd, aloud proclaims
 The fair original.—

But man is rais'd

High in the scale of beings, and inform'd
 With intellectual faculties that shew
 The beauty of the mind, by which he claims
 Relation to his maker, and partakes
 Of rectitude divine: hence, moral acts
 Which flow from reason, and obsequious will,
 Are beautiful and good, because with God
 Similitude they hold, whose sacred will,
 Pure as his essence, never can divert
 From what is right, and is itself the law
 Which we call natural, as He only rules
 As well the moral as material world.

BUSBY'S Death of Socrates

Hail sacred source of heav'n and earth!
 From thee fair beauty takes her birth:
 Whate'er in prospect charms the eye,
 From thee receives its pleasing dye:

From

From thee Apollo gilds the ray
 That utters in the new-born day:
 From thee, the moon with borrow'd light
 Supplies the silver lamp of night:
 From thee, fair Iris paints her bow
 Where all thy vary'd colours glow:
 Form'd by thy hand, does Nature spread
 A flow'ry carpet o'er the mead:
 From thee the face of earth is seen
 Array'd in chearful robes of green:
 What blossoms on the fragrant tree
 Derives th' impatient buds from thee:
 What sparkles in the diamond shows
 The brighter fount from which it flows:
 All that can please in earth or air
 Is but of thee a copy fair:
 Thy beauty fills the world with light,
 Which without thee, would sink in night.

BUSSE's Death of Socrates.

B E D.

O thou gentle scene
 Of sweet repose, when by th' oblivious draught
 Of each sad toilsome day, to peace restor'd
 Unhappy mortals lose their woes awhile.

THOMSON's Tancred and Sigismunda.

B E E S.

So work the honey-bees;
 Creatures that, by rule in Nature, teach
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their ships,
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home

To

To the tent royal of their emperor;
 Who (busied in his majesty) surveys
 The singing mason building roofs of gold;
 The civil citizen kneading up the honey;
 The poor mechanic porters, crowding in
 Their heavy burden, at his narrow gates;
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V.*

Imagine to thyself a swarm of bees
 Driv'n to their hive by some impending storm,
 Which at its little port in clust'ring heaps,
 And climbing o'er each other's backs, they enter.

BROWNE'S *Pall of Solitude.*

B E G G A R.

Art thou a man, and sham'st thou not to beg?
 To practise such a servile kind of life?
 Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,
 Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses
 Offer themselves to thy election.
 Either the wars might still supply thy wants,
 Or service of some virtuous gentleman,
 Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,
 But would become thee better than to beg?
 But men of thy condition feed on sloth,
 As doth the beetle on the dung she breeds in;
 Not caring how the metal of your minds
 Is eaten with the rust of idleness.
 Now, after me; whate'er he be, that should
 Relieve a person of thy quality,
 While thou insists in this loose desperate course,
 I would esteem the sin, not thine but his.

BEN JOHNSON'S *Every Man in his Humour.*

'Pd rather wander thro' the world a beggar,
And live on sordid scraps at proud mens surly doors.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Will you then quite cast off your poor Lavinia.
And turn me like a vagrant, out of doors.
To wander up and down the streets of Rome,
And beg my bread with sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard revilings of a slave,
That with his master's plenty, when I ask
A little pity for my pinching wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet windy nights,
To seek a shelter under dropping eves?
A porch my bed, a threshold for my pillow,
Shiv'ring and starv'd for want of warmth and food,
Well'd with my sighs, and almost choke'd with tears?
Must I at the uncharitable gates
Of proud great men implore relief in vain?

OTWAY's Caius Marius.

B I G O T.

He was an execrable bigot
Who for such horrid purposes, had crept
Into the cheated sultan's court and service;
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.
For know there lives upon the craggy cliffs
Of wild Phœnician mountains, a dire race,
A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal
Fierce and intolerant of all religion
That differs from their own, is the black soul
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,
The Old Man (so they stile him) of the Mountains,
Gives out his baleful will, however fell,
However wicked and abhor'd it be,
Tho' cloath'd in danger, the most cruel death,
They swift and silent, glide thro' every land,
As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance,
Famine and plague; they lye for years conceal'd,
Make

Make light of oaths, nay sometimes change religion,
And never fail to execute his orders.

Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints
The curse of earth, the terrors of mankind.

THOMSON'S Edward and Eleonora.

B I R D S.

So in the fields

When the destroyer has been out for prey,
The scatter'd lovers of the feather'd kind,
Seeking, when danger's past, to meet again,
Make moan, and all by such degrees approach,
'Till joining thus, they bill, and spread their wings,
Murm'ring love and joy, their fears are over.

OWEN'S Orpheus.

Secure and free they pass their harmless hours,
Gay as the birds that revel in the grove,
And sing the morning up.

TATE'S Loyal General.

The watchful-birds impatient for the morning,
Already, hark! begin to call it forth,
With notes, like trumpets sounding a retreat.

HOPKIN'S Pyrrhus.

So to th' appointed grove the feather'd pair
Fly chirping on, unwatchful of the snare,
Pursuing love, and wing'd with am'rous thought,
The wanton couple in one toil are caught;
In the same cage in mournful notes complain
Of the same fate, and curse perfidious man.

LAWSDOWN'S British Incantation.

Thus when the big impending clouds appear,
And struggling winds proclaim some tempest near,
The trembling birds the coming danger fly,
And seek for shelter from the lowering sky;
In wild confusion and affright divide,
The mournful mate is sever'd from his bride;

Be

But when the gloom is clear'd, the storm o'er past,
Each seeks his consort, with impatient haste;
Grieves till she's found, when found the joyful pair,
With warbling transports charm the list'ning air.

Buckingham's Scipio.

B I R T H.

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Shakespeare's Hen. VIII.

Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?
Are not all creatures subject unto time?
To time, who doth abuse the world,
And fills it full of hotch-podge baseness;
There's legions now of beggars on the earth,
That their original did spring from kings;
And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
The riff-raff of their age; for time and fortune
Wears out a noble train to beggary;
And from the dunghill minions do advance
To state; and mark, in this admiring world
This is the course, which in the name of fate
Is seen as often as it whirls about;
The river Thames that by our door doth pass,
His first beginning, is but small and shallow,
Yet keeping on his course grows to a sea.

Shakespeare's Cromwell.

Didst thou ne'er read in difference of good,
'Tis more to shine in virtue than in blood.

Johnson's Case is alter'd.

For to be safely born, 'tis not base-born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of Nature's freedom, or an honest birth,
Nobility claim'd by the right of blood,

Vol. I.

E

Shews

Shews chiefly, that our ancestors desir'd
 What we inherit : but that man whose actions
 Purchase a real merit to himself,
 And ranks him in the file of praise and honour,
 Creates his own advancement.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Fair Maid

Birth is a shadow. Courage, self-sustain'd,
 Out-lords succession's phlegm—and needs no ancestor.
 I am above descent; and prize no blood.

HILL's Marriage

Her Birth, her parents yet unknown; her poverty!
 Is she not rich in virtue? Or look round
 Among the titled great ones of the world,
 Do they not spring from some proud monarch's flattery,
 Some favourite mistress, or ambitious minister,
 The ruin of his country, while their blood
 Rolls down thro' many a fool, thro' many a villain
 To its now proud possessors?

FRANCIS's Eugene

Thy Birth?

Did I not early teach thee to despise
 A casual good? Thou art thyself, *Myself*.
 Inform me, youth, would'st thou be what thou art
 Thus fair, thus brave, thus sensibly alive
 To glory's finest feel; or give up all
 To be descended from a line of kings,
 The tenth perhaps from Jove?—I see thy cheek
 Glows a repentant blush.—Our greatest heroes,
 Those gods on earth, those friends of human-kind,
 Whose great examples I would set before thee
 Were once unknown like thee.

WHITEHEAD's Cress

B L A S T.

Behold my arm thus blasted dry and wither'd,
 Shrunk like a foul abortion, and decay'd

Like some untimely product of the seasons,
Robb'd of its properties and strength of office.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard III.*

BLESSING.

The bounteous Heavens

Rain on your head whole deluges of mercies,
For this great goodness. Hear me, O ye powers!
Hear me upon my knees! where'er he goes
Guard him with blessings; give him his own wishes:
If to the wars he pass, renown attend him,
And growing conquest dwell upon his arms;
Let him attain by a long course of valour,
And gallant acts, to the old Roman greatness;
And when at last in triumph he returns,
May all the fighting virgins strew his way,
And with new garlands crown his coming glory.

LEE'S Caesar Borgia.

Angels preserve my dearest father's life,
Bless it with long uninterrupted days!
Oh, may he live till time itself decay,
Till good men with him dead, or I offend him!

OTWAY'S Orphan.

Hear me, bounteous Heaven!

Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: Let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her;
Feed her with plenty: let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joys, her nights with rest;
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

Kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of Blessings yet untasted.

Idid.

The seal of providence is sure upon thee,
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders.

Ibid,

— O gracious Heaven!
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store
For virtue and for filial piety;
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;
But multiply thy mercies on his head:
Let honour, greatness, goodness still be with him,
And peace in all his ways.

Rowe's Fair Penitent,

Reward him for the noble deed, just Heavens:
For this one action guard him and distinguish him
With signal mercies, and with great deliverance,
Save him from wrong, adversity and shame.
Let never-fading honours flourish round him,
And consecrate his name ev'n to time's end:
Let him know nothing else but good on earth,
And everlasting blessedness hereafter.

Rowe's Jane Shore,

May every blessing that can crown your virtues, and
reward your beauty, be shower'd on you; may you
meet admiration without envy, love without jealousy,
and old age without malady: may the man of your
heart be ever constant, and you never meet a less peni-
tent, or less grateful offender than myself.

CUMBERLAND's West Indian,

B L I N D N E S S.

Oh loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon or beggary, or decrepit age!
Sight, the prime work of God, to me's extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annul'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferior to the vilest now become

Of

Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half ;
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
 Without all hope of hope !
 O first created beam, and thou great word,
 Let their be light, and light was 'over all ;
 Why am I thus bereav'd this prime decree ?
 The sun to me is dark,
 And silent as the moon

When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave,
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part ; why was the light
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious, and so easy to be quench'd ?
 And as not feeling through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And bury'd : but O yet more miserable !
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt.

Milton's Sampson Agonistes.

Oh, happiness of blindness ! Now no beauty
 Inflames my lust ; no others good my envy,
 Or misery my pity : No man's wealth
 Draws my respect, nor poverty my scorn.
 Yet still I see enough ! man to himself
 Is a large prospect, rais'd above the level.

DENHAM'S Sobhy.

All dark and comfortless!
 Where are those various objects that but now
 Employ'd my busy eyes? Where are those eyes?
 Dead are their piercing rays, that lately shot
 O'er flow'ry vales to distant sunny hills,
 And drew, with joy, the vast horizon in.
 These groping hands are now my only guides,
 And feeling all my sight.
 Shut from the living while among the living;
 Dark as the grave amidst the bustling world;
 At once from bus'ness and from pleasure barr'd;
 No more to view the beauty of the spring;
 Nor see the face of kindred, or of friend.

TATE'S King Lear.

This fellow must have a rare understanding,
 For nature recompenceth the defects
 Of one part, with redundancy in another:
 Blindmen have excellent mem'ries, and the tongue
 Thus indispos'd, there's treasure in the intellect.

SHAKESPEARE'S Example.

B L U S H.

How brightly her betraying blushes move,
 And seem a glorious traitor to her love.

HOWARD'S Vestal Virgin.

See, my Palmyra comes; the frighted blood
 Scarce yet recall'd to her pale cheeks:
 Like the first streaks of light broke loose from darkness.
 And dawning blushes.

DRYDEN'S Marriage Alamode.

What means, alas!
 That blood which flushes guilty in your faces.

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

O call not to this aged cheek
 The little blood which should keep warm my heart.

Oedipus.
 Let

Let me for ever gaze,
 And bleis the new-born glories that adorn thee :
 From ev'ry blush that kindles in thy cheeks,
 Ten thousand little loves and graces spring
 To revel in the roses.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Confound me not with shame, nor call up all
 The blood that warms my trembling heart
 To fill my cheeks with blushes.

Trapp's Abramule.

B O A R.

Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
 So large he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
 With all his dreadful bristles rais'd up high ;
 They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back :
 Foaming he came at me, where I was posted,
 Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
 As he already had me for his prey ;
 'Till brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
 With this bold executing arm I struck
 The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

Oswar's Orphan.

We pursued the chase,
 When from behind the wood, with rustling sound,
 A monstrous boar rush'd forth : his baleful eyes
 Shot glaring fire, and his stiff-pointed bristles
 Rose high upon his back : At me he made,
 Whetting his tusks, and chewing hideous foam.
 Then, then Hyppolitus flew in to aid me !
 Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
 He launch'd the whistling spear, the well-aim'd javelin
 Pierced his tough side, and quiver'd in his heart ;
 The monster fell, and gnashing with huge tusks,
 Plough'd up the crimson earth.

Smith's Phœdra and Hippolitus.

B O A S T I N G.

Send danger from the East unto the West,
 So honour cross in from the North and South,
 And let them grapple; the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
 By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
 To pluck bright honour from the pale fac'd moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
 Where fathom'd line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

————— I've seen the day,
 That with this little arm, and this good sword,
 I have made my way thro' more impediments
 Than twenty times your stop.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Osbello.*

————— 'Tis yet to know
 (Which when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate) I fetch life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonnetted as proud a fortune,
 As this that I have reach'd.

Id.

————— Discretion
 And hardy valour, are the twins of honour;
 And nurs'd together, make a conqueror:
 Divided, but a talker:
 And we that have been victors, beat ourselves,
 When we insult upon our honour's subject.

BEAUMONT'S *Bonduca.*

My arm a nobler victory ne'er gain'd,
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream
 Than that I drove a million o'er the plain:
 Can none remember, yes I know all must,
 When glory like the dazzling eagle stood
 Perch'd on my beaver in the Granick flood,
 When fortune's self my standard trembling bore,
 And the pale fates stood frighten'd on the shore;

When

When all th'immortals on the billows rode, I
And I myself appear'd the leading god.

Lee's Alexander.

But when we join'd battle,
Fierce as a winter-storm upon the main
I rang'd the field, whilst my affrighted foes,
Like billows at the angry Neptune's frowns,
Successively did vanish from my sight.
Did I not pour upon their foremost ranks
Sudden and fierce as lightning; rush among
Their thickest squadrons, and in glorious bear,
Like thunder breaking from a teeming cloud,
Make desolation wait upon my arms?
With my drawn sword I pointed out the paths
Of dazzling fame, which none but I could tread;
Mounting that stately pyramid alone,
Whilst all my army lagg'd, and you below,
Trembling like girls but to behold my doing.

Sourdisse's Loyal Brothers.

By Mars, the single virtue of this arm
Dispers'd their troops, and drove them from the field.

Did his genius
Know mine, the stronger demon, fear'd the grapple,
And, looking round him, found this nook of fate,
To skulk behind my sword.

DARREN's Don Sebastian.

Jove has poured the Nile into my hand,
The prince of rivers, ocean's eldest son;
Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,
Nor ask pecarious plenty from the sky,
Throw all my glories open to his view.

Young's Belshazzar.

BOUNTY.

Bounty's self
When ill conferr'd, is prodigality.

FLOWER's Philotas.

I long have known your bounty
 (My very being your's) let it extend
 In doing acts of charity, compassion,
 And universal love. Open the gates
 Of liberty to wretches, lost in dungeons;
 Relieve th' oppress'd, assert the orphan's rights,
 And teach the widow's heart to sing for joy.
 With bounty guide the partial hand of fortune
 And make the virtuous happy.

FRANCIS's Eugenia.

B O U N T Y *perverted.*

There will I lay a scene shall turn this royal bounty,
 Those flattering favours, into deadly poison;
 Their promis'd safety here shall prove their ruin.
 So where the eye of heav'n with fullest ray,
 Pours on the pregnant glebe a flood of day,
 Tho' the rich clime ambrosial odours cheer
 And summer smiles sound all the radiant year;
 Fell mischief lurks in the fair-seeming scenes
 In spicy gales disguis'd and fragrant greens.
 The scorpion's sting, the viper's venom'd brood
 And calentures that fire the boiling blood,
 Curs'd in his paradise the native pining lies
 Or smit with madness in a frenzy dies.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

B O W E R.

Go bid her steal into the pleached bower,
 Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
 Forbid the sun to enter: like favourites,
 Made proud like princes, that advance their pride
 Against the power that bred it.

SHAKESPEARE's Much ado about Nothing.

Behold the unlaboured ground
 Bounteous of fruit: above our shady bowers,
 The creeping jessamine thrusts her fragrant flowers;

The

The myrtle, orange, and the blushing rose,
 With bending heaps so nigh their blooms disclose,
 Each seems to smell the flavour which the other
 blows ;

By these the peach, the guava, and the pine,
 And, creeping 'twixt them all the mantling vine
 Does round her trunks her purple clusters twine.

Dardani's State of Innocence.

Behold the bower,
 Where from the jessamin roof the dew distill'd,
 And trickling from thy brow, perfum'd thy tears :
 Whilst to correct the vapours of the night,
 Officious Love celestial perfumes breath'd,
 And tann'd the moon beams with more shining wings.

Tara's Loyal General.

The scene selected for their amorous rites
 Is now that bower, she terms the Paphian court,
 Herself the Venus there ! the ambient lake,
 Which from a thousand gurgling fountains flows,
 A stately train of silver swans surround,
 Like naval scouts to guard their citadel !
 A signal streamer from the window way'd,
 Raises or falls the golden drawbridge down,
 To pass or to exclude attendant slaves,
 As solitude incites or cloy's desire :
 A-down the distant vale, in order rang'd
 Silken pavilions form the camp of Cupid
 Where new delights for every sense are stor'd.
 Their banquets beggar Egypt to supply ;
 As if they meant to waste that world he had conquer'd.
 Now bands of mimic maskers, light-heel'd Gaul,
 Melodious virgins, or the warbling eunuch,
 Beguile the languid intervals of love !
 To soft enervate sounds, their souls dissolve,
 As fame and virtue were the scorn of greatness.

Cyrena's Caesar in Egypt.

Hie thee, poor pilgrim to yon neighb'ring bower
O'er which an old oak spreads his awful arm,
Mantled in brownest foliage, and beneath
The ivy, gadding from th' untwisted stem
Curtains each verdant side.——

Mason's Elfrida.

B R A V E.

The brave do never shun the light ;
Just are their thoughts, and open are their temper ;
Freely without disguise they love or hate ;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Not all the lying legends of antiquity,
Can shew a hero that e'er suffered more
For his dear country or his dearest friend
Than he has for his greatest enemy ;
To him whose life and honour I betray'd,
This unexampled bravery so affects me
That I could weep for his untimely fall,
And curse myself, the author of his ruin.

Trapp's Abramula.

————— The brave are ever tender
And feel the miseries of suffering virtue.

Martin's Timoleon.

The human race are sons of sorrow born :
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse, or crouch beneath their load : the brave
Bear theirs without repining.

Mallet's Alfred.

B R I B E R Y.

Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake ?
What villain touch'd his body that did stab,

And

And not for justice? what, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus!
I'd rather be a dog, and bey the moon,
Than such a Roman!

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar*.

Justice herself, that sitteth wimpled 'bout
The eyes, doth it not because she will take
No gold, but that she would not be seen blushing
When she takes it: the balances she holds
Are not to weigh the right of the cause, but
The weight of the bribe: she will put up her
Naked sword, if thou offer her a golden scabbard.

LILLY'S *Midas*.

That gold is well employ'd,
It works like poison thro' our weakened state,
And fits our freeborn souls for foreign yokes.

SEWELL'S *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

He scorned the wages of disloyal crimes
To rust in peace and stretch a lazy hand
For sordid bribes.

Ibid.

B R I D E.

What strange disorders youthful brides express,
Impatient longings for the happiness;
Approaching joys will so disturb the soul,
As needles always tremble near the pole.

OTWAY'S *Don Carlos*.

I'm mad! as promis'd bridegrooms, borne away
With thoughts of nothing but the joyful day.

OTWAY'S *Caius Marius*.

She

She is reserved you say, when you approach her;
Why let her weep too: Was it ever known
A subtle bride laugh'd on her wedding day,
Or clasp'd her lover in the eye o' th' world?

It is their trade,
The very nature, soul, and life-blood of them,
To whine, and cry, and turn their heads away,
When their hearts doat on what they seem to scorn.

LEE's Caesar Borgia.

These are the fears which wait on every bride,
And only serve for preludes to her joys;
Short sighs, and all those motions of thy heart
Are Nature's call, and kindle warm desires;
Soon as the friendly goddess of the night
Shall draw her veil of darkness o'er thy blushes,
These little, cold, unnecessary doubts
Shall fly the circle of my folding arms;
And when I press thee trembling to my bosom,
Thou shalt confess, if there be room for words,
Or even for thought, that all those thoughts are bliss.

Rowe's Ambitious Step-mother.

The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,
To see the end of all her wishes near;
When, blushing from the light, and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night she flies,
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves;
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

BRITAIN.

England is safe, if true within itself.
'Tis better using France than trusting France.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves:
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

SHAKESPEARE's King Henry VI.
This

This royal throne of Kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demy-paradise,
 This tortress, built by Nature for herself,
 Against infection, and the hand of war;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall;
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands;
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for deeds, as far from home,
 For christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jure,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watry Neptune, is bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds,
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

SHAKESPEARE: *King Richard II.*

A headstrong, moody murmuring race,
 As ever try'd th' extent and stretch of grace;
 God's pamper'd people whom, debauch'd with ease,
 No king could govern, nor no god could please;
 Gods they had try'd of every shape and size
 That god-smiths could produce or priests devise.
 These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found
 Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,

They:

They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.

DRYDEN: Absalom and Achitophel.

Britain, the queen of isles, our fair possession
Secur'd by Nature, laughs at foreign force;
Her ships her bulwark, and the sea her dike,
Sees plenty in her lap, and braves the world.

HAYWARD: King Charles I.

Alfred, go forth, lead on the radiant years,
To thee reveal'd in vision: lo! they rise,
Lo! patriots, heroes, sages, croud to birth,
And bards to sing them in immortal verse!
I see thy commerce, Britain, grasp the world;
All nations serve thee, ev'ry foreign flood,
Subjected pays its tribute to the Thames.
Thither the golden South obedient pours
His sunny treasures; thither the soft East
Her spices, delicacies, gentle gifts:
And thither his rough trade the stormy North.
See where beyond the vast Atlantic surge,
By boldest keels untouch'd, a dreadful space!
Shores yet unsound, arise, in youthful prime,
With towering forests, mighty rivers crown;
These stoop to Britain's thunder. This new world,
Shook to its center, trembles at her name:
And there her sons, with aim exalted, sow
The seeds of rising empire, arts, and arms.
Britons proceed, the subject deep command,
Awe with your navies every hostile land;
Vain are their threats, their armies all are vain;
They rule the balanc'd world, who rule the main.

MALLEY: Alfred.

BUILDING.

See, boy! this gate,
Instructs you how t'adore the heav'n's; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs

Are

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n !
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Cymbeline*

She builds in gold, and to the stars,
As if she threaten'd heav'n with wars ;
And seeks for hell in quarries deep,
Giving the fiends, that there do keep,
A hope of day.

JOHNSON'S *Cataline*.

BUSINESS.

The day was made
To number out the hours of busy men,
Let them be busy still, and still be wretched,
And take their fill of anxious drudging day.

DANIEL'S *Amphitruon*.

CALAMITY.

OH, Craterus, do not insult calamity :
It is a barbarous grossness, to lay on
The weight of scorn, where heavy misery
Too much already weighs men's fortunes down :
For if the cause be ill, I undergo
The law.

DANIEL'S *Philotas*.

How wisely fate ordain'd, for human kind
Calamity ! which is the perfect glass
Wherein we truly see and know ourselves.
How justly it created life but short !

For

For being incident to many griefs,
Had it been destin'd to continue long,
Fate, to please fools, had done the wise great wrong.

DAVENANT's Law against Lovers.

Know, he that
Foretels his own calamity, and makes
Events before they come, twice over doth
Endure the pains of evil destiny.
But we must trust to virtue, and not to fate,
That may protect, whom cruel stars will hate.

DAVENANT's Distress.

C A L M.

The tempest is o'erblown, the skies are clear,
And the sea charm'd into a calm so still,
That not a wrinkle ruffles her smooth face.

DAVENANT's Don Sebastian.

We often see against some storm
A silence in the Heav'ns, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
Is hush'd as death.

SHAKESPEAR's Hamlet.

C A M P.

Danger and death in camps I've learn'd to court;
In camps where Death's rough business is a sport.

DAVENANT's Cym.

Go to the camp, preferment's noblest mart,
Where honour ought to have the fairest play, you'll find
Corruption, envy, discontent, and faction,
Almost in every band. How many men
Have spent their blood in their dear country's service,
Yet now pine under want; while selfish slaves,
That even would cut their throats whom now they
fawn on,

Like

Like deadly locusts, eat the honey up,
Which those industrious bees so hardly toil'd for.

OTWAY's Orphan.

So in a camp, tho' at the dead of night,
If but the trumpet's chearful voice is heard,
All at the signal leap from downy rest,
And every heart awakes as mine does now

Ibid.

Before an Engagement.

From camp to camp, thro' the thick shade of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds !
The out-fix'd centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire ; and thro' their paly flames
Each soldier sees the other's umber'd face !
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neigh,
Piercing the night's dull ear : and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the chiefs,
With clink of hammers, closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation ; while some
Like sacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience sit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger.

SHAKESPEARE's Richard III.

After a Defeat.

I have been led by solitary care
To yon dark branches, spreading o'er the brook,
Which murmurs thro' the camp ; this mighty camp,
Where once two hundred thousand sons of war,
With restless dins awak'd the midnight hour.
Now horrid stillness in the vacant tents
Sits undisturb'd ; and these incessant rills,
Whose pebbled channel breaks their shallow stream,
Fill with their melancholy sounds my ears,
As if I wander'd, like a lonely hind,

O'er

O'er some dead fallow, far from all resort;
 Unless that ever and anon a groan
 Bursts from a soldier, pillow'd on his shield
 In torment, or expiring with his wounds,
 And turns my fix'd attention into horror.

GLOVER'S Boadicea.

C A R E.

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud:
 And after summer, ever more succeeds
 Barren-winter, with his wrathful nipping cold;
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Henry VI.

Care keeps his watch in ev'ry old man's eye,
 And where care lodgeth, sleep will never lie.

SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.

Care is no cure, but rather a corrosive,
 For things that are not to be remedy'd.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Henry VI.

Care when it once is enter'd in the breast,
 Will have the whole possession ere it rest.

JOHNSON'S Tale of a Tub.

You are now destin'd to more watchful care
 Than spies of faction, or the scouts of war;
 To care, which higher and more swiftly flows
 Than that which from design of conquest grows,
 Such as may seem to other monarchs new,
 Care to reform these whom you might subdue.

Care that in cloysters only seals her eyes,
 Which youth thinks folly, age as wisdom owns:
 Fools by not knowing her, outlive the wise,
 She visits cities, but she dwells in thrones.

DAVENANT'S Gondibert.

All

All creatures else a time of love possess,
 Man only clogs with care his happiness;
 And while he should enjoy his part of bliss
 With thoughts of what may be, destroys what is.

DAVIDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

C A R D I N A L.

Proud,—and rich cardinal!—No wonder thou art proud;
 Thy order can be proud and poor in shew,
 Most humble; in heart, most arrogant.—The monk,
 That asks an alms, is a proud, lazy varlet.

PHILLIPS'S Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

C A T O.

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
 Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty and Rome;
 His sword ne'er fell but on the guilty head;
 Oppression, Tyranny, and Power usurp'd,
 Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon them.

ADDISON'S Cato.

Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome
 Can raise her senate more than Cato's presence;
 His virtues render our assemblies awful;
 They strike with something like religious fear,
 And make e'en Caesar tremble at the head
 Of armies flush'd with conquest.

Ibid.

— Turn up thy eyes to Cato,
 There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
 The Roman virtues lift up mortal man,
 While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
 He's still severely bent against himself;
 Renouncing sleep, and food, and rest, and ease;
 He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
 And when his fortune sets before him all

The

The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Ibid.

CAUTION.

Caution 'tis true
Is not unworthy of the bravest prince;
But those can only know a slavish fear,
Who think they merit what they always dread.
*E. Harwood's Frederic Duke of Brunswick
Lunenburgh.*

'Tho' brave deeds be warm at first conceiv'd,
Let the best purpose cool, nor miss your blow.
More firm and sure the hand of courage strikes,
When it obey's the watchful eyes of caution.
Thomson's Agamemnon.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,
Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,
But cautious age suspects the flattering form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?
Does adamant faith invest his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?
S. Johnson's Irene.

Who can be too secure? The man whose pillow
Prevention guards, may sleep in ease and safety.
HAYARD's King Charles I.

CENSORIOUSNESS.

O that the too-censorious world would learn
 This wholesome rule, and with each other bear!
 But man, as if a foe to his own species,
 Takes pleasure to report his neighbour's faults,
 Judging with rigour every small offence,
 And prides himself in scandal. Few there are
 Who injur'd, take the part of the transgressor,
 And plead his pardon, e'er he deigns to ask it.

*E. HARWOOD's Frederic Duke of Brunswick-
 Lunenburg.*

CEREMONY.

O hard condition, and twin born with greatness
 Subject to breath of ex'ry fool, whose sense
 No more can feel, but his own cringing
 What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy? and what have kings,
 That privates have not too, save ceremony,
 Save general ceremony?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
 What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?
 O ceremony, shew me but thy worth:
 What is the soul of adoration?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in other men?
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure, and low bending?

Canst

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.
 I am a king that find thee; and I know,
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial;
 The inter-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running before the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
 That beats upon the high shore of this world;
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:
 But, like a laquey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in the eye of Phœbus; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king:
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross drains, little way
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whole hours the peasant best advantages.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Henry V.

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown:
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

SHAKESPEARE'S Timon.

CHANGE of TIMES.

Every hour
 Changes the state of things. To day the sea,

Row'd

C H A

Rous'd by the northern wind, assails the sky,
And wears the face of ruin. Ere the morn
Unveils her eyes, it smooths its ruff'd brow,
And holds a mirror to the stars of heav'n.
Dowry's Second.

C H A R N E L - H O U S E .

Behold a charnel-house,
O'er cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls.
SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.

C H A S T E .

Chaste as the isicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.
SHAKESPEARE'S Coriolanus.

Chaster than chrystal on the Scythian cliffs,
The more the proud winds court it, still the purer.
BRAUMONT'S Double Marriage.

Oh! she's a cake of ice,
Whom all the love in th' empire cannot thaw;
A dull cross thing, insensible of glory,
Deaf to all promises, dead to all desire:

She has in her
All the contempt of glory, and vain seeming
Of all the stoicks; all the truth of Christians,
And all their constancy: modesty was made
When she was first intended: when she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon,
The purest temple of her sex that e'er
Made Nature a bless'd founder.
If she were any way inclining
To ease or pleasure, or affected glory
Proud to be seen or worshipp'd, 'twere a venture:
But on my soul, she's chaster than old camphire.
ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.

In vain your vassels have endeavour'd
 By promises, persuasions, Reason's wealth,
 All that can make the foremost virtue bend,
 To alter her: Our arguments, like darts
 Shot in the bosom of the boundless air,
 Are lost, and do not leave the least impression.

Ibid.

———— Cold as candy'd ice;
 Not a thought starting free from warm desires:
 As the bleak girl upon the mountain's top,
 Cover'd with snow, beaten with constant winds,
 That feeds on herbs and roots, and drinks the dew

LEE's Mithridates.

———— She's chaste as the fann'd snow,
 Twice bolted o'er by the bleak northern blasts.

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

In thy fair brow there's such a legend writ
 Of chastity, as blinds the adult'rous eye:
 Not the mountain ice,
 Congeal'd to chrystal, is so frosty chaste
 As thy victorious soul, which conquers man,
 And man's proud tyrant passion.

DRYDEN's Albion and Albani.

C H A S T I T Y.

The soul, whose bosom lust did never touch,
 Is God's fair bride, and maidens souls are such.

DECKER's First Part of the Honest Whore.

Thou, my love, art sweeter far than balmy
 Incense in the purple smoke. Pure and
 Unspotted as the cleanly ermine, ere
 The hunter sullies her with his pursuit;
 Soft as her skin, chaste as th' Arabian bird,
 That wants a sex to woo; or as the dead,
 That are divorc'd from warmth, from objects,
 And from thought.

DAVENANT's Platonic Love.

Yet a hidden strength
Which if, Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own;
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity,
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea there, where ev'ry desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride or in presumption.

Some say, no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at *curfew* time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece,
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brindled lions
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The friv'lous bolt of Cupid: Gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.
What was the snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace, that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe.

So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand live-ris'd angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,

And in clear dream and solemn vision
 Tell her of things, that no gross ear can hear;
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast and teem on th' outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence
 Till all be made immortal.

MILTON's *Comus*.

What is this deity that you adore?
 What is your favourite idol but a shadow?
 Women, when old, and slighted by the world,
 First preach the rigid doctrine to their sex,
 And envy joys they have not pow'r to taste.

TRACY's *Periander*.

————— Bright goddess Chastity!
 Thou to whose honour, antient Rome decreed
 Temples and altars when thy own Lucretia
 For glory bled! Do thou protect thy votary
 From violence and shame!

CRISP's *Virginia*.

C H I L D R E N .

Where is the glory of the godliest trees
 But in the fruit and branches? The old stock
 Must decay; and sprigs, scyons, such as these,
 Must become new stocks, for us to glory
 In their fruitful issue, so are we made
 Immortal one by the other.

MIDDLETON and ROWLEY's *Fair Quarrel*.

How adverse runs the destiny of some creatures?
 Some only can get riches and no children,
 We only can get children and no riches;
 Then 'tis the prudent part to check our will,
 And, till our state rise, make our blood lie still.

MIDDLETON's *Chaste Maid of Cheapside*.

Things like ourselves, as sensual, vain, invented
 Bubbles, and breaths of air, got with an itching,

As blisters are and bred; as much corruption
Flows from their lives; sorrow conceives and shapes
'em;

And oftentimes the death of those we love most.
The breeders bring 'em to the world to curse them,
Cares and continual crosses keeping with them.
They make time old to tend them, and experience
An-als: they alter so, they grow, and goodly,
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,
They fall into the main, and are known no more.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Mad Lover.

What benefit can children be
But charges and disobedience? What's the
Love they render at one and twenty years!
I pray die, father. When they are young, they
Are like bells rung backwards, nothing but noise
And giddiness; and come to years once, there
Drops a son by the sword in his mistress's
Quarrel, a great joy to his parents: a
Daughter ripe too, grows high and lusty in
Her blood, runs away

With a supple-hamm'd serving man, his twenty
Nobles spent, takes to a trade, and learns to spin.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Wit without Money.

Children, the blind effects of love and chance,
Bear from their birth the impressions of a slave.

DRYDEN's Aurengzebe.

When parents their commands unjustly lay,
Children are privileg'd to disobey.

DRYDEN's Conquest of Granada.

For children blessings seem, but torments are,
When young our folly, and when old our fear.

OTWAY's Don Carlos.

Why do we pray for children, call them blessings,
And deem the barren womb a curse? O marriage!
Unhappy, most unhappy of all states!

Matching with sorrows, teeming still with more,
The vexed womb seems to bring forth to vex.

LARSDOWN'S Titanic Love

Look here and weep with tenderness and transport!
What is all tasteless luxury to this?

To these best joys, which holy love bestows?

O Nature, parent Nature, thou alone

Art the true judge of what can make us happy.

THOMSON'S Pygmalion

——— Our orphan children

Bind me to life.—O dear, O dangerous passions!

The valiant in himself what can he suffer?

Or what does he regard his single woes?

But when, alas, he multiplies himself

To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,

To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon him,

To helpless children! then, O then! he feels

The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,

And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.

THOMSON'S Edward and Eleanor

CHRISTIANITY.

——— The Christian beam

Illuminates my faith, and bids me trust

All that may happen to the will of Heav'n.

New force inspires me, and my strengthen'd soul

Feels energy divine: The fair example

Of steadfast martyrs, and of dying saints

Has warm'd me into better thoughts: I now

Can with a smile behold Misfortune's face,

And think the weight of miseries, a trial.

The heav'nly precepts brighten to my mind

No useful part of duty left behind:

Here the consenting principles unite

A beam divine directs our steps aright,

And shews the moral, in the Christian light.

HAYARD'S Scanderbeg

Th' Al-

Th' Almighty Christian Power that knows me innocent,

Exacts (they say) long life, in fix'd distress,
And suffers not the brave to shorten woe.

HILL'S Alzira.

If these are Christian virtues, I am Christian,
The Faith that can inspire this generous change
Must be divine, - - - and glows with all its God!
- - Friendship, and constancy, and right, and pity,
All these, were lessons I had learnt before,
But this unnat'ral grandeur of the soul
Is more than mortal; and out-reaches virtue.
It draws, - it charms, - it binds me, to be Christian.

Ibid.

CHURCH of ROME.

Raise thy eyes

Up to the temporal splendors of our church;
Behold our priors, prelates, cardinals;
Survey their large revenues, princely state,
Their palaces of marble, beds of down,
Their statues, pictures, baths, luxurious tables,
That shame the fabled banquets of the gods.
See how they weary Art, and ransack Nature,
To leave no taste, no wish ungratify'd.

JEPHSON'S Beggar.

CHURCHMEN.

Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VIII.

Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.

JOHNSON'S Volpone.

You should, my lord, be like the robes you wear,
 Pure as the dye, and like that reverend shape,
 Nurse thoughts as full of honour, zeal, and purity;
 You should be the court dial, and direct
 The king with constant motion; be ever beating,
 Like to clock-hammers, on his iron heart,
 To make it sound clear; and to feel remorse,
 You should unlock his soul, wake his dead conscience,
 Which, like a drowy centinel, gives leave
 For sin's vast army to beleaguer him:
 His ruins will be ask'd for at your hands.

ROWLEY'S Noble Spanish Soldier.

C I T I Z E N S.

I smile to myself, to hear
 Our knights and gallants say, how they gull us
 Citizens, when indeed we gull them; or,
 Rather they gull themselves; here they come in
 'Term-time, hire chambers, and perhaps kiss
 Our wives: Well, what loss I by that?
 God's blessing on's heart, I say still, that makes
 Much of my wife; for they were very hard
 Favour'd, that none could find in his heart
 To love, but ourselves.

MIDDLETON'S Family of Love.

The grey-ey'd morning braves me to my face,
 And calls me sluggard; 'tis time for tradesmen
 To be in their shops.

Ibid.

'These base mechanics never keep their words
 In any thing they promise; 'tis their trade
 To swear and break; they all grow rich by breaking
 More than their words; their honesties and credits
 Are still the first commodities they put off.

JOHNSON'S New Inn.

A broke-wing'd shopkeeper; I note him straight!
 He had no father, I warrant him, that durst own
 him:

Some

Some foundling in a stall, or the church porch;
Brought up in an hospital, and so bound 'prentice;
Then master of a shop; then one of th' inquest;
Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alderman;
The original of both is a church-porch.

4. Of some my colonel.

1. Good faith, of most

Of your shop citizens; they're rude animals,
And let them get but ten m^{il}le out of town;
They will out swagger all the wapentakes.

JOHNSON'S New Inn.

We're set here to please all customers,
Their humours and their fancies: offend none:
We get by many, if we lose by one:
May be his mind stood to no more than that,
A pen'worth serves him, and 'mongst trades 'tis found,
Deny a pen'worth it may cost a pound.
Oh, he that means to thrive, with patient eye,
Must please the devil, if he comes to buy.

DECKER'S First Part of the Honest Whore.

Take heed what you say, fir,
An hundred honest men! why if there were
So many i' th' city, 'twere enough to forfeit
Their charter.

SHIRLEY'S Gamester.

— We that had
Our breeding from a trade, cit^s, as you call us,
Tho' we hate gentlemen ourselves, yet are
Ambitious to make all our children gentlemen,
In three generations they return again:
We for our children purchase land; they brave it
I' th' country; beget children, and they sell,
Grow poor, and send their sons up to be 'prentices.
Poverty makes their children citizens.

Ibid.

C I T Y.

This antient city,
How wanton fits she, amidst Nature's smiles,

Nor from her highest turret has to view
 But golden landſhips and luxuriant ſcenes,
 A waſte of wealth, the ſtore-houſe of the world
 Her fruitful vales far ſtretching ſly the ſight,
 There ſails unnumbred whiten all the ſtream,
 While from the banks full twenty thouſand cities
 Survey their pride, and ſee their gilded towers
 Float on the waves, and break againſt the ſhore.

————— Various nations meet
 As in a ſea, yet not confin'd in ſpace.

But ſtreaming freely thro' the ſpacious ſtreets,
 Which ſends forth millions at each brazen gate;
 Whene'er the trumpet calls, high over head
 On the broad walls the chariots bound along.

YOUNG'S Baſilid.

CLEMENCY.

————— The rulers of the world
 Unmercifully juſt, who puniſh all
 To the ſevereſt rigour of the laws,
 Are moſt unjuſt themſelves, and violate
 The laws they ſeem to guard. There is a juſtice
 Due to humanity. —————

CH. JOHNSON'S Medea.

————— Yet no attribute
 So well beſits th' exalted ſeat ſupreme,
 And power's diſpoſing hand, as clemency.
 Each crime muſt from its quality be judg'd;
 And pity there ſhould interpoſe, where malice
 Is not th' aggreſſor. —————

JONES'S Earl of Eſſex.

So prone to error is our mortal frame,
 Time could not ſtep without a trace of horror,
 If wary nature on the human heart
 Amid its wild variety of paſſions
 Had not impreſs'd a ſoft and yielding ſenſe,
 That when offences gave reſentment birth,

Th

The kindly dews of penitence may raise
The seeds of mutual mercy and forgiveness.

CLYDE'S Breviary.

CLERGY. See Priest.

For this the clergy will still argue on,
Deny from pique, assert from prejudice;
Shew us the lesson, seldom the example,
And preach up laws which they will ne'er obey.

HAYWARD'S K. Charles I.

CLIFF.

From the dread summit of this chalky bourne
Look up a height, the shrill-gor'd lark so far
Cannot be seen nor heard.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

Behold a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks dreadful down upon the roaring deep:
How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire: dreadful trade!
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anch'ring bark
Seems lessen'd to her cock, her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
Cannot be heard so high.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

As from a steep and dreadful precipice
The frightened traveller casts down his eyes,
And sees the ocean at so great a distance,
It looks as if the skies were sunk beneath him;
If then some neighbouring shrub, how weak soever,
Peep up, his willing eyes stop gladly there,
And seems to ease themselves, and rest upon it.

DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.

As one condemn'd to leap a precipice,
Who sees before his eyes the depth below,
Stops short, and looks about for some kind shrub
To break his dreadful fall.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

We seem to leap over some hanging cliff,
O'erlooking all the wrecks that float below;
Should we stretch more beyond the verge, we fall
Infinite fathoms down, and sink for ever.

HOPKINS's Pyrrhus.

Let us advance tow'rd the cliff's dreadful brow,
From which the fearful downfall of the precipice,
And the wild horrors of the rocky beach,
Lie subject to our view.

DENNIS's Iphigenia.

Behold with what laborious task they mount
To climb the craggy steepness of the cliff;
While at some distance, with unequal pace,
Pursuing, pant behind 'em.

DENNIS's Iphigenia.

Behold the summit of yon shaggy mountain,
That bending its black brow, with dreadful scowl,
Over the gloomy deep, affrights great Neptune.

Ibid.

From the brow
Of a wild precipice, immensely horrible
And painful to the sight: The curling blood
Chills in his heart who treads the dangerous cliff;
For from the out-jetting top, a dreadful steep
Falls many a mile direct: The dizzy eye
Akes with contraction, and grows dim in vain
To search the unfounded bottom.

HILL's Fatal Vision.

CLOISTER.

But let my dew feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,

With

With antic pillars massy proof;
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light:
 There let the pining organ blow,
 To the full-voiced choir below;
 In service high and anthems clear,
 As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
 Dissolve me into extasies
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes:

Milton's St. Peter's

C L O W N.

A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
 And stupid eyes, that ever lov'd the ground;
 The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
 Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair:
 The more inform'd, the less he understood,
 And deeper sunk by floundring in the mud
 His corn and cattle were his only care;
 And his supreme delight a country fair.
 A quarter-staff, which he ne'er cou'd forsake,
 Hung half before, and half behind his back.
 He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled, as he went, for want of thought.

DRYDEN's Cymon and Iphigenia

C L O U D S. See Morning.

The low'ring clouds that dip themselves in rain,
 To shake their fleeces on the earth again.

Darwin's Indian Emperor

The gathering clouds like meeting armies
 Come on apace.

Lux's Misbridates

The rack of clouds is driving on the wind,
 And shews a break of sun-shine.

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise

COCK.

C O C K.

———— I have heard
 The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
 Awake the God of day,
 Some say, that ever against that season comes,
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
 This bird of dawning fingeth all night long.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Hamlet*.

C O M B A T.

———— Behold those wounds.
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,
 In single opposition, hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour,
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
 drink,
 Upon agreement of swift Severn's flood,
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisped head in the hollow bank,
 Stain'd with the blood of those brave combatants.

SHAKESPEAR'S *Henry IV.*

When at the legion's head the brave old king,
 And I, like clouds with thunder charg'd,
 Encountering rush'd together.

Long was the tug of fate, and mutual wounds
 On each side were receiv'd; at last my stars
 Prevail'd, and Gondibert, o'erthrown by fate,
 Resign'd that life he so deserv'd to keep.

HIGGON'S *Generous Conqueror*.

COMET.

C O M E T.

When beggars dye there are no comets seen,
The heaven's themselves blaze forth the death of
Princes.

SHAKESPEAR's Julius Caesar.

—— Bid meteors keep their lustre,
When all the shining exhalation's spent,
That fed their short-liv'd glory.

LEE's Mithridates.

Long bearded comets stick,
Like flaming porcupines
As they would shoot their quills.

DRYDEN's Oedipus.

For like a blazing meteor, hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping train of fire along.

DRYDEN's Duke of Guise.

Fallen is that comet which on high
Portended ruin; he has spent his blaze,
And shall distract the world with fears do more.

Row's Tamerlane.

C O M F O R T.

—— Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, and worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

SHAKESPEAR's Richard II.

And can'st thou minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written trouble of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bottom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

SHAKESPEAR's Macbeth.

Your

————— Your comfort
Comes, as in droughts the elemental dew
Does on the earth : it wets, but leaves no moisture,
To give the fear'd plants growth.

GLAPTHORNE'S Albertus Wallenstein

Here is a haven yet to rest my soul on,
In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on
With the same comfort, as a distressed seaman
Afar off views the coast he would enjoy,
When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark,
'Twixt hope and danger.

SHIRLEY'S Maids Revenge

So dying men receive vain comforts
From those visitants they love, when they
Persuade them to be patient at the loss of life,
With saying they are mortal too, and mean
T' endure the like calamity ; as if
To die were from good fellowship, from free
Intent t' accompany departing friends ;
When such last courtesy proceeds not from
Their will, but Nature's obstinate decree :
So if she mourns, 'tis not through willing
Kindness, but constraint.

Sir W. DAVENANT'S Fair Favourite.

I would bring balm, and pour it in your wound,
Cure you distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

Thy words have darted hope into my soul,
And comfort dawns upon me.

SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.

A beam of comfort, like the moon thro' clouds,
Gilds the black horror, and directs my way.

DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.

————— I came
To sooth the secret anguish of her soul,

To

To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

——— Comfort, like the golden sun,
Dispels the sullen shade with her sweet influence,
And cheers the melancholy house of care.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

Now whither shall I fly to find relief?
What charitable hand will aid me now?
Will stay my falling steps, support my ruin,
And heal my wounded mind with balmy comfort?

Ibid.

Who talks of comfort to a wretch like me,
This is the house of Sorrow, here it dwells,
And multiplies a race of unblest children.

SEWEL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

——— Comfort —— 'tis for ease and quiet
It sleeps upon the down of sweet content,
In the sound bed of industry and health

HAYARD's Regular.

C O M F O R T *in Solitude.*

——— Might we but hear
The folded flocks penn'd in their walled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed, with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feath'ry dames;
'Twould be some solace, yet some little chearing,
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.

MILTON's Comus.

C O M M O T I O N S.

The king that yields to popular commotions,
Is more the slave, than sovereign of his people.

PHILIPS's Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

COM-

COMMUNITY.

My country, fir, is not a single spot
Of such a mould, or fixed to such a clime;
No, 'tis the social circle of my friends,
The lov'd community in which I'm link'd,
And in whose welfare all my wishes center.

MILLER'S *Madamu.*

Thou hast not thence a right to lift thy hand
Against the whole community, which forms
Thy ever sacred country.—That consists
Not of coeval citizens alone:
It knows no bounds, it has a retrospect
To ages past; it looks on those to come;
And grasps of all the general worth and virtue.

THOMSON'S *Coriolanus.*

COMPASSION.

What rage could hurt a gentleness like thine,
Whose tender soul could weep
O'er dying roses, and at blossoms fall.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Coriolanus.*

Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure,
Of some sad lover's death, moistens my eyes,
And robs me of my manhood.

DRYDEN'S *All for Love.*

— O thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind, as sympathizing Nature!
When a sad story has been told, I've seen
Thy little breast, with soft compassion swell'd,
Shove up and down, and heave like dying birds.

OWAY'S *Orphan.*

When fortune, or the gods afflict mankind,
Compassion to the miserable's due:

But

But when we suffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit pity and esteem.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul ;
I join my grief to your's, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench your eyes in tears.

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

When most my heart was lifted with delight,
If I withheld the morsel from the hungry,
Forgot the widow's want and orphan's cry.
If I have known a good they have not shar'd,
Nor call'd the poor to take his portion with me,
Let my reproachful enemies stand forth, and now
Deny the succour which I gave not then.

ROWE'S Fair Penitent.

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity !
Like thee, reserve their rayment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep !

Ibid.

Let them be cruel who delight in mischief ;
I'm of a softer mold : poor Phedra's sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding heart, and wound my soul.

SMITH'S Phedra and Hippolitus.

Sure Nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebld all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me even below my own weak sex :
Pity and love by turns oppress my heart.

ADDISON'S Cato.

What is compassion, when 'tis void of love ?
To one who asks the warm returns of love,
Compassion's cruelty ; 'tis scorn, 'tis death. *Ibid.*

A generous warmth opens the hero's soul,
And soft compassion flows where courage dwells.

CH. JOHNSON'S Medea.

'Tis

'Tis gen'rous ev'n to feel a foreign woe,
In a responsive sympathy to others.

HAYARD's Scanderbeg.

COMPLIMENT.

1. We are invited to dinner together,
He and I, by one that came thither to him,
Sir La Foole.

2. O that's a precious mannekin.

1. Do you know him?

2. Ay, and he will know you too, if e'er he
Saw you but once, though you should meet him at
Church in the midst of prayers. He is one
Of the braveries, though he be none of
The wits. He will salute a judge upon
The bench, and the bishop in the pulpit,
A lawyer when he is pleading at the
Bar, and a lady when she is dancing
In a masque, and put her out.

BEN. JOHNSON's Silent Woman.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers:
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains,
Such are thy words.

GAR's Dione.

CONCEALMENT.

A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid.

SHAKESPEAR's Twelfth Night.

— She ne'er told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

SHAKESPEAR's Henry VI.

I find

I find she loves him much, because she hides it.
 Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
 And where he gets possession, his first work
 Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
 Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,
 To feast alone.

DRYDEN'S Tempest.

I wore my flames conceal'd;
 And silent as the lamps that burn in tombs,
 Sigh'd only to myself, and to the winds;
 Gaz'd on your beauties with the distant crowd;
 Yourself at last perceiv'd my drooping care,
 And forc'd the trembling secret from my breast.

TATE'S Loyal General.

I love like thee, and yet conceal my flame,
 Which burns the more, the more it is suppress'd.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

C O N C E I T.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

SHAKESPEAR'S Hamlet.

I know not how conceit may rob
 The treasure of life, when life itself
 Yields to the theft.

SHAKESPEAR'S King Lear.

Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
 Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
 But with a little act upon the blood,
 Burn like the mines of sulphur.

SHAKESPEAR'S Othello.

C O N F L I C T.

Whither wander my bold thoughts
 Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad,
 And now they are come home all arm'd with slings,
 And pierce my bleeding heart:
 I beg the gods to disappoint my crime,

Yet

Yet almost with 'em deaf to my desire.
 I long, repent; repent, and long again,
 And every moment differs from the last,

YOUNG'S Basilia

————— But let me think
 Ere yet my sliding feet forego the shore,
 That quitted once can never be recover'd,
 In what a boundless ocean am I plunging
 With only one uncertain light to guide me! —
 If that should fail I sink o'erwhelm'd for ever. —
 But should the grateful Elmerick stretch forth
 His saving hand, and snatch me from the billows,
 Love will return a thousand solid joys
 For every transient pain — But O the hazard —
 A woman and a queen to offer love,
 And hear herself refus'd! — 'Tis misery
 'Tis everlasting shame! 'tis death and hell!
 I will not think so poorly of my fate
 Myself or Elmerick — My present lot
 Is cheerless and forlorn — Impetuous gusts
 Of stormy passions drive me tho' the gloom
 Unsteady and uncertain. All before me
 Is the profound, unfathomable deep;
 And all behind a dark and boundless waste. —

LILLO'S Elmerick

————— His mind appear'd
 A mighty ocean stirr'd by fighting winds,
 His pace uncertain, fury in his aspect,
 His bosom heaving with convulsive thoughts,
 By turns he cast his eyes severe to heaven;
 By turns he bent them gloomy on the ground:
 A pause of silence where dumb horror reign'd
 More wild and more expressive to the sight,
 Than on the ear the storm of words can pour,

MALLEY'S Mustapha

In change of place there is no change of pain,
 Contending passions urging each its claim
 Tear up my bosom with intestine war.

Shall

Shall treason go unpunish'd? shall I dip
My hands in filial blood? O fatal choice!
O cruel conflict! ————— *Ibid.*

Off, off vain cumbrance ye conflicting thoughts!
Leave me to Heav'n. O peace! — it will not be —
Just when I rose above mortality
To pour her wond'rous weight of charms upon me!
At such a time it was, it was too much!
To pluck the soaring pinion of my soul,
While eagle-eyed she held her flight to heaven
O'er pain and death triumphant! Help, ye saints,
Angelic ministers descend, descend!
And lift me to myself; hold, bind my heart
Firm and unshaken, in the approaching ruin,
The wreck of earth-born frailty. —

BROOKS'S Gustavus Vasa.

CONJURATION.

I'll to the grove of furies,
There I can force th' infernal gods to shew
Their horrid forms.
Each trembling ghost shall rise,
And leave their griesly king without a waiter.
DRYDEN and LEE'S Oedipus.

CONQUEROR.

Hast thou forgot with what a grace he mov'd,
When from the wars he conquering came to Susa?
High on a lofty car he rode along,
In awful pomp, chain'd kings, and scepter'd slaves
Bound to his wheels, in sullen majesty
Indignant stalk'd, and curs'd their baffled gods.
But the glad crowds that wand'ring press'd around,
Neglected the proud show to gaze at him,
And with loud shouts all hail'd him as he pass'd.

BARFORD'S Virgin Queen.

Thou

Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire,
 The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorn
 A conqueror's breast but serves, my friend, to hide
 A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse.
 Each object round me wakens horrid doubts,
 The flatt'ring train, the centinal that guards me,
 The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,
 And from the means of safety dangers rise.

Grecian Daughters.

CONQUEST.

Then crimson conquest clasp'd me in her arms,
 And laurell'd triumphs welcom'd my return.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

————— I claim by right
 Of conquest; for when kings make war,
 No law betwixt two sov'reigns can decide;
 But that of arms, where fortune is the judge,
 Soldiers the lawyers, and the bar the field.

DRYDEN'S Love Triumphant.

————— Conquest is not given by chance,
 But bound by fatal and relentless merit,
 Waits on his arms.

ROWE'S Tamerlan.

————— It is too much, you dress me
 Like an usurper in the borrow'd attribute
 Of injur'd Heaven: can we call conquest ours?
 Shall man, this pigmy, with a giant's pride,
 Vaunt of himself, and say, thus have I done this?
 O vain pretence to greatness! Like the moon,
 We borrowed all the brightness which we boast;
 Dark in ourselves and useless: if that hand
 That rules the fate of battles, strike for us,
 Crown us with fame, and gild our clay with honour,
 'Twere most ungrateful to disown the benefit,
 And arrogate a pride that is not ours.

Ibid.

Let

Vox.

Let us not into insult turn our pow'r;
 Good fortune is not wedded to our arms:
 Conquest, like a young maiden with her lover,
 If roughly treated, turns her smiles to frowns
 And hates where once she lov'd.

HAYWARD'S King Charles I.

CONSCIENCE.

1. Where's thy conscience now?
 2. O, in the duke of Glo'ster's purse.
 1. When he opens his purse to give us our
 Reward, the conscience flies out.
 2. 'Tis no matter,
 Let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.
 1. What if it come to thee again?
 2. I'll not meddle with it; it is a dang'rous
 Thing, it makes a man a coward: A man
 Cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man
 Cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot
 Lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects
 Him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that
 Mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills
 One full of obstacles. It made me once
 Restore a purse of gold, that by chance I
 Found. It beggars any man that keeps it,
 It is turn'd out of towns and cities for
 A dang'rous thing; and every man that means
 To live well, endeavours to trust to himself,
 And live without it.

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard II.

Soul whisp'rings are abroad, unnat'ral deeds
 Do breed unnat'ral troubles: infected minds
 To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.

SHAKESPEARE'S Macbeth.

Conscience is a word that cowards use,
 Advis'd at first to keep the strong in awe.

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard III.

Vol. I.

G

Severe

Severe decrees may keep our tongues in awe,
 But to our thoughts what edict can give law !
 Even you yourself, to your own breast shall tell
 Your crimes, and your own conscience be your hell:
 What business has my conscience with a crown,
 She sinks in pleasures, and in bowls will drown :
 If mirth should fail, I'll busy her with cares,
 Silence her clam'rous voice with louder wars,
 Trumpets and drums shall fright her from the throne,
 As sounding cymbals aid the lab'ring moon ;
 Repell'd by those, more eager she will grow,
 Spring back more strongly like a Scythian bow :
 Amidst your train this unseen judge will wait,
 Examine how you came by all your state ;
 Upbraid your impious pomp, and in your ear
 Will hollow rebel, traitor, murderer.
 Your ill-got power, wan looks and care shall bring,
 Known but by discontent to be a king ;
 Of crowds afraid, yet anxious when alone,
 You'll sit and brood your sorrows on a throne.

Dryden's Aurengzebe.

I wou'd be drunk with death and steaming slaughter,
 To stupify the sense of inward torment.

Lee's Mithridates.

Were all well here, what force, what Roman arms,
 What general marching at the head of millions,
 Could daunt the bold, the forward Mithridates ?
 But here, Pharnaces, in my guilty bosom,
 The fatal enemy undermines me quite ;
 Black legions are my thoughts : Not Pompey, but
 Ziphares comes with all his wrongs, and arms,
 Like the lieutenant of the gods against me.
 Semandra too, like bleeding victory,
 Stands on his side, and cries out, kill, kill, kill,
 That cursed parricide, that ravisher.
 Oh Heaven ! sustain me, or I shall grow mad !

Ibid.

I tell

Tell thee, boy, remorse and upstart fear
 Oppress me, even in spite of all my knowledge ;
 Tho' none of those that boast philosophy
 Have made a deeper search in Nature's womb
 Than I; (the midnight moon has seen my watchings;)
 Tell thee, none can name her infinite seeds
 Like me; nor better know her sparks of light.
 Those gems that shine in the blue ring of Heaven:
 None knows more reason for or 'gainst yond first
 Bright cause, can talk of accidents, above me.
 Yet there's a thorn, call'd conscience, makes its way
 Thro' all the fence of pleasure, fortified
 With reasons, that this ill seems good to me,
 And stings thy guilty father to the soul.

Ibid.

Oh power of guilt! How conscience can upbraid!
 It forces her not only to reveal,
 But to repeat what she would most conceal.

DERDEN's Conquest of Granada,

Oh power of conscience! even in wicked man,
 It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
 One syllable, no, not to clear himself
 From the most base, detested, horrid act,
 That e'er could stain a villain.

LEE's Oedipus.

How shall I 'scape the stings of my own conscience?
 Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
 Haunt me by day, and torture me by night;
 Casting my blotted honour in the way,
 Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me?

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

Lead me where my own thoughts themselves may lose
 me;

Where I may doze out what I've left of life,
 Forget myself, and this day's guilt:
 Cruel remembrance, how shall I appease thee?

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

G 2

Oh!

Oh! what's this that rends my heart,
That rides my days, and clouds my nights with horror!
Is it not Conscience, which sometimes appears
Like a she-wolf, and drags me on the floor?
Then in a lion's form it comes,
And grins, and roars, just gaping to devour me!

LEE's Massacre of Paris,

I'll to the wars; and as the Corybantes,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets, drown'd
The cries of infant Jove, I'll stifle Conscience,
And Nature's murmurs, in the din of arms.

SMITH's Phædra and Hippolitus.

Give me a horse—bind up my wounds:
Have mercy, Heav'n! ha! soft! 'twas but a dream,
But then so terrible, it shakes my soul:
Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horror.
O tyrant Conscience! how dost thou afflict me!
When I look back, 'tis terrible retreating:
I cannot bear the thought, nor dare repent:
I am but man, and fate do thou dispose me.

CIBBER's Richard III.

Wou'd it were done:
There is a busy something here,
That foolish custom has made terrible,
To the intent of evil deeds;
And Nature too, as if she knew
Me womanish and weak, tugs at
My heart-strings with complaining cries,
To talk me from my purpose——
And then the thought of what
Men's tongues will say, of what their hearts must think;
To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead.
Shall future ages when these children's tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their hapless fate,
And read with detestation the misdeeds of Richard,

The

The crook'd-back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
 And bloody——Will they not say too,
 That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
 Nor human stop't my way?—why, let 'em say it;
 They can't but say I had the crown;
 I was not fool as well as villain.

Hark! the murder's doing; princes farewell,
 To me there's music in your passing-bell. *Ibid.*

None ever yet attain'd to such a pitch
 Of villainy, never to feel remorse.
 The peace of mind which once I did enjoy,
 That blessed peace, I ne'er shall taste again.
 O Conscience! Conscience! will you never rest?
 I'm all a hell within, yet can't repent,
 And what is worse, must still in guilt go on;
 For tho' I wou'd repent me of my crimes,
 I know not how or where I shou'd begin.

WANDERSFORD'S Fatal Love.

—We cheat the world
 With florid outside, 'till we meet surprize;
 Then, Conscience working inward like a mole,
 Crumbles the surface, and reveals the dirt
 From which our actions spring.

FENTON'S Mariamne.

But what is conscience?—a thin empty name
 That terrifies, like ghosts, by fancy raised.

SAVAGE'S Sir Thomas Overbury.

Conscience than empire more content can bring,
 And to be just is to be more than king.

HAVARD'S King Charles I.

Conscience, that in the day of fortune's favour
 Securely slept, now rouses into strong
 And dread conviction of her crime. I broke
 The sacred oath sworn to a dying father,
 To free my country from her chains. My soul
 Shakes as I roll this thought. O Providence,

Awfully just, tho' guilt may shut her eye,
Thine ever wakes to mark, to trace, to punish!

MALLEY'S Euridice.

In vain, O Jove, you plac'd in human breasts
Conscience, your great vicegerent here below,
To warn us from the first approach of guilt:
Thou tempter gold! Who can resist thy charms?
Ambition bears down all with mighty sway,
Insatiate Avarice takes up ev'ry thought;
Each passion throws a veil before our eyes,
That tear, as the envenom'd adder young,
The unhappy bosom where such vipers breed,

TRACY'S Periander.

O justice! justice!
In vain are glory, worship, and dominion!
All conqueror as I am, I am a slave,
And by the world ador'd, dwell with the damn'd.
My crimes have planted scorpions in my breast.—
There is remorse! is conscience then! O furies!
Here, here I feel. 'Tis in vain to brave
The host of terrors that invade my soul;
I might deceive the world, myself I cannot.

MILLER'S Mabomet.

Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field, from murdering swords of thousands?
Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?
Why then is conscience more restrain'd in me,
Than in a crown'd ambition? Conscience there can
sleep

Secure by custom and impunity:
Shall custom then excuse the crimes of power,
And shall the brave be baffled by a shadow?
Let sickly conscience shake the vulgar soul,
That brute like plods the beaten paths of life,
Without reflection on its slavery.

CUBBER'S King Job.

In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,
 And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,
 When fear and anguish labour in the breast,
 And all within is darkness and confusion.
 Thus on deceitful *Ætna's* flow'ry side
 Unfading verdure glads the roving eye,
 While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage
 Infatiate on her wasted entrails prey,
 And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruins.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

Where are thy terrors, Conscience? Where thy justice?
 That this bad man dare boldly own his crimes,
 Insult thy sacred power, and glory in it.

FRANCIS'S Eugenia.

Conscience, what art thou? thou tremendous power!
 Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
 And art within ourselves, another self,
 A master self, that loves to domineer,
 And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
 How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
 Make the past, present, and the future frown?
 How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
 As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors!
 In this long restless dream, which ideots hug,
 Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

YOUNG'S Brothers.

Conscience and nice scruples
 Are taxes that abound in none but meagre soils,
 To choak the aspiring seeds of manly daring:
 Those puny instincts, which in feeble minds,
 Unfit for great exploits, are miscall'd virtue.

JERSON'S Braganza.

CONSPIRACY.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
 And the first motion, all the interim, is.

G 4

Like

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream ;
 The genius and the mortal instruments,
 Are then in council, and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

SHAKESPEARE's *Julius Caesar*.

Oh conspiracy !
 Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
 When evils are most free ? O then by day,
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
 To mask thy monstrous visage ? seek for none ;
 Hide it in smiles and affability :
 For if thou put thy native semblance on,
 Not Erebus itself were dark enough
 To hide thee from prevention.

Ibid.

Say, you are constant, or another, & third,
 Or more ; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
 With whom the fear of punishment shall work
 'Bove all the thoughts of honour and revenge.
 You are not now to think what's best to do,
 As in beginnings ; but what must be done,
 Being thus enter'd ; and slip no advantage
 That may secure you.

JOHNSON's *Cataline*.

Oh, the curs'd fate of all conspiracies ;
 They move on many springs ; if one but fail,
 The restive machine stops.

DRYDEN's *Don Sebastian*.

Oh ! think what anxious moments pass between
 The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods ;
 Oh ! 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
 Fill'd up with horror, and big with death.

ADDISON's *Cato*.

Conspiracies,
 Like thunder clouds, should, in a moment form
 And strike, like lightning, 'ere the sound is heard.

DOWE's *Seibona*.

Q. 100.

CONSTANCY. See INCONSTANCY.

O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain, 'tween my heart and tongue,
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar*.

I could be well moved if I were as you,
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
I am constant as the Northern star;
Of whose true, fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament:
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine,
But there is but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion.

Ibid.

It is a noble constancy you shew
To this afflicted house: that not like others,
The friends of season, you do follow fortune,
And in the winter of their fate, forsake
The place, whose glories warm'd you.

JOHNSON'S *Sejanus*.

There's no such thing as constancy we call,
Faith tyes not hearts, 'tis inclination all;
Some wit deform'd, or beauty much decay'd,
First constancy in love a virtue made;
From friendship they the land-mark did remove,
And falsly plac'd it on the bounds of love.

DRYDEN'S *Conquest of Granada*.

Fair tho' you are
As summer-mornings, and your eyes more bright
Than stars, that twinkle in a winter's night;
Tho' you have eloquence to warm and move
Cold age, and praying hermits into love;

G 5

The

Tho' Almahide with scorn reward my care;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair. *Ibid.*

Whisper to him some angel what I'm doing,
By sympathy of soul, let him too tremble
To hear my wondrous faith, my wondrous love,
Whose spirit not content with an ovation
Of ling'ring fate, with triumph thus resolv'd,
Thus in the rapid chariot of the soul,
To mount and dare as never woman dar'd.

LEE's Theodosius.

Constant as courage to the brave in battle;
Constant as martyrs burning for their gods. *Ibid.*

Be constant, Bellamira, to thy vow,
So shall we shine as in the inmost heaven,
The fix'd and constant stars, with silent glory,
Where never storms nor lightnings flash, nor stroke
Of thunder comes: but if you fall in sight,
Then shall we fall, like the curs'd angels, down,
Never to rise again.

LEE's Caesar Borgia.

Not rooted oaks, the force of raging winds,
Nor Nature's bars, on their strong basis fix'd,
Repel the fury of insulting waves
With greater firmness, than resolv'd Armada
Defies the charms of majesty and power.

HIGGON'S Generous Conqueror.

When I am false, forsake me all that's true.
What! parcel love,
Like common dole, by scraps, to every eye
That hangers after lust! Shall I do this?
No, my frank soul gives largely all at once,
Nothing by halves: true love has no reserve.
Yes, my Chruséis, I am only thine,
Only and all: the soul that's snatch'd by Death
Returns no more, nor will her eyes give back
The heart she keeps in her eternal chain.

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

When

When yet a virgin free and undispos'd,
 I lov'd, but saw you only with my eyes;
 I could not reach the beauties of your soul:
 I have liv'd since in contemplation,
 And long experience of your growing goodness;
 What then was passion is my judgment now,
 Thro' all the several changes of your life
 Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

HAYNES'S Fatal Mistake.

Peruse the prospect of thy growing hopes,
 Repeat thy looks, thy wishes, and thy vows,
 For constant kindness is the surest charm,
 And danger dares not stir, when love is warm.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

True constancy no time, no power can move,
 He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.

GAR'S Diana.

— Be proud no more: but dare be honest.
 Far from presuming to reproach my tears,
 Honour my constancy; and praise my virtue.
 Cease to regret the dues I pay the dead:
 And merit, if you can, a heart thus faithful.

HILL'S Alzira.

Canst thou thy Tancred deem so dully form'd,
 Of such gross clay, just as I reach the point—
 A point my wildest hopes could never image—
 In that great moment, full of every virtue,
 That I should then so mean a traitor prove,
 To the best bliss and honour of mankind,
 So much disgrace the human heart, as then—
 For the dead form of flattery and pomp,
 The faithless joys of courts, to quit kind truth,
 The cordial sweets of friendship and of love,
 The life of life! my all, my Sigismunda!

THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.

I know thee constant,
 Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
 The teeming earth, and then forget to bear;
 Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
 With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams:
 Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.

BEN. JOHNSON's Irene.

Hear first that Athelwold's sad widow swears
 To rear a hallow'd convent o'er the place
 Where stream'd his blood, there will she weep thro' life,
 Immur'd with this chaste throng of virgins, there
 Each day shall six times hear her full-voic'd choir
 Chaunt the slow requiem to her martyr'd lord;
 There too when midnight lours with awful gloom,
 She'll rise observant of the stated call
 Of waking grief, bear the dim livid taper.
 Along the winding isles, and at the altar
 Kiss ev'ry pale shrine with her trembling lips,
 Press the cold stone with her bent knee, and call
 On sainted Athelwold. * * * * *

* * * * *
 Hear next, that Athelwold's sad widow swears
 Never to violate the holy vow
 She to his truth first plighted; swears to bear
 The sober singleness of widowhood
 To her cold grave. If from this chaste resolve
 She ev'n in thought should swerve, if gaudy pomp,
 Or flatt'ring greatness e'er should tempt one wish
 To stray beyond this purpose, may that Heav'n
 Which hears this vow, punish its violation
 As heav'nly justice ought.

Mason's Elfrida.

Whence does this sudden lustre rise,
 That gilds the grove? not like the noontide beam,
 Which sparkling dances on the trembling stream;
 Nor the blue lightning's flash, swift-shooting thro' the
 skies.

But

But such a solemn steady light,
 As o'er the cloudless azure steals,
 When Cynthia riding on the brow of night,
 Stops in their mid career her silver wheels.
 Whence can it rise, but from the sober pow'r
 Of constancy? She, heav'n-born queen,
 Descends, and in this woodbine vested bower
 Fixes her stedfast reign:
 Stedfast, as when her high command
 Gives to the starry band
 Their radiant stations in heav'n's ample plain;
 Stedfast, as when around this nether sphere,
 She winds the purple year;
 Tells what time the snow-drop sweet
 Its maiden whitenets may unfold;
 When the golden harvest bend,
 When the ruddy fruits descend;
 Then bids pale winter wake to pour
 The pearly hail's translucent show'r,
 To cast his silv'ry mantle o'er the woods,
 And bind in crystal chains the slumb'ring floods.
 The soul, which she inspires, has pow'r to climb
 To all the heights sublime,
 Of Virtue's tow'ring hill;
 That hill, at whose low foot weak warbling strays,
 The scanty beam of human praise,
 A shallow trickling rill.
 While on the summit hov'ring angels shed,
 From their blest pinions, the nectareous dew
 Of rich immortal fame; from these the muse
 Oft steals some precious drops, and skilful blends
 With those the lower fountain lends;
 Then show'rs it all on some high-favour'd head.

Ibid.

C O N S T E R N A T I O N.

S E E A S T O N I S H M E N T.

Never was known a noise of such distraction!
 Noise so confus'd and dreadful: jostling crowds

That

That run, and know not whither : torches gliding,
Like meteors, by each other in the streets.

DRYDEN'S Spanish Fryar.

Wherefore stare you thus with haggard eyes ?
Why are your arms a-cross ?
Your heavy and desponding heads hung down ?
What is't you more than speak in these sad signs ?

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

Why are thy eyes thus fix'd ? what means this posture ?
Thou look'st a very statue of surprise
As if a lightning blast had dry'd thee up,
And had not left thee moisture for a tear.

MARTYN'S Timoleon.

CONTEMP LATION.

————— 'Tis most true,
That musing meditation most affects
The peasive secrecy of desert cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in the senate-house :
For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
His few books, or his beads or maple dish,
Or do his grey hairs any violence ?

MILTON'S Comus.

Nor sunk in sloth, nor hating human-kind,
But to their service dedicated more,
The book of Nature open to my view
With care I would explore the wond'rous work ;
There read the dictates of th' Almighty mind,
By his own hand express, in characters
Thro' the whole fair creation legible
In ev'ry tongue and land. ——— A solemn institute
Of laws eternal, whose unalter'd page
No time can change, no copier can corrupt.
Science and virtue my sole contemplation,

I'll leave this bias'd, busy world to turn
On its two stated poles of fraud and folly.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

—— 'Tis to be a man, indeed ;
To form the mind, and make it truly great.
To place it independant, and superior
To all that cruel crowd of galling passions,
Which vex the heads and hearts of the ambitious,
That haunt in troops the halls of purple grandeur,
And hang like clust'ring bees on gilded roofs. *Ibid.*

Last night, when with a draught from that cool fountain

I had my wholesome sober supper crown'd ;
As is my stated custom, forth I walk'd
Beneath the solemn gloom and glittering sky
To feed my soul with prayers and meditation.
And thus to inward harmony compos'd,
That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
Whose each emotion is a silent hymn,
I to my couch retir'd. —

MALLEY's Alfred.

C O N T E N T.

Lord, who would live turmoil'd in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's wailing ;
Or gather wealth ; I care not with what envy ;
Sufficeth, that I have, maintains my state ;
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry VI.

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches endless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

SHAKESPEARE's Othello.

Since

Since all great souls still make their own content,
 We to ourselves may all our wishes grant;
 Eor, nothing coveting, we nothing want.

DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.

They cannot want who wish not to have more:
 Who ever said an Anchoret was poor?

DRYDEN'S Secret Love.

Rest we contented with our present state:
 'Tis anxious to enquire of future fate.

DRYDEN'S King Arthur.

Were it not better in some distant clime
 To live, and love, and peaceably possess
 The small remainder of our lives to come?
 What tho' we quit all glitt'ring pomp and greatness,
 The busy noisy flattery of courts,
 We shall enjoy content: in that alone
 Is greatness, power, wealth, honour, all sum'd up.

POWELL'S King of Naples.

Life's but a short chase, our game content,
 Which most pursued, is most compell'd to fly;
 And he that mounts him on the swiftest hope,
 Shall soonest run his courser to a stand;
 While the poor peasant from some distant hill,
 Undanger'd and at ease, views all the sport,
 And sees content take shelter in his cottage.

GREEN'S Richard III.

On yonder blooming hawthorn spray,
 The linnet wakes her temperate lay;
 She haunts no solitary shade,
 She flutters o'er no sunshine mead;
 No love-lorn griefs depress her song;

No raptures lift it loudly high,
 But soft she thrills, amid the aerial throng;

Smooth simple strains of sob'rest harmony.
 Sweet bird, like thine our lay shall flow,
 Nor gaily loud, nor sadly slow;

For to thy note sedate and clear,
Content still lends a list'ning ear:
Reclin'd this mossy bank along,
Oft has she heard thy easy song:
Why hears not now? What fairer grove,
From Harewood lures her devious love;
What fairer grove than Harewood knows,
More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
More shadowy bowers, inviting soft repose;
More streams flow wand'ring thro' her winding vales,
Perhaps to some lone cave the rover flies,
Where lull'd in pious peace the hermit lies,
For scorning oft the gorgeous hall,
Where banners wave with blazon'd gold;
There will the meek-eyed nymph delight to call,
And with the solemn seer high converse hold.
There, goddess, on the shaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around:
Where pendant mountains o'er their head,
Stretch their formidable shade,
You listen, while the holy seer
Slowly chaunts his vespers clear;
Or of his sparing melfs partake,
The sav'ry pulse, the wheaten cake,
The bev'rage cool of limpid rill;
Then rising light your host you bless,
And o'er his faintly temples bland distil
Seraphic day, dreams of heaven's happiness.
Where'er thou art, enchanting maid!
Thou soon wilt smile in Harewood's shade:
Soon will thy fairy feet be seen,
Printing this dew-impearled green;
Soon shall we mark thy gestures meek,
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek!
What time thou seek'st, with willing haste,
Thy lov'liest throne, Elfrida's breast:

There.

There seated on that iv'ry shrine,
 Where all the loves and graces lie,
 With them your hands shall mutual chaplets twine,
 And weave immortal wreaths of peace and joy,
MASON'S Elfrida.

Life has misfortunes enough without our being industrious to encrease the number of them—when an accident, therefore, happens we should consider that, bad as it may be, it might have been still worse; and instead of arrogantly murmuring at the dispensations of Providence, we should thankfully acknowledge the goodness that did not plunge us into a deeper degree of affliction.

KELLY'S Word to the Wife.

CONTINENCE, *A noble Instance of.*

What with admiration
 Struck every heart was this.—A noble virgin,
 Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
 Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept and blush'd,
 Young, fresh, and blooming like the morn. An eye
 As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
 Of purest white. A secret charm combined
 Her features and infus'd enchantment through them,
 Her shape was harmony.—But eloquence
 Beneath her beauty fails; which seem'd on purpose,
 By Nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
 Might see the virtue of a hero try'd
 Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
 Soft as she pass'd along, with downcast eyes,
 Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and now and then
 Dropt o'er her modest cheek a trickling tear.
 The Roman legions languish'd, and hard war
 Felt more than pity. Ev'n their chief himself
 As on his high tribunal rais'd he sat,
 Turn'd from the dangerous fight, and chiding ask'd
 His officers, if by this gift they meant

To cloud his virtue in its very dawn.

She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
But when he found her royally descended,
Of her old captive parents the sole joy;
And that a hapless Celtiberian prince
Her lover and belov'd, forgot his chains,
His lost dominions, and for her alone
Wept out his tender soul; sudden the heart
Of this young, conquering, loving, god-like Roman
Felt all the great divinity of virtue.

His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting power
Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
He for her parents and her lover call'd,
The various scene imagine: How his troops
Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant;
While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,
Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions, fear,
Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
Anxiety and love in every shape.

To these as different sentiments succeeded,
As mixt emotions, when the man divine
Thus the dread silence to the lover broke.

"We both are young, both charm'd, The right of
"war

"Has put thy beauteous mistress in my power;

"With whom I could in the most sacred ties

"Live out a happy life: But know that Romans

"Their hearts, as well as enemies can conquer.

"Then take her to thy soul; and with her take

"Thy liberty and kingdom. In return

"I ask but this. When you behold these eyes,

"These charms, with transport, be a friend to

"Rome."

THOMSON'S *Sophonisba*.

C O R R U P T I O N.

Since from the corruption of one
 We must conclude the generation of
 Another, though not always in the same
 Profession; the corruption of an apothecary,
 May be the generation of a doctor
 Of physick: the corruption of a citizen
 May beget a courtier, and a courtier
 May very well beget an alderman:
 The corruption of an alderman may
 Be the generation of a country justice,
 Whose corrupt ignorance easily may
 Beget a tumult; a tumult may beget
 A captain, and the corruption of a
 Captain may beget a gentleman-usher;
 And a gentleman-usher may beget
 A lord, whose wit may beget a poet;
 And a poet may beget a thousand pound:
 A year, but nothing without corruption.

CHAPMAN and SHARLEY's Admiral of France.

Corruption is a tree, whose branches are
 Of an unmeasurable length: they spread
 Ev'ry where; and the dew that drops from thence
 Hath infected some chairs and stools of authority.

BRAUMONT and FLETCHER's Honest Man's Fortune.

C O U N T R Y.

Ah, prince! had'st thou but known the joys which
 dwell
 With humble fortunes, thou would'st curse thy royalty.
 Had fate allotted us some obscure village,
 Where, with life's necessities blest'd alone,
 We might have pass'd in peace our happy days,
 Free from the snares which crowns and empires bring,

No

No wicked Statesman would with impious arts
Have striven to wrest from us our small inheritance,
Or stir the simple hinds to noisy faction

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

C O U N T R Y S Q U I R E.

They say he's one was wise before he was
A man, for then his folly was excusable;
But since he came to be of age, which had
Been a question till his death, had not
The law given him his father's lands, he is
Grown wicked enough to be a landlord.
He does pray but once a year, and that's for
Fair weather in harvest; his inward senses
Are sound, for none comes from him; he speaks words,
But no matter, and therefore is in election
To be of the peace and quorum, which his
Tenants think him fit for: and his tutor's
Judgment allows, whom he maintains to make
Him legs and speeches. He feeds well himself.
But in obedience to government, he
Allows his servants fasting days: he loves
Law, because it kill'd his father, whom the
Parson o'erthrew in a case of tythes;
And in memory wears nothing suitable;
For his apparel is a cento,
The ruins of ten fashions: he does not
Much care for heaven, for he is doubtful of any
Such place, only hell he's sure of, for the
Devil sticks to his conscience. —

Therefore he
Does purpose when he dies, to turn his sins
Into alms-houses, that posterity
May praise him, for his bountiful ordination
Of hot pottage.

SKIRLER's Witty Fair One.

1. What

1. What a fine man hath your taylor made you?

2. 'Tis quite contrary,

I have made my taylor, for my cloaths are paid for,
As soon as put on: a fin your man of title
Is seldom guilty of: but Heav'n forgive it,
I've other faults too, very incident

To a plain gentleman. I eat my venison
With my neighbours in the country, and present not
My pheasants, partridges, and growse to th' us'rer,
Nor ever yet paid brokage to his scrivener.
I flatter not my mercer's wife, nor feast her
With the first cherries, or peascods, to prepare me
Credit with her husband when I come to London.
The wool of my sheep, or a score or two of fat oxen
In Smithfield, give me money for my expences.
I can make a wife a jointure, of such lands too,
As are not incumber'd, no annuity
Of statute lying on them.

MASSINGER's City Madam.

You're a country gentleman; a gallant
Out of fashion all the year; but 'specially
At sessions, and upon high holidays, when
Your fatten doublet draws away the eyes
Of the simple, and distracts their devotion
Almost into idolatry; giving it more
Worship than the heralds ever gave
Your ancestors. You intend, as I understand,
To come forth in a new edition; and
When the mercers and taylor's have new printed
You, and that some genteel wit may be read
In your character, to marry a wife
In the city. You shall then have a pass
Seal'd upon her by a courtier; be ship'd
At cuckold's haven, and so transported.

NABBS's Covent Garden.

C O U.

C O U R A G E.

I dare do all that may become a man,
He who dares more is none.

SHAKESPEARE'S Macbeth.

He dares much;
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He has a wisdom that still guides his valour
To act in safety.

Ibid.

What man dare, I dare.
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or th' Hyrcanian tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble.

Ibid.

Did mountains of black horror me surround,
I'd scale them all.
When fortune, honour, life, and all's in doubt,
Bravely to dare, is bravely to get out.

SUCKLING'S Aglaure.

A wise well-temper'd valour,
For such is his; Those giants, Death and Danger,
Are but his ministers, and serve a master
More to be fear'd than they: and the blind goddess
Is led among the captive in his triumph:
Yet fortune, valour, all is over-borne
By numbers, as the long-resisting banks
By the impetuous torrent.

DENHAM'S Sophy.

The greatest proof of courage we can give,
Is then to die when we have power to live.

DRYDEN'S Indian Emperor.

All desp'rate hazards courage do create,
As he plays frankly who has the least estate:
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

But

But when true courage is of force bereft,
 Patience the only fortitude is left.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

Make thy demands to those that own thy power!
 Know I am still beyond thee: And tho' fortune
 Has stript me of this train, this pomp of greatness,
 This outside of a king, yet still my soul
 Fix'd high, and of herself alone dependent,
 Is ever free and roval! and even now
 As at the head of battle, does defy thee!
 I know what power the chance of war has given thee,
 And dare thee to the use on't.

ROWE'S Tamerlane.

— A noble freedom
 Dwells with the brate, unknown to fawning sycophants,
 And claims a privilege of being believ'd.

Ibid.

Let us appear nor rash, nor diffident;
 Immoderate valour swells into a fault;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason.

ADDISON'S Cat.

— Forbid it, Isis,
 That whilst Busiris treads the sanguine field,
 The foremost spirit of his host should conquer,
 But by example, and beneath the shade
 Of this high brandish'd arm, didst thou fear,
 Sure 'tis an act I know not how to fear.
 'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
 And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
 Thy master is immortal.

YOUNG'S Busiris.

If I, at length, have run my destin'd race,
 And some young springing heir demands my place,
 Let Death come on, he shall not triumph here,
 That he who makes me yield, can make me fear.

Unshock'd

Unshock'd, I'll brave this last unequal strife,
Nor dying, cast a blemish on my life.

BECKINGHAM'S K. Hen. IV. of France.

True courage, is not where fermenting spirits
Mount in a troubled and unruly stream;
The soul's its proper seat, and reason there
Presiding, guides its cool or warmer motions.

FROWDE'S Fall of Saguntum.

I have met,
Nay, counted death, in the steel files of war,
When squadrons wither'd as the giant trod;
Nor shrunk ev'n when the hardiest of the field
Have paused upon the danger,

JEPHSON'S Braganza.

Courage is poorly hous'd that dwells in number:
The lion never counts the herd about him,
Nor weighs how many flocks he has to scatter.

HILL'S Henry V.

True courage but from opposition grows;
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves
Match'd to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty.

BROOKE'S Gustavus Vasa.

True valour
Lies in the mind, the never-yielding purpose,
Nor owns the blind award of giddy fortune.

THOMSON'S Coriolanus.

True courage scorns
To vent her prowess in a storm of words:
And to the valiant, actions speak alone.

SMOLLETT'S Regicide.

This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,

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H

Builds

Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague-fit
May make a coward of him—

WHITEHEAD'S Roman Father,

Courage, on the heights and steep of fate,
Dares snatch her glorious purpose from the edge
Of peril: And while sick'ning Caution shrinks
Or self-betray'd, falls headlong down the steep;
Calm Resolution, unappal'd, can walk
The giddy bank, secure.

BROWN'S Barbarossa,

Th' intent and not the deed
Is in our power: And therefore who dares greatly,
Does greatly. *Did.*

C O U R T and C O U R T I E R.

I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd;
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again,
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff—and still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bear dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome coarse,
Betwixt the wind, and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My pris'ners, in your majesty's behalf.
I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; God save the mark!
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth,
 Was sperma cæti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good, tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier—

SHAKESPEARE'S *HENRY IV.*

1. 'Tis but the same thing we do at court; here's
 Ev'ry man striving who shall be foremost, and
 Hotly pursuing of what he seldom

Overtakes, or if he does, it's no great matter.

2. He that's best hors'd, that is, best friended, gets
 In soonest, and then all he has to do
 Is to laugh at those that are behind.

1. To be in view, is to be in favour.
 Is it not?

2. Right; and he that has a strong fashion
 Against him, hunts upon a cold scent, and
 May in time come to a loss.

1. Here's one rides two miles about, while
 Another leaps a ditch, and is in before him.

2. Where, note, the indirect way's the nearest,

1. Good again.

2. And here's another puts on, and fall's into
 A quagmire, that is, follows the court 'till
 He has spent all; for your court quagmire is
 Want of money; there a man is sure to
 Stick, and not one helps him out, if they
 Do not laugh at him.

H 2

What

1. What think you of him that hunts after my Rate, and never sees the deer?

2. Why he is like some young fellow, that follows The court, and never sees the king.

1. To spur a horse till he is tir'd, is——

2. T'importune a friend till he be weary of you.

1. For then, upon the first occasion, y'are Thrown off, as I was now.

SUCKLING's Aglaia

Th' eminent court, to them that can be wise,
And fasten on her blessing, is a sun
That draws men up from coarse and earthly being:
I mean these men of merit that have pow'r
And reason to make good her benefits;
Learns them a manly boldness, gives their tongues
Sweetness of language, makes them apt to please;
Files off all rudeness, and uncivil 'haviour.
Shews them, as neat in carriage, as in cloaths.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER's Noble Gentlemen

————— Courtiers are
High cowards in revenge amongst themselves,
And only valiant when they mischieve others;
Stars that would have no names
But for the ills they threaten in conjunction:
A race of shallow and unthinking pilots,
Who oft misguide the ship even in a calm,
And in great storms serve but as weights to sink it.

SUCKLING's Brennorah

The court's a golden, but a fatal circle,
Upon whose magic skirts, a thousand devils
In crystal forms sit, tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its centre.

LEE's Nona

I have no business there;
I have not slavish temp'rance enough
T'attend a fav'rite's heels, and watch his smiles,

Bear an ill office done me to my face,
And thank the lord that wrong'd me, for his favour.

OTWAY's Orphan.

Courts are the places where best manners flourish,
Where the deserving ought to rise, and fools
Make shew. Why should I vex and chafe my spleen,
To see a gaudy coxcomb shine, when I
Have sense enough to sooth him in his follies,
And ride him to advantage as I please *Ibid.*

What man of sense would rack his gen'rous mind,
To practise all the base formalities
And forms of bus'ness? Force a grave starch'd face,
When he's a very libertine in's heart?
Seem not to know this or that man in publick,
When privately, perhaps, they meet together,
And lay the scene of some brave fellow's ruin?
Such things are done in courts. *Ibid.*

Bertram has been taught the arts of courts ;
To gild a face with smiles, and leer a man to ruin.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

Virtue must be thrown off, 'tis a coarse garment,
Too heavy for the sunshine of a court. *Ibid.*

But courtiers are to be accounted good;
When they are not the last and worst of men. *Ibid.*

Be still, and learn the smoothing arts of courts ;
Adore his fortunes, mix with flattering crowds,
And when they praise him most, be you the loudest.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Of all court-service learn the common lot,
To-day 'tis done, to-morrow 'tis forgot. *Ibid.*

———— The court is full of eyes,
As eagles sharp, fatal as basilisks,
Who live on looking, and who see to death.

DRYDEN's Love Triumphant.

Learn the cruel arts of courts;
 Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
 And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to punish:
 Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;
 Search, and know all mankind's mysterious ways;
 But trust the secret of thy soul to none:
 'This is the way,
 'This only, to be safe in such a world as this is.

Rowe's Ulysses.

Would you be happy, leave this fatal place;
 Fly from the court's pernicious neighbourhood,
 Where innocence is shunn'd, and blushing modesty
 Is made the scorner's jest; where hate, deceit,
 And deadly ruin, wear the masks of beauty,
 And draw deluded fools with shews of pleasure.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

I am no courtier, no fawning dog of state,
 'To lick and kiss the hand that buffets me.
 Nor can I smile upon my guest, and praise
 His stomach, when I know he feeds on poison,
 And death disguis'd sits grinning at my table.

Sewall's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Oh how I hate this tribe of kissing courtiers!
 'There is some flavour in a woman's breath,
 And nature bids us meet it with a gust;
 But these new kisses
 Make perjury conclude where lust begins.

Ibid.

All his gaudy courtiers basking round him
 Like poisonous vermin in a dog-day sun.

Young's Busiris.

—————Fools and cowards.
 Panders to vice, gay, glaring, well-dress'd coxcombs,
 Who dare not face a foe, suck up like ivy
 'The noble moisture of the royal tree,

That

That withers and decays, 'till scarce the shade
Of majesty remains.

BANFORD'S Virgin Queen.

Why did mistaking Fortune place me here,
Amidst the artful guiles that reign in courts;
Where men betray each other? Where each smile
Is big with ruin—and where innocence
Is sure to meet destruction.

MARCH'S Amasis.

—Bred in camps,
Train'd in the gallant openness of truth,
That best become a soldier; thou, my friend,
Art happily a stranger to the baseness
The infamy of courts.—Achmet, the Caspian,
When terrible with tempest, is less fatal
To the frail bark that plows it, than a court
To innocence and worth.

Mallet's Mustapha.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts;
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue;
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

Do laws and kings then call injustice vengeance?
Shame on the great? Why long'd my eyes for courts?
—Haughty of heart, why have they souls thus abject?
You threaten, praise, fright, flatter, and insult me?
—Gods! what a creeping, climbing, hot, cold creature,
Is this big, little flatterer, call'd a courtier!

HILL'S Merope.

Thou art too good for courts—where ruin preys
On innocence; and nought but guile is safe.

Ibid.

—The noblest proof of love
That Atheworld can give, is still to guard
Your tender beauties from the blasting taint
Of courtly gales. The delicate soft tints

Of snowy innocence, the crimson glow
 Of blushing modesty, there all fly off
 And leave the faded face no nobler boast
 Than well-rang'd, lifeless features. Ah, Elfrida,
 Should you be doom'd, which happier fate forbid!
 To drag your hours thro' all that nauseous scene
 Of pageantry and vice; your purer breast,
 True to its virtuous relish, soon would heave
 A fervent sigh for innocence and Harewood.

MASON'S Elfrida.

He's cautious, Sir, he's subtle, he's a courtier.
 Dymas is now for you, now for your brother;
 For both, and neither: He's a summer insect,
 And loves the sunshine: On his gilded wings
 While scales waver, he'll fly doubtful round you;
 And sing his flatteries to both alike:
 The scales once fix'd, he'll settle on the winner,
 And swear his prayers drew down the victory.

YOUNG'S Brothers.

These statesmen nothing view, but gold and power,
 I'm a bold advocate for other love;
 Tho', at their bar, indicted for a fool.

Ibid.

C O U R T E S Y.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offer'd courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended.

MILTON'S Comus.

C O U R T S H I P.

1. A man should not doubt to overcome
 Any woman: Think he can vanquish em
 And he shall; for though they deny, their desire

1.

Is to be tempted. Penelope herself
 Cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was
 Taken at last. You must persevere, and
 Hold to your purpose. They would solicit us,
 But that they are afraid. Howsoever,
 They wish in their hearts we should solicit
 Them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never
 Want eloquence, or trust: ev'n the chastest
 Delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd: With
 Praises you must mix kisses too; if they
 Take them, they'll take more. Though they strive,
 They would be overcome.

2. O, but a man must beware of force.

1. It is to them an acceptable violence,
 And has oft-times the place of the greatest
 Courtesy. She that might have been forc'd, and
 You let her go free without touching, though
 Then she seem to thank you, will ever hate
 You after; and glad i'th' face, is assuredly
 Sad at the heart.

2. But all women are not to be taken all ways.

1. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes.

If you appear learned to an ignorant
 Wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty
 To a foolish, why she presently begins
 To mistrust herself. You must approach them
 In their own height, their own line; for the
 Contrary makes many that fear to commit
 Themselves to noble and worthy fellows,
 Run into the embraces of a rascal.

If she love wit, give verses, though you borrow
 Them of a friend; or buy them, to have good.

If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent
 In the mention of quarrels, though you be
 Not staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen

On your Barbary often; or leaping

Over stools, for the credit of your back.

If she love good cloaths, or dressing, have your
 Learn'd council 'bout you ev'ry morning,

H 5

Your

Your French taylor, barber, milliner, &c.
 Let your powder, your glass, and your comb be
 Your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for
 The ornament of your head than the safety :
 And wish the common-wealth rather troubled
 Than a hair about you that will take her.
 Then if she be covetous, and craving,
 Do you promise any thing, and perform
 Sparingly, so shall you keep her appetite.
 Still seem as you would give, but be like a
 Barren field, that yields little, or unlucky
 Dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let
 Your gifts be slight and dainty, rather
 Than precious ; let cunning be above cost. Give
 Cherries at times of year, and apricots ;
 And say they came out of the country,
 Though you bought them in Cheap-side. Admire
 Her tires, like her in all fashions,
 Compare her in ev'ry habit to some deity ;
 Invent excellent dreams to flatter her,
 And riddles ; or if she be a great one,
 Perform always the second parts to her ;
 Like what she likes, praise whom she praises, and
 Fail not to make the household and servants
 Yours : yea, the whole family, and salute
 Them by their names, ('tis but light cost if you
 Can purchase them so) and make her physician
 Your pensioner, and her chief woman. Nor
 Will it be out of your gain to make love to her too,
 So she follow, not usher her lady's pleasure.
 All babbling is taken away, when she
 Comes to take part of the crime.

B. JOHNSON'S Silent Woman.

He preferr'd me
 Above the maidens of my age and rank ;
 Still shunn'd their company, and still sought mine.
 I was not won by gifts, yet still he gave ;
 And all his gifts, tho' small, yet spoke his love :

He

He pick'd the earliest strawberries in the woods;
 The cluster'd filberts, and the purple grapes:
 He taught a prating stare to speak my name;
 And wher he found a nest of nightingales,
 Or callow linnets, he would shew 'em me,
 And let me take them out.

DRYDEN'S Marriage Alamode,

See, fairest queen of Love and Beauty, here,
 Your faithfullest and humblest worshipper,
 Who comes to offer up a sacrifice
 To those eternal glories of your eyes;
 It is a heart as spotless and sincere
 As the chaste vows of holy vestals are:
 Accept, divine one, and pronounce my doom:

Orway's Alcibiades,

Still as I woo'd, when at her feet I lay,
 Begging the bounty of a look to bless me:
 Had'st thou but seen with what a modest pride,
 A virgin innocence and chaste reservedness,
 She took the humble offering of my love;
 How still in all the winding of my passion
 Thro' the high tide of vows and strong temptations,
 She kept an equal mind: By heav'n, I think,
 Had'st thou seen the temp'rate virgin stand,
 Cold to my flame, as marble to the sun,
 (Not flush'd and haughty with the conquest made,
 As other vainer of her sex would be)
 Thou wouldst have lov'd her rigid virtue too.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

O Semanthe! how shall I convince thee?
 What shall I say, or how shall I protest,
 To conquer thy belief?
 Could'st thou discern the workings of my soul,
 Pass thro' this bosom to my throbbing heart;
 Oh! there thou wouldst behold thy heav'nly form
 Deep writ, and never to be raz'd away.

Ibid.

Happiness!

Happiness!

There's none for me without you : Riches, name,
Health, fame, distinction, place and quality,
Are the incumbrances of human life,
To make it but more tedious without you.
What serve the goods of fortune-for ? To raise
My hopes that you at last will share them with me.
Long life itself, the universal pray'r,
And heav'n's reward of well-deservers here,
Would prove a plague to me : To see you always,
And never see you mine ! Still to desire,
And never to enjoy !

SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage.

Can I behold thee, and not speak of love,
E'en now thus sadly as thou stand'st before me,
Thus desolate, dejected, and forlorn ;
Thy softness steals upon my yielding senses,
'Till my soul faints and sickens with desire.

ROWE'S Jane Shore.

I will forget the monarch, and lay by
My royalty, then court you like a slave,
Sigh at your feet, and woo you to compliance.

TRAP'S Abramula.

Tho' he riots 'midst a thousand beauties,
He wants the lover's greatest happiness.
He the fair slaves commands, and to his arms
They strait resign their unresisting charms ;
But I my various arts and plots prepare,
And court at distance the refusing fair ;
While I from hope a silent joy conceive,
And even my fears a doubtful pleasure give,
'Till she submits to love's resistless laws,
And cures the sickness which herself did cause.

Ibid.

Indulge me yet a little in my ruin ;
Ah ! suffer me to look my life away ;

While

While, prostrate at thy feet, I tell my love,
And let my latest accent sigh Aspatia.

CH. JOHNSON'S Force of Friendship.

He often taught his tongue a filken tale;
Descended from himself and talk'd of love.

YOUNG'S Bussiris.

Mandane, powerful being, whose first sight
Gives me a transport not to be express'd,
And with one moment over-pays a year
Of danger, toil, and death, and absence from thee.
Leave me not,
I've much to say, much more than you can conceive,
Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter;
May I not breathe my soul upon this tender hand,
Permit me here to take a small revenge.

— See my heart beat, Mandane,
Believe not me, but tell yourself my passion;
Is it in art to counterfeit within?
To drive the spirits and inflame the blood,
Each nerve is pierc'd with light'ning from your eye,
And every pulse is in the throbs of love.

Ibid.

Mabomet. Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of per-
fection,

To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchless beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,
Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne and dignify dominion.

Irene. Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty state?
Must I for these renounce the hope of heav'n,
Immortal crowns, and fulness of enjoyment?

Mabomet.

Mahomet. Vain raptures all.—For your inferior
natures,

Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reserv'd no future Paradise,
But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure
Of total death, and careless of hereafter;
While heav'n's high minister, whose awful volume
Records each act, each thought of sovereign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trisler unregarded.

Irene. Why then has Nature's vain munificence
Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to
flatter,

That air resistless and enchanting blush,
Unle's the beauteous fabric was design'd
A habitation for a fairer soul.

Mahomet. Too high, bright maid, thou set'st ex-
terior grace:

Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse
The richest odours, nor the speckled shells
Conceal the gem: Let female arrogance
Observe the feather'd wand'ers of the sky,
With purple varied and bedrop'd with gold,
They prune the wing and spread the glossy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,
And cheer the weary passenger with music.

Irene. Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our smiles and trembles at our feet:
Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture?
Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

Mahomet. Why, when the balm of sleep descends
on man,

Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?
To want give affluence, and to slav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treasure, and a waking dream.

Irene.

Irene. Then let me once, in honour of our sex,
 Assume the boastful arrogance of man.
 Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,
 And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted are our own;
 Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand
 Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you:
 Do not we share the comprehensive thought,
 Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?
 Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,
 The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

Mahomet. Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me
 thine,

Thy soul compleats the triumphs of thy face.
 I thought, forgive my fair, the noblest aim,
 The strongest effort of a female soul,
 Was but to chuse the graces of the day;
 To tune the tongue, to teach the eyes to roll,
 Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,
 And add new roses to the faded cheek.
 Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
 To shine the goddess of applauding nations,
 To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,
 To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,
 To see new cities tow'r at thy command,
 And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

Irene. Charm'd with the thought of blessing hu-
 man-kind,

Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

Mahomet. O seize the power to bless.—*Irene's* nod
 Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;
 Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,
 Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

Irene. Forbear.—O do not urge me to my ruin!

Mahomet. To state and pow'r I court thee, not to
 ruin:

Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.
 Security shall spread her shield before thee,
 And Love infold thee with his downy wings.

If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;
 If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;
 Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing,
 Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:
 To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,
 And ev'n our prophet's gardens envy thine:
 Empire and love shall share the blissful day,
 And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

C O W A R D.

Cowards die many times before their death,
 The valiant never taste of death but once.
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
 It seems to me most strange that man should fear;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.

—————Milk-liver'd man,
 That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs,
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Lear.

—————Thou coward yet
 Art living, canst not, will not find the road
 To the great palace of magnificent Death,
 Tho' thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,
 Which day and night are still unbar'd for all,

DRYDEN'S Oedipus.

A coward is the kindest animal;
 'Tis the most forgiving creature in a fight.

DRYDEN'S Elcomenes.

Cowards have courage when they see not death,
 And fearful hares that skulk in forms all day,
 Yet fight their feeble quarrels by the moon-light;

—————But

But valiant men
Still love the fun should witness what they do.

DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.

Cowards in ill, like cowards in the field,
Are sure to be defeated. To strike home
In both is prudence.

YOUNG'S Brothers.

The seal of truth is on thy gallant form,
For none but cowards lie.

MURPHY'S Alonzo.

CREDULITY.

Should we, by two much confidence betray'd,
Fall a defenceless prey to villainy,
What could be said for us? 'Tis wrong to trust
Those, whom their very priests instruct to keep
No faith with us.

When wicked men make promises of truth,
'Tis weakness to believe 'em.

HAYARD'S Scauderberg.

O Credulity,
Thou hast as many ears as fame has tongues,
Open to every sound of truth as falsehood!

HAYARD'S King Charles I.

CROISADES.

I ne'er approv'd this rash, romantic war,
Begor by hot-brain'd bigots, and fomented
By the intrigues of proud designing priests.
All ages have their madness, this is ours.

LILLO'S Elmerick.

Then this start
To Palestine, this warlike pilgrimage,
This holy madness will bear no excuse.

Ibid.

—I herc

I here attend him
 In expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
 In holy wars.—Your pardon, reverend father,
 I must declare I think such wars the fruit
 Of idle courage, or mistaken zeal;
 Sometimes of rapine, and religious rage,
 To every mischief prompt.

* * * * *

* * * * * Sure I am 'tis madness,
 Inhuman madness, thus, from half the world
 To drain its blood and treasure, to neglect
 Each art of peace, each care of government;
 And all for what? By spreading desolation,
 Rapine and slaughter o'er the other half
 To gain a conquest we can never hold.
 I venerate this land. Those sacred hills,
 Those vales, those cities, trod by saints and prophets,
 By God himself, the scenes of heav'nly wonders,
 Inspire me with a certain awful joy.
 But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,
 Surrounds and fills this universal frame;
 And every land, where spreads his vital presence,
 His all-enliv'ning breath, to me is holy.
 Excuse me, Theald, if I go too far:
 I meant alone to say, I think these wars
 A Kind of persecution. And when that,
 That most absurd and cruel of all vices,
 Is once begun, where shall it find an end?
 Each in his turn, or has or claims a right
 To wield its dagger, to return its furies,
 And first or last they fall upon ourselves.

Thomson's Edward and Eleanor.

C R O N E, or Old Woman.

Thro' a close lane as I pursu'd my journey,
 And meditated on the last night's vision,
 I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
 Picking dry sticks and mumbling to herself.

Hee

Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
 Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seem'd wither'd,
 And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
 The tatter'd remnants of an old strip'd hanging,
 Which serv'd to keep her carcase from the cold,
 So there was nothing of a piece about her:
 Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
 With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
 And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

While he the wonders of the place survey'd
 And thro' the various cells at random stray'd,
 In a dark corner of the cave he view'd
 Somewhat that in the shape of woman stood:
 But more deform'd than dreams can represent
 The midnight hag, or poet's fancy paint
 The Lapland witch, when she her broom bestrides,
 And scatters storms and tempests as she rides.
 She look'd as nature made her to disgrace
 Her kinn, and cast a blot on all the race.
 Her shrivell'd skin with yellow spots besmear'd,
 Like mouldy records seem'd, her eyes were blear'd:
 Her feeble limbs with age and palsy shook,
 Bent was her body, haggard was her look.
 From the dark nook out crept the filthy crone,
 And, propp'd upon her crutch, came tott'ring on.

Dr. LITTLE'S Personae.

C R O W N.

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
 That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide,
 To many a watchful night: sleep with it now!
 But not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
 As he whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
 Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
 When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like

Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.

SHAKESPEARE's *King Henry VI.*

Why now my golden dream is out——
Ambition, like an early friend, throws back
My curtains with an eager hand, o'erjoy'd
To tell me what I dreamt is true—A crown,
Thou bright reward of ever-daring minds;
Oh! how thy awful glory fills my soul!
Nor can the means that got thee dim thy lustre;
For, not men's love, fear pays thee adoration,
And fame not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Th' aspiring youth, that fir'd th' Ephesian dome,
Outlives, in fame, the pious fool that rais'd it.
Conscience lie still, more lives must yet be drain'd;
Crowns got with blood, must be with blood maintain'd.

GIBBER's *Richard III.*

Call it not virtue, to resist what tempts not.
What heirs from heirs receive, blind fortune gives,
Where birth prefers the infant to the man!
While heritable crowns entail not virtue,
The boast were greater to bestow than wear them.

GIBBER's *Cæsar in Egypt.*

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown;
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,
That leads the wretch benighted in his errors,
Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction.

BROOKS's *Gustavus Vasa.*

C U C K O L D:

I know our country disposition well;
In Venice, they do let heaven see those pranks—
They dare not shew their husbands.

SHAKESPEARE's *Othello.*

O curse of marriage!

That we can call those delicate creatures ours,
 And not their appetires! I had rather be a toad,
 And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
 Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For other's use. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones,
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.

Ibid.

What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
 I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
 I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
 I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips.
 He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,
 Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Ibid.

I had been happy if the gen'ral camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
 So I had nothing known.

Ibid.

Think ev'ry bearded fellow that's but yok'd
 May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
 That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
 Which they dare swear peculiar, your case is better;
 O 'tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mock,
 To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
 And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know,
 And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Ibid.

Do but incave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns
 That dwell in ev'ry region of his face,
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife.

Ibid.

Had it pleas'd heaven
 To try me with affliction, had it rain'd
 All kinds of sores and plagues upon my bare head,

Steep'd

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
 Given to captivity me and my hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my soul,
 A drop of patience. But, alas! to make me
 A fix'd figure for the hand of scorn,
 To point his slow unmoving finger at:
 Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
 But there where I have garner'd up my heart,
 Where either I must live or bear no life,
 The fountain from the which my current runs,
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence,
 Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
 To knot and gender in; turn thy complexion there.

Ibid.

————— May the husband's curse
 Light here upon my forehead, for the boys
 To find me out by, as I pass along,
 The common scorn and jest of laughing fools.

SOUTHERN'S Disappointment.

She might have number'd out the stars in sip,
 Fed her hot lustful appetite with change
 Of every high-fed wanton fool in Florence;
 Yet I had been happy, ignorantly bless'd:
 Like a true marriage-fool, I might have sat
 Contented at the lower end o' th' feast,
 To welcome all without a further thought;
 And when the business of the day was over,
 When all the company had danc'd her round,
 At night I might have ta'en her to my heart,
 With praises on her truth and constancy,
 And thanks to heaven for such a virtuous wife.
 But to know myself a monster! death and hell!
 Children and fools will have me in the wind,
 And I shall stink of cuckold to the world.

Ibid.

It is a woman's falsest, vainest pride,
 To boast a virtue that has ne'er been try'd:

h

In equal folly too those husbands live,
 Who peevishly against themselves contrive
 By early fears to hasten on the day ;
 For jealousy but shews our wives the way :
 And if the forked fortune be our doom,
 In vain we strive, the blessing will come home.

Ibid.

Now the broad shame comes staring in thy face,
 And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Roma's Fair Penitent.

C U R S E. See RIVAL.

My heart will break,
 Unless I curse them : Poison be their drink :
 Gall, gall and wormwood ; hemlock, hemlock quench
 them ;

Their sweetest shade, a den of dulkish adders ;
 Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks ;
 Their softest touch, as soft as vipers teeth ;
 Their music horrid, as the hiss of dragons ;
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full ;
 All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell,
 Now by my wrongs that turn my heart to steel,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Tho' standing naked on a mountain's top,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

SHAKESPEARE'S Henry VI.

Now hell's bluest plagues
 Receive her quick with all her crimes upon her ;
 Let her sink spotted down ; let the dark host
 Make room, and point, and hiss her as she goes ;
 Let the most branded ghosts of all her sex
 Rejoice, and cry, Here comes a blacker fiend.

SHAKESPEARE'S Troilus and Cressida.

Blasts

Blasts and fogs upon thee,
Th'untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear*,

All the stored vengeance of heaven fall
On her ungrateful top; strike her young bones,
You aching airs, with lameness.
You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eye; infect her beauty,
You sensuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blister.

Ibid.

— If there be a man
Subtle in curses, that exceeds all others,
His worst wish on thee.

BEAUMONT'S *King and no King*.

O all-tormenting dreams, wild horrors of the night,
And hags of fancy, wing him through the air;
From precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and death be set before him.

DRYDEN and LEE'S *Oedipus*

May he be rooted where he stands for ever,
His eye-balls be unbent; eyes never move;
His blood, his liver, entrails, heart, and bowels,
Be blacker than the place I wish him, hell.

Ibid.

May all my curses, and ten thousand more
Heavier than them, fall back upon my head;
Pelion and Ossa, from the giants grave
Be torn by some avenging deity,
And hurl'd at me, a blacker wretch than they,
Who durst invade the skies.

DRYDEN'S *Troilus and Cressida*.

Diseases wait them! Wherefore should I curse them?
If that my breath were sulphurous as the lightning,
That murders with a blast; or like the vapours,
The choaking stench which those that die o'the plague
Send

Send with their parting groans, then I would curse
them,

With accents that should poison from my tongue,
Deliver'd strongly thro' my gnashing teeth,
More harsh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her cave, or madmen in their dens:
My tongue should stammer in her earnest words,
My eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;
My hoary hair should start, and stand on end,
And all my shaking joints should seem to curse them.

LEP's Caesar Borgia.

Seize him, ye fiends, and furies damn him, damn
him!

May hell have infinite stories, and this devil
Be damn'd beneath the bottomless foundation.

Ibid.

Oh! I will curse thee till thy frighted soul
Runs mad with horror.

Ibid.

Let mischiefs multiply, let ev'ry hour
Of my loath'd life yield me increase of horror.

Oh! let the sun to these unhappy eyes
Ne'er shine again, but be eclips'd for ever.

May every thing I look on seem a prodigy,
To fill my soul with terrors, till I quite

Forget I ever had humanity,
And grow a curser of the works of Nature.

Orwar's Orphan.

Curs'd be my days, and doubly curs'd my nights!
Blasted be every herb, and fruit, and tree!

Curs'd be the rain that falls upon the earth!
And may the general curse reach man and beast.

Orwar's Venice Preserv'd.

Hear me, just heaven.

Pour down your curses on this wretched head
With never-ceasing vengeance: Let despair,

Dangers, or infamy, nay all surround me.

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I

Starve

Starve me with wantings ; let my eyes ne'er see
A light of comfort, nor my heart know peace :
But dash my days with sorrow, nights with horrors,
Wild as my own thoughts are. *Ibid.*

Kind heaven ! let heavy curses
Gall his old age, cramps, aches, rack his bones,
And bitterest disquiet wring his heart.
Oh ! let him live till life becomes a burden ;
Let him groan under it long, linger an age
And find its ease but late. *Ibid.*

But curses stick not : Could I kill with cursing,
By heav'n, I know not thirty heads in Venice
Should not be blasted : Senators should rot
Like dogs on dunghills ; but their wives and daughters
Die of their own diseases : Oh, for a-curse
To kill with ! *Ibid.*

Curs'd be the fatal day that gave me birth,
In clouds of darkness let it still be hid,
And roll no more in the vast rounds of time :
Fearing remorse, and never ceasing vengeance,
Racks, hell, and burning sulphur be my lot.

H. SMITH'S Princess of Parma.

————— I curse thee not !
For who can better curse the plague or devil,
Than to be what they are : That curse be thine.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

The bluest blast of pestilential air
Strike, damp, deaden her charms and kill her eyes :
Perdition catch them both, and ruin part them.

CONGREVE'S Mourning Bride.

Remorse and heaviness of heart still wait thee,
And everlasting anguish be thy portion.

ROWE'S Jane Shore.

————— O repay him,
Thou great Avenger ! Give him blood for blood :

Gull.

Guilt haunt him, fiends pursue him, lightnings blast him :

Some horrid cursed kind of death o'ertake him
Sudden, and in the fulness of his sins. *Ibid.*

Be the heart bloodless that conceives the act,
The tongue accurst, that dares avow the purpose,
And the hand blasted that obeys the order !
Let his life here be all the hell we think of,
Yet find a greater in the other world.

HWARD'S Charles I.

Now heav'n fulfil my curses on thy head !
May ev'ry purpose of thy soul be frustrate !
May infamy and ruin o'ertake thee !
May base captivity and chains overwhelm thee !
May shameful crimson from thy shoulders start,
Like mine, dishonour'd by the servile scourge !
With pain all shiv'ring, and thy flesh contracting.
Low may'st thou crouch beneath th' expected stroke
Ev'n from the hands, thou sav'st !

GLOVER'S Boadicea.

May heav'n incens'd pour down its vengeance on him ;
Blatt all his joys, and turn them into horror ;
Till phrenzy rise, and bid him curse the hour
That gave his crimes their birth.

BROWN'S Barbarossa.

Curs'd be the pine on which ye plough'd the seas !
Curs'd be th' unhallow'd breeze that fill'd your sails !
Curs'd be the tides that bore you to our coasts !
But doubly curs'd am I.

BROWN'S Athelstan.

Plagues and palsy,
Disease and pestilence consume the robber,
Infest his blood, and wither ev'ry pow'r ! *Ibid.*

Open, thou earth ! Oh ! drag me down, ye fiends,
To endless anguish ! Heap the sulph'rous torture

On my accursed head ! Exhaust the stores
Of heav'nly wrath awak'd !

Ibid.

————— 'Twas lust of gold,
Not zeal for truth and love of human kind,
That brought you to Peru. And may that gold,
Oh ! may it prove to Spain the direful spring
Of worse calamities than we have felt :
May it unnerve your arm ; dissolve in sloth
Laborious industry :—ne'er let your plains
The toiling hands of cultivation know ;
Kindle fierce war ; and may some happier state ;
Whose sons with love of gen'rous freedom glowing,
Preserve their civil and religious rites,
The foes of tyranny !—
With bolder prow triumphant o'er the deep,
Pursue you hither with avenging thunder ;
In your own harbours wrap your ships in fire,
And bow ye down to seek detested gold
For others uses !—Be that curse on ye !

MURPHY'S Alzuma.

C U S T O M.

Habitual evils change not on a sudden,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows :
Conscious remorse and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
'Ere virtue can resume the place she lost,
'Tis else dissimulation.——

Rowe's Ulysses.

————— Custom forms us all ;
Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief
Are consequences of our place of birth :
Born beyond Ganges I had been a Pagan ;
In France a Christian ;—I am here a Saracen.

HILL'S Zara.

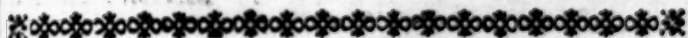
Custom

Custom, the deity of half mankind,
All-powerful o'er the soul, on whom opinion
Waits with obsequious blindness, hath made sacred
Such dreadful deeds; and bids our Eastern world
Hold them in venerable estimation.

MALLET's Mustapha.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.

THOMSON's Tancred and Sigismunda.



D A M N A T I O N.

B ID the damn'd be happy,
Who in sad flames for ever must be tost,
Yet still in view of the lov'd heav'n they've lost,
OWEN's Don Carlos.

What! thou a statesman
And make a business of damnation.
In such a world as this! Why 'tis a trade;
The scrivener, usurer, lawyer, shopkeeper,
And soldier, cannot live, but by damnation;
The politician does it by advance,
And gives all-gone before-hand.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

What do the damn'd endure, but to despair?
But knowing heaven, to know it lost for ever?
CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

Ev'n thus in hell wander the restless damn'd;
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run;
Then from their frosts to fires return again,
And only prove variety of pain.

ROWE's Tamerlane.
DANCING.

D A N C I N G.

Now softly flow let Lydian-measures move
 And breathe the pleasing pangs of gentle love;
 In swimming dance on air's soft billows float
 Soft swell your bosoms with the swelling note;
 With pliant arm in graceful motion vie,
 Now sunk with ease, with ease now lifted high;
 Till lively gesture each fond care reveal,
 That music can express, or passion feel.

MILTON'S *Comus*.

D A N G E R.

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust,
 Pursuing danger; as by proof we see
 The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard III.*

Now I stand as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide go wave by wave,
 Expecting every where some envious surge,
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Titus Andronicus*.

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd;
 And then they shine:

BEAUMONT'S *Loyal Subject*.

Danger, thou dwarf, dress'd up in giant's cloaths
 That shew'st far off still greater than thou art.

SUCKLING'S *Aglaure*.

I did not spy the danger.
 Without fear I stood,
 Like one who on a beach descries from far
 A labouring bark with which the billows war,
 Pities its state, wishing the tempest gone,
 But views not the near sea come rolling on;

So

So did with me my unseen fortune play;
Till the waves came and wash'd me quite away.

LEE's Mitbridates.

'Tis with secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd:
The merchant thus in dreadful tempest toss'd,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd for coast,
On turns, and sees with a delighted eye,
'Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly;
And whilst th' outrageous winds the deep deform,
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

A. PHILLIP's Distress'd Mother.

D A R E.

And if you dare!—Is that
The voice of manhood? Honest, if you dare!
'Tis the slave's virtue! 'tis the utmost limit
Of the base coward's honour.—Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool in pow'r,
But, silence interest, extinguish fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man—
The gen'rous heart does more, will dare do all
That honour prompts.

MURPHY's Grecian Daughter.

D A R K N E S S.

Oh! 'she does teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Fairer than snow upon a raven's back,
Or a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Were she in yonder sphere, she'd shine so bright,
That birds would sing, and think the day were breaking.

SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet.

Alas! I am betray'd to darkness here;
Darkness which virtue hates, and maids most fear;
Silence and solitude dwell ev'ry where,

}

Dogs cease to bark, the waves more faintly roar,
 And roll themselves asleep upon the shore ;
 No noise but what my footsteps make, and they
 Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day ;
 They double too, and ev'ry step I take
 Sounds thick, methinks, and more than one could make.

DRYDEN'S Rival Ladies.

Her beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
 And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.

ROMA'S Fair Penit.

Darkness has almost reach'd its sable noon,
 And those who stray along the silent streets,
 Seem such as borrow from the robe of night
 A friendly fold to hide the rags, in which
 The scanty hand of pinching penury
 Has but half-clad their meagre starving bodies,
 Avoiding so the shame, and taunting insults,
 With which the proud and gorgeous gird the poor.
 How few, alas ! of those whom fortune lays
 In the soft downy lap of luxury,
 Consider this dark side of human life.
 Oh, Pity ! why is thy kind eye clos'd up,
 While misery and night thus hand in hand
 Go join'd in sad society together.
 It looks as if calamity had lost
 Its birthright even in the very sun ;
 And darkness only were the wretch's day.

BELLER'S Injured Innocence.

The night looks black, and boding darkness fell
 Precipitate and heavy o'er the world ;
 At once extinguishing the sun.

MILLET'S Muses.

DAUNTESS.

Be witness for me, all ye powers divine,
 If you be angry 'tis no fault of mine ;

Therefore

Therefore let furies face me with a band
 From hell, my virtue shall not make a stand;
 Tho' all the curtains of the sky be drawn,
 And the stars wink, young Ammon shall go on.

Lee's Alexander,

D E A D.

—————Cold, my life! She's gone!
 And in her cheeks are scatter'd purple smiles,
 Like streaks of sunshine from a setting day.

SHAKESPEARE's Coriolanus,

—————She's cold,
 Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
 Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
 Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKESPEARE's Romeo and Juliet,

Death that has suck'd the honey of thy breath,
 Has had no power as yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd, beauty's ensign still
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanc'd yet there. *Ibid,*

Back, thou departed life! back to thy cell,
 Her heart! in heaven thou canst not sweeter dwell,
 Move the still pulse, and thaw each frozen vein.

Lee's Sophonisba,

For ever gone! All her sweet stock of breath
 Spent in one sigh, the riot of rich death. *Ibid.*

O she is gone, the talking soul is mute;
 She's hush'd—no voice, no music now is heard,
 The bower of beauty is more still than death,
 The roses fade, and the melodious bird
 That wak'd their sweets has left 'em now for ever.

Lee's Alexander.

The damp of death has quench'd her quite;
 These spicy doors, her lips, are shut, close lock'd,
 Which never gale of life shall open more.

LEE's Mitbridate.

O how I grudge the grave this heav'nly form!
 Thy beauties will inspire the arms of death,
 And warm the pale cold tyrant into life.

SOUTHERN's Loyal Brother.

She's gone! for ever gone! The king of terrors
 Lays his rude hands upon her lovely limbs,
 And blasts her beauties with his icy breath.

DENNIS's Appius and Virginia.

—Gentle shade!
 Whose timeless fate we mourn; much happier thou
 Enlarg'd from clay, perhaps dost now behold
 The springs, the causes, and the just effects
 Of nature working by her gen'ral rules!
 If spirits such as thee can look on earth
 And see the follies of what once you were!

SHIRLEY's Paricide.

O didst thou see his chang'd and ghastly semblance
 Thy frighted sense wou'd not remember him;
 That canker death has so devour'd his beauties,
 So blanch'd the damask bloom upon his cheek;
 All the soft smiles that wanton'd in his eye,
 The sweet and graceful spirit of his features,
 So sunk, so faded from their native hue,
 That, e'en in heav'n, my soul must pause to know
 him.

CIBBER's King John.

—How pale appear
 Those clay-cold cheeks were grace and vigour glow'd!
 O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
 Lies that ambition which was late so proud!

SNOLLET's Regicide.

DEATH.

D E A T H.

Nothing more certain than to die, but when
Is most uncertain: If so, every hour
We should prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I must submit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully welcome it.

BEAUMONT's Lovers Progress.

Let no man fear to die: We love to sleep all,
And death is but the sounder sleep; all ages
And all hours call us: 'Tis so common, easy,
That little children tread those paths before us.

BEAUMONT's Humorous Lieutenant.

Oh, Nature!

How dost thou mock mankind! to make him free,
And yet to make him fear? Or when he lost
That freedom, why did he not lose his fear?
That fear of fears, the fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it.
Death, and what follows death, 'twas that which
stamp'd

A terror on the brow of kings; that gave
Fortune her deity, and Jove his thunder:
Banish but fear of death, those giant names
Of majesty, power, empire, finding nothing
To be their object, will be nothing too.
Then he dares yet be free that dares to die,
May laugh at the grim face of law, and scorn
The cruel wrinkle of a tyrant's brow.

DENHAM's Sophy.

All the while I liv'd I have been dying:
Time equal steps to death and life does give;
And those that fear to die, must fear to live:

Death reconciles the world, and nature's strife,
And is a part of order and of life.

HOWARD'S Vestal Virgin.

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity;
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain.
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;
Then should we with our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose;
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief;
Enjoying, while we live, the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flow'r.
Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend should run,
And joy us of our conquest eas'ly won:
While the malicious world, with envious tears,
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.

DRYDEN'S Palamon and Arcite.

Distrust and darkness of a future state,
Make poor mankind so fearful of their fate.
Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

I wish to die, yet dare not death endure;
Detest the medicine, yet desire the cure.
Oh! had I courage but to meet my fate;
That short dark passage to a future state;
That melancholy riddle of a breath,
That something, or that nothing, after death.

Ibid.

Death shuns the naked throat and proffer'd breast,
He flies when call'd to be a welcome guest.

SEDLEY'S Antony and Cleopatra.

Poor

Poor reason! what a wretched aid art thou?
 For still in spite of thee,
 These two long lovers, soul and body, dread
 Their final separation.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

Oh! that I less could fear to lose this being!
 Which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand,
 The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.

Ibid.

Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
 Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die.
 Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
 But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
 The wisest and the best some fear may show,
 And wish to stay, tho' they resolve to go.
 As some faint pilgrim standing on the shore,
 First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
 And then his inn upon the farther ground,
 Loth to wade thro', and lother to go round;
 'Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
 How deep it is, and fishing pulls it back;
 Sometimes resolv'd to fetch his leap, and then
 Runs to the bank, but there stops short again:
 So I at once
 Both heavenly faith and human fear obey,
 And feel before me in an unknown way.

DRYDEN'S Tyrannic Love.

When the sun sets, shadows that shew'd at noon
 But small, appear most long and terrible:
 So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
 Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds;
 Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death;
 Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons.
 Echoes, the very leaving of a voice,
 Grow babbling ghosts, and call us to our graves.
 Each mole-hill thought, swells to a huge Olympus;
 While

While we, fantastick dreamers, heave and puff,
And sweat with an imagination's weight.

LEE's Oedipus.

Death only can be dreadful to the bad :
To innocence 'tis like a bugbear, dress'd
To frighten children ; pull but off his mask
And he'll appear a friend.

Ibid.

I feel death rising higher still and higher
Within my bosom ; every breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a shorter compass :
And, like the vanishing sound of bells, grows less
And less each pulse, till it be lost in air.

DRYDEN's Rival Ladies.

But men with horror dissolution meet ;
The minutes e'en of painful life are sweet.

Ibid.

Tyrant of nature ! I would view thee near,
Thou chief of terrors, Death ! A form so horrid,
As even the wretched shun.

TATE's Loyal General.

The dead are only happy, and the dying :
The dead are still, and lasting slumbers hold 'em.
He who is near his death, but turns about,
Shuffles a-while to make his pillow easy,
Then slips into his shroud and rests for ever.

LEE's Cæsar Borgia.

Death is not dreadful to a mind resoly'd ;
It seems as nat'ral as to be born.
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make death a dreadful thing. The pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

Death ends our woes,
And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene.

DRYDEN's Spanish Fryer.

Death

Death we should prize as the best gift of Nature;
 As a safe inn where weary travellers,
 When they have journey'd thro' a world of cares,
 May put off life, and be at rest for ever,
 If 'twere in private, void of pomp and shew;
 But groans, and weeping friends; and ghastly blacks,
 Distract us with their sad solemnity:
 The preparation's the executioner;
 For death unmask'd, shews me a friendly face,
 And is a terror only at a distance.
 For as the line of life conducts me on
 To death's great court, the prospect seems more fair;
 'Tis Nature's hospital, that's always open,
 To take us in when we have drain'd the sweets
 Of life, or worn our days to age and wretchedness;
 Death's then a soft repose, a safe retreat.

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

Death to a man in misery is sleep.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

Poor abject creatures! how they fear to die?
 Who never knew one happy hour in life,
 Yet shake to lay it down. Is load so pleasant?
 Or has heav'n hid the happiness of death,
 That men may dare to live?

Ibid.

Death's a black veil, cov'ring a beauteous face,
 Fear'd afar off

By erring nature: A mistaken phantom!
 A harmless lambent fire! she kisses cold,
 But kind, as soft and sweet as my Cleora.

Oh! could we know

What joy she brings, at least, what rest from grief,
 How should we press into her friendly arms,
 And be pleas'd not to be, or to be happy.

DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.

Death's dark shades
 Seem as we journey on to lose their horror:

At

At near approach, the monsters form'd by fear
 Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear.
 Amidst the gloomy vale a pleasing scene,
 With flowers adorn'd, and never-fading green,
 Inviting stands to take the wretched in.
 No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,
 Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,
 But injur'd lovers find Elyzium there.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Death is the privilege of human nature ;
 And life without it were not worth our taking.
 'Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
 Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

'Tis not the Stoicks lesson got by rote,
 The pomp of words, and pedant dissertation,
 That can support thee in that hour of terror.
 Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
 But when the trial comes, they start and stand aghast.

Ibid.

————— 'Tis but to die !

'Tis but to do what at this very moment,
 In many nations of the peopled earth,
 A thousand and a thousand shall do with me :
 'Tis but to close my eyes, and shut out day-light,
 To view no more the wicked ways of men,
 And be a weeping witness of their woes.

Rowe's Jane Shore.

————— I was born to die :

'Tis but expanding thought, and life is nothing.
 Ages and generations pass away,
 And with resistless force, like waves o'er waves,
 Rolls down the irrevocable stream of time,
 Into the insatiate ocean of for ever.

Steele's Lying Lovers.

————— Our

Our sleep's a short-liv'd death;
 Either is but the loss of time unknown,
 And he that sleeps till from the grave awak'd,
 Feels not that gap in his eternity
 To exceed a moment.

CIBBER's Perolla and Izadora.

Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
 And spinning out a thread of misery.
 The longer life the greater choice of evil,
 The happiest man is but a wretched thing,
 That steals poor comfort from comparison.

YOUNG's Bufris.

I smile at death,
 For living here is living all alone,
 To me a real solitude, amidst
 A throng of little beings growling round me,
 Which yet usurp one common shape and name;
 I thank these wounds, the raging pains which promise
 An interview with equals soon elsewhere. *Ibid.*

O Death! I've sought thee in the list'd field,
 'Midst shouting squadrons and embattl'd hosts,
 Pursued thee in the noon-day sweat of war,
 And listen'd for thee on the midnight watch.
 In frozen regions and in sun-burnt climes,
 In winds, in tempests, and in troubled seas,
 In every element I fought. But thou
 Hast shun'd the searcher in each dang'rous path,
 Spar'd him in seas, in battles and in storms,
 To seize the weary wand'rer at his rest,
 And sink him in the easy arms of peace.
 Who, Providence, shall mark thy secret ways,
 Measure thy wisdom, or dispute thy power?

SWELL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

The glass is almost run, the scene is short,
 Presenting but one object to my view;
 O eloquent! O just! O mighty Death!
 Who shall recount the wonders of thy hand?

Whom

Whom none can counsel thou hast well advis'd,
 And whisper'd wisdom to the deafest ear,
 Whom all have trembled at, thy might has dar'd,
 Whom all have flatter'd, thou alone has scorn'd,
 And swept poor deify'd mortality
 With common ashes to an humble grave;
 Long have I pluck'd thy terrors from my heart,
 Call'd thee companion in my active life,
 My solitary days and studious hours,
 Made thee familiar to my couch as sleep.

Ibid.

What art thou, O thou great mysterious terror!
 The way to thee we know; diseases, famine,
 Sword, fire, and all thy ever-open gates,
 That day and night stand ready to receive us.
 But what's beyond them? Who will draw that veil?
 Yet death's not there—No, 'tis a point of time,
 The verge 'twixt mortal and immortal beings.
 It mocks our thought. On this side all is life,
 And when we've reach'd it, in that very instant
 'Tis past the thinking of.—Or if it be
 The pangs, the throws, the agonizing struggle,
 When soul and body part; sure I've felt it;
 And there's no more to fear.

HUGH's Siege of Damascus.

Death's a name,
 By which poor gussling morals are deceiv'd;
 'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'st in vain
 From life, to meet again with that thou fly'st;
 How wilt thou curse thy rashness then? how start,
 And shudder, and shrink back? yet how avoid
 To put on thy new being.

Ibid.

The truly great should scorn to live in dread,
 Let this day, or the next, the summons come.

BECKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.

This vast, this solid earth, that blazing sun,
 Those skies thro' which it rolls, must all have end:
 What then is man, the smallest part of nothing?

Day.

Day buries day, month month, and year the year;
 Our life is but a chain of many deaths:
 Can then Death's self be fear'd? our life much rather:
 Life is the desert, life the solitude;
 Death joins us to the majority;
 'Tis to be born to Platos and to Cæsars,
 'Tis to be great for ever!
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis ambition then to die.

Young's Revenge.

Those only wish to die, who fear to live,
 Fetter'd with guilt, reflection and remorse,
 Made cowards by an age of former crimes;
 Hence this distate of life, these desperate thoughts.

Mottley's Imperial Captives.

The brave man dares maintain his painful post,
 And cowards only fly to ease in death. *Ibid.*

Death or a worse! could any thing be worse
 Than death imbitter'd by that fear of dying,
 Which Nature ever plants in faithful hearts.

Jefferys's Edwin.

Is life so sweet,

With all its pains, that Death's great writ of ease
 Should be so dreadful to us, which is but
 Kind Nature's alms, to fortune's wretched beggars?
 Sure he, who thro' his life, like us hath scorn'd
 (When tempted) to shake off the human nature,
 The awe of virtue, and the love of heav'n,
 Can never tremble, when his honour calls,
 And bids him quit this veil of flesh and misery!
 All we should fear is, while we act the part
 Of men, we sink not from the glorious character;
 Or by some vile or vicious act disgrace
 The noble human being. — If we've fear'd that,
 Then, unappal'd, our hearts may face Death's terrors.

Madden's Themistocles.

Shift:

Shift not thy colour at the sound of death;
 For death appears not in a dreary light,
 Seems not a blank to me, a loss of all
 Those fond sensations, those enchanting dreams
 Which cheat a toiling world from day to day,
 And form the whole of happiness they know.
 It is to me perfection, glory, triumph,
 Nay fondly would I choose it, tho' persuaded
 It were a long dark night, without a morning.
 To bondage far prefer it!

Thomson's Sapphonista.

Ha! then you have never thought
 What 'tis to die! Is't not a dreadful thing!
 Enough to melt the most obdurate heart,
 To think that this fair frame, these eyes, these cheeks,
 These lips, this solid flesh that cloaths these bones,
 And even these bones, shall be resolv'd to dust:
 That our pale corpse entomb'd beneath the ground
 Shall feed vile worms, and undistinguish'd lie
 'Midst rotteuells, green sculls, and bones, the reliques
 Of such as we are now.

BARFORD'S Virgin Queen.

Death is too proud an enemy, I find;
 And scorns to meet an unresisting foe.

MARTYN'S Timoleon.

~~What's this dying?~~
 It may be—no—perhaps it is not that:
 Is it to quit our thought—Oh! if it is,
 'Tis bliss sufficient, when each thought's a pain.
 Why then should mortals startle thus at death?
 Gloomy indeed at the first view it looks,
 And black with horror like a distant wood;
 But enter'd once, it opens to new scenes
 Of joys untasted, unimagi'd pleasures.

Ibid.

As death's the sure and common lot of all,
 Sooner or later in the race of life,

We

We ought to bear the sorrows it inflicts
With steadiness becoming minds resolv'd.

WANDSFORD'S Fatal Love

Death is a long and an unconscious sleep
And every passion conquers and contemns it.

C. JOHNSON'S Medea

'Tis but to lose
A few unhappy moments; 'tis to rest
The sooner from my cares, to feel no more
The bitterness of misery and insult
That bait my weary soul.

MILLET'S Eurydice

A fool may think it misery to die,
A wise man knows it is a port of ease,
Nor thinks he truly lives before his death.

TRACY'S Pericles

What is this fear of death? this shock of Nature?
That makes us shudder thus at dissolution:
Death's nothing but the wayward child of fancy,
A phantom, that we dress in borrow'd colours,
A form, that in our sickly brain alone
Exists, and terrible to none but cowards.

Ibid.

I would be loyal—yet I would not die.
Why not? Is he not glorious in his fall,
Who bleeds for justice? Were myself to choose,
What should I wish for but so great a death?
Bold honesty disdains opprobrious life,
Bought at a dear expence of sacred virtue:
Then let me wait the honourable blow.

DARCY'S Love and Ambition

Death is the lightest evil we should fear;
'Tis certain, 'tis the consequence of life:
Th' important question is not that we die,
But how we die.

HAVARD'S Scanderbeg

How

How loud Death sounds, how terrible his voice!
 Death that in chambers steals so softly on,
 And comes like sleep or ease to tir'd mortals;
 Here boldly rouses every faculty
 With dreadful preparation for the blow
 As if——

He scorn'd the triumph of a single fall:
 But here, where thousands perish, he exults
 And gives the stroke in his full pomp of state.

Ibid.

—————To die, I own
 Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,
 Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.

THOMSON'S Edward and Elcenora.

No, thou shalt live—Life is thy proper hell!
 To die! What is it but a free discharge
 From all th' mis'ries that oppress us here?
 'Tis to be loos'd from pain, from sharp reflection
 And all the train of terrors, that attend
 And rack the sinful mind!

MARCH'S Amasis.

—————The cause alone
 For which we suffer makes death terrible.
 What can he more, with all his terrors arm'd,
 When we oppose fair virtue to his blow,
 But first enlarge the soul to liberty,
 And then to bliss immortal?

MALLET'S Muscapha.

The death of those distinguish'd by their station,
 But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
 To solemn dread, and strikes a sadd'ning awe:
 Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves
 Left to the toil of life—And yet the best
 Are, by the playful children of the world,
 At once forgot, as they had never been.

THOMSON'S Tancred and Sigismunda.

How

How poor a thing is life, drag'd on to age,
To stand the pitied mark of fortune's rage!
Death shuts out mis'ry; and can, best, restrain
The rack of insult, and the wring of pain.

Hill's Merope.

How pale appear
Those clay-cold cheeks where grace and vigour glow'd!
O dismal spectacle!—How humble now
Lies that ambition which was late so proud!

SMOLIET'S Regicide.

This hideous monster, Death,
When seen at distance, shocks weak Nature's eye;
But reason as it draws more near defies it.

JONES' Earl of Essex.

Oh! truly welcome
Thou freedom of the soul, at whose glad bidding
Th' immortal spirit wings its gladsome way,
Throws off its earth, and sports without its weight
In yonder fields of light.

FRANCIS'S Constantine.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook th' earth with thund'ring tread.

'Twas Death!—in haste

The warrior past;

High tower'd his helmed head:

I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield,

I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,

I saw his giant arm his faulchion wield,

Wide wav'd the sick'ring blade, and fir'd th' angry air.

On me (he cry'd) my Britons wait,

To lead you to the field of fate,

I come: yon carr

That cleaves th' air

Descends to throne my state:

U mount

I mount your champion and your god :
 My proud steeds neigh beneath the throng :
 Hark to my wheels of brass that rattle loud !
 Hark to my clariion shrill, that brays the words
 among !

Fear not now the fever's fire,
 Fear not now the death-bed groan,
 Pangs that torture, pains that tire,
 Bed-rid age with feeble moan.
 These domestic terrors wait
 Hourly at my palace gate,
 And when o'er slothful realms my rod I wave,
 These on the tyrant king and coward slave
 Rush with vindictive rage, and drag them to their
 grave.

But you, my sons, at this high hour,
 Shall share the fulness of my power,
 From all your bows,
 In levell'd rows,
 My own dread shafts shall shower.
 Go then to conquest, gladly go,
 Deal forth my dote of destiny,
 With all my fury dash the trembling foe
 Down to those darksome dens, where Rome's pale
 spectres lie.

Where creeps the ninefold stream profound
 Her black inexorable round,
 And on the bank
 To willows dank
 The shivering ghosts are bound.
 Twelve thousand crescents all shall swell
 To full-orb'd pride, and all decline
 Ere they again in life's gay mansions dwell ;
 Not such the meeds that crown the sons of freedom's
 line.

No,

No, my Britons, battle slain,
 Rapture gilds your parting hour:
 I that all despotic reign,
 Claim but thou a moment's power.
 Swiftly the soul of British frame,
 Animates some kindred frame,
 Swiftly to life and light triumphant flies,
 Exults again in martial ecstasies,
 Again for freedom fights, again for freedom dies.

MASON'S Caractacus.

— O Death! where art thou?
 — Death, thou dread of guilt,
 Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,
 'Tis Nature calls thee—Come, in mercy come,
 And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.

MURPHY'S Grecian Daughter.

— 'Tis ne'er too late to die,
 But when we live to shame. One last resource
 Remains to man, when fortune frowns the moth,
 One general refuge from the ills of life.

DOW'S Sestona.

D E C E I T.

Out, out Hyena, these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray.
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess and promise wonders in her change;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill,
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,

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Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
Intangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off:
As I by thee, to ages an example.

MILTON's Samson Agonistes.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glossing court'ry,
Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
Wind me into the easy hearted man,
And hug him into snares.

MILTON's Comus.

If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs beware!
Those who most promise are the least sincere.
The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove,
The pilf'ring wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence,
But the false courtier preys on innocence:
If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs beware!
Those who most promise are the least sincere.

Gay's Dione.

Courtiers I know are disciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to lisp deceit,
To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falshood, they assail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.

Gay's Parthenia.

Time lends a vast propriety to actions.
Last night that conduct would have look'd like nature;
Then to have fled as from my brother's treason,
And sought for refuge at my brother's feet,
While yet the well-dissembled recent dread
Glar'd in my eyes and trembled in my veins,
Had been a prudent, seasonable fraud.
To-day's deceit must wear a different aspect;
For here has interven'd a whole night's space

'Twist

'Twixt the pretended fact and its discovery,
 And all that hurricane of souls becalm'd.
 Slow and reluctant now I shall be seen
 And, all suffus'd with melancholy, scarce
 Permit the secret to be wrested from me,
 This is the guise of honesty.

Lewis's Philip of Macedon.

Thus far has fate, or whatso'er o'er-rules,
 Given to my views the sanction of success:
 Whether by force or fraud imports me not.
 Who hunts the lion, or the tusked boar,
 Wide o'er the waving forest now maintains
 The arduous chace, and boldly bounds o'er all:
 Now, with less daring toil, deceitful sinks
 The hollow pit and waits the latent snare;
 Alike to him are all the ways of war;
 Till the fierce foaming tyrant of the woods,
 Subdued by force or caught within the toils
 Indignant falls, and crowns him with his spoils.

PATERSON's Arminius.

Whate'er the motive be, deceit I fear
 And harsh unnat'ral force are not the means
 Of public welfare or of private bliss.

THOMSON's Tancred and Sigismunda.

— Since the tyrant
 Tempts to betray, reward him with his own.
 Deceive deceivers, and deceit grows virtue.

HILL's Merope.

D E E D S.

That men should dare to do,
 What done, must make the doer wretched!

PHILLIPS's Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

A virtuous deed should never be delay'd.
 The impulse comes from heav'n, and he who strives

A moment to repress it, disobey's
The god within his mind.

Dowry's Setbona.

D E E R.

See where the deer trot after one another,
Male, female, father, daughter, mother, son,
Brother and sister, mingl'd all together;
No discontent they know, but in delightful
Wildness and freedom, lusty health and innocence,
Enjoy their portion. If they see a man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the monster.

OTWAY's Orphan.

D E F E A T.

The Britons are defeated; look, Flaminius;
Back from the vale in wild tumultuous flight
Behold their numbers sweeping tow'rd the hill;
Already some are swarming up its side
To reach their camp for shelter; pale Dismay
With hostile rage pursue their broken rear;
While Massacre, unchidden, cloys his famine,
And quaffs the blood of nations.

GLOVER's Boadicea.

D E F O R M I T Y.

— Thou art a thing so loathsome,
Nature has shut thee quite from that thou art;
Made like the bird of night, to be pursu'd,
Abhorr'd, and loath'd by all thy fellow-creatures.

SHAKESPEARE's Twelfth Night.

Why Love renounc'd me in my mother's womb,
And, for I should not deal in his soft laws,
He did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe,
To shrink my arm thus like a wither'd shrub;

To

To make an envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body :
 To shape my legs of an unequal fize ;
 To disproportion me in ev'ry part,
 Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear's whelp,
 That carries no impression like the dam.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VI.*

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
 An indigested lump.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Richard III.*

Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature ;
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them.
 I that in this weak piping tune of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to view my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on my own deformity.

Ibid.

Thou elfish, mark'd, abortive monster !
 Thou that wast seal'd, in thy nativity,
 The slave of Nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb !

Ibid.

— Thou talk of sacred love !
 Hast thou a nook in all thy huddl'd form
 Fit for so soft a guest ? It cannot be.
 Fly from my sight, thou bungl'd botch of Nature,
 Thou snuff of life, and ruins of a man !

Ibid.

— Curse Nature,
 That ne'er reform'd thy dross ! Curse thy own fate,
 That warm'd that unconcocted lump to life,
 Half-finish'd into man !

Ibid.

Nature herself start'd back when thou wert born,
 And cry'd, The work's not mine.
 The midwife stood aghast ; and when she saw

Thy mountain-back and thy distorted legs,
 Thy face itself
 Half-minted with the royal stamp of man,
 And half o'ercome with beast, she doubted long
 Whose right in thee were more;
 And knew not if to burn thee in the flames
 Were not the holier work.

Am I to blame, if Nature threw my body
 In so perverse a mould? Yet when she cast
 Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
 Unable to resist, and rumpl'd them
 On heaps in their dark lodging; to revenge
 Her bungl'd work, she stamp'd my mind more fair,
 And as from chaos, huddl'd and deform'd,
 The gods struck fire, and lighted up the lamps
 That beautify the sky; so she inform'd
 This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul,
 And making less than man, she made me more.

No! Thou'rt all one error, soul and body!
 The first young trial of some unskill'd power,
 Rude in the making-art, and ape of Jove!
 Thy body opens inward to thy soul,
 And lets in day to make thy vices seen:
 Thy crooked mind within hunch'd out thy back,
 And wander'd in thy limbs: Thou blot of Nature!
 Thou enemy of eyes! Excrecence of a man!

Let's Oedipus.

Indeed, 'tis true, what Henry told me of;
 For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward;
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
 Good heav'n bless us, he is born with teeth!
 And so I was; which plainly signified
 That I should snarl and bite, and play the dog.
 Then since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it;
 I have no brother, am like no brother,
 And this word Love, which grey-beards call divine,
 Be

Be resident in men, like one another;
And not in me—I am, myself alone.

GIBBER'S Richard III.

'Twas her excuse to avoid me.—Alas!

She keeps no bed——

She has health enough to progress as far as Chertsey,
Tho' not to bear the sight of me.

I cannot blame her——

Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb,

And for I should not deal in his soft laws,

He did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe,

To shrink my arm up like a wither'd shrub,

To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body;

To shape my legs of an unequal size,

To disproportion me in ev'ry part.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?

O monstrous thought! more vain than my ambition.

Ibid.

D E S A R T.

So where our wide Numidian wastes extend,

Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,

Wheel thro' the air, in circling eddies play,

Tear up the sands and sweep whole plains away;

The helpless traveller, with wild surprize,

Sees the dry desert all around him rise,

And smother'd in the dusty whirlwind dies.

ADDISON'S Cato.

O send me to some lonely desert wild,

Wide as yon bright ethereal high expanse:

There let me wander friendless and forlorn,

To find the charitable herd of beasts,

Driv'n from the faithless commerce of mankind.

HAVARD'S Scanderbeg.

Next night—a dreary night!
 Cast on the wildest of the Cyclad Isles,
 Where never human foot had mark'd the shore,
 These ruffians left me. * * * * *

* * * * * Beneath a shade
 I sat me down, more heavily oppress'd,
 More desolate at heart, than e'er I felt
 Before. When Philomela o'er my head
 Began to tune her melancholy strain,
 As piteous of my woes; till, by degrees,
 Composing sleep on wounded Nature shed
 A kind but short relief. At early morn
 Wak'd by the chaunt of birds, I look'd around
 For usual objects: Objects found I none,
 Except before me stretch'd the toiling main,
 And rocks and woods, in savage view, behind.

THOMSON'S *Agamemnon*.

D E S I R E.

Desire, when young, is easily suppress'd;
 But cherish'd by the sun of warm-encouragement,
 Becomes too strong, and potent for controul:
 Nor yields but to despair, the worst of passions.

E. HAYWOOD'S *Frederick Duke of Brunswick-
 Lunenburg*.

D E S P A I R.

There's nothing in this world can make me joy:
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair:
 And if thou wantest but a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb,
 Will strangle thee; a rush will be a beam

To hang thee on : or wouldst thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

Ibid.

All hope of succour, but from thee, is past ;
As when upon the sands the traveller
Sees the high sea come rolling from afar,
The land grow short, he mends his weary pace,
While death behind him covers all the place.
So I by swift misfortunes am pursu'd,
Which on each other are like waves renew'd.

DRYDEN's Indian Emperor.

Now cold despair
To livid paleness turns the glowing red ;
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.

DRYDEN's Palamon and Arcite.

He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he toré his hair ;
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears.
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink,
Bereft of sleep, he loaths his meat and drink ;
He withers at the heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man ;
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves.
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone ;
Nor mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
His spirits are so low his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon :
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound.
Uncomb'd his locks, and squallid his attire,
Unlike the trim of love or gay desire :

}

But full of usef'ul mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage. *Ibid.*

My life's a load, encumber'd with the charge,
I long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
For I, the most forlorn of human-kind,
No help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But doom'd to drag my loathful life in care,
For my reward must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates,
That governs all, and heav'n that all creates;
Nor Art, nor Nature's hand, can ease my grief:
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief.
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life; and life itself farewell. *Ibid.*

What miracle
Can work me into hope! Heav'n here is bankrupt,
The wond'ring gods blush at the want of power,
And quite abash'd confess they cannot help me.

Lee's Mithridates.

He makes his heart a prey to black despair;
He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing but thought: Or if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the world, and bids it pass:
Sometimes he gnaws his lips, then draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile..

Dryden's All for Love.

I fancy
I'm turn'd wild, a commoner of Nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all:
Living in a shady forest's silvan scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my hand upon the mossy bask,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it;
My uncomb'd locks, matted like mistletoe,

Ham.

Hang o'er my hoary face ; the herd come jumping
by me,

And, fearless, quench their thirst while I look on;
And take me for their fellow-citizen. *Ibid.*

The damn'd in hell endure no greater pain,
Than seeing heaven from far with hopeless eyes.
DRYDEN'S Secret Love.

Winds bear me to some barren island,
Where print of human feet was never seen ;
O'ergrown with weeds of such a monstrous height,
Their baleful tops are wash'd with bellowing clouds ;
Beneath whose venomous shade I may have vent
For horror that would blast the barbarous world.

LXX's Oedipus.

There let me groan my horrors on the earth ;
There bellow out my utmost gall !
There sob my sorrows till I burst with fighting !
There gasp and languish out my wounded soul !

Ibid.

For cold despair begins to freeze my bosom,
And all my pow'rs are now resolv'd on death.

LXX's Theodosius.

Why then, poor mourner, in what baleful corner
Hast thou been talking with that witch the night ?
On what cold stone hast thou been stretch'd along !
Gathering the grumbling winds about thy head,
To mix with theirs the accents of thy woes ?

Let us embrace, and from this very moment

Vow an eternal misery together.

And wilt thou be a very faithful wretch ?

Never grow fond of cheerful peace again ?

Wilt thou with me study to be unhappy,

And find out ways how to encrease afflictions ?

We'll institute new arts unknown before,

To vary plagues, and make them look new ones.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

Then let's together
 Full of our guilt, distracted where to roam;
 Like the first wretched pair, expell'd their paradise,
 Let's find some place where adders nest in winter,
 Loathsome and venomous! where poisons hang,
 Like gum, against the walls: where witches meet
 By night, and feed upon some pamper'd imp,
 Fat with the blood of babes; there we'll inhabit,
 And live up to the height of desperation:
 Desire shall languish like a withering flower;
 And no distinction of the sex be thought on;
 Horrors shall fright me from those pleasing harms,
 And I'll no more be caught with beauty's charms;
 But when I am dying, take me in thy arms.

Ibid.

Choose then the gloomiest part thro' all the grove,
 Throw thy abandon'd body on the ground,
 With thy bare breast lie wedded to the dew:
 There as thou drink'st the tears that trickle from thee;
 So stretch'd, resolve to lie till death shall seize thee;
 Thy sorrowful head hung o'er some tumbling stream,
 To rock thy griefs with melancholy sounds,
 With broken murmurs, and redoubl'd groans,
 To help the gurgling of the waters fall:
 Or if thy passion will not be kept in,
 As in the glass of Nature thou shalt view
 Thy swell'd eyes with the inverted banks,
 The tops of willows, and their blossoms turn'd,
 With all the under sky, ten fathom down,
 With that the shadow of the swimming globe
 Were so indeed, that thou might'st leap at fate,
 And hurl thy fortune headlong at the stars.
 Nay, do not bear it, turn thy wat'ry face
 To yon misguided orb, and ask the gods,
 For what bold sin they doom the wretched Titus
 To such a loss as that of Teraminta;
 O Teraminta! I will groan thy name,
 Till the tir'd echo faint with repetition,

TTH

Till all the breathless grove, and quiet myrtles,
Shake with my sighs, as if a tempest blow'd 'em.

LEE's Lucius Junius Brutus.

'Tis true, my hopes are vanishing as clouds,
Lighter than childrens baubles blown by winds :
My merit, but the rash result of chance !
My birth unequal ! all the stars against me ;
Power, promise, choice, the living, and the dead ;
Mankind my foes, and only love to friend me !

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

————— Whither shall I fly ?
Where hide me and my miseries together ?
O Belvidera ! I'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawl'd on earth. Now, if thou hast virtue help
me ;

Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion.

By heav'n, I'm tottering on the very brink
Of peace, and thou art all the hold I've left :

Do thou at least with charitable goodness

Assist me in the pangs of my afflictions.

Could'st thou but think how I have spent that night,
Dark and alone, no pillow to my head,

Rest in my eyes, nor quiet in my heart,

Thou would'st not, Belvidera, sure thou woul'd not
Talk to me thus ; but like a pitying angel,

Spreading thy wings, come settle on my breast,

And hatch warm comforts there, e'er sorrow freeze it.

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

I am here ! and thus the shades of night around me !

I look as if all hell were in my heart !

And I in hell ! Nay, surely 'tis so with me ;

For every step I tread, methinks some fiend

Knocks at my breast, and bids it not be quiet,

I have heard how desp'rate wretches, like myself,

Have wander'd out at this dead time of night,

To

To meet the foe of mankind in his walks :
 Sure I'm so curst, that, tho' of heav'n forsaken,
 No minister of darkness cares to tempt me.

Ibid.

————— As with one
 Who, wand'ring o'er a wide barren waste,
 Views the last circles of the sinking sun,
 Then gazing round, quite destitute of hope,
 Forsaken and forlorn, sits sighing down,
 To mix with night, and entertain despair.

SOUTHERN'S Fatal Marriage.

O let me hunt my travel'd woes again,
 Range the wide waste of desolate despair ;
 Start any hope : Alas ! I lose myself ;
 'Tis pathless dark, and barren all to me.

SOUTHERN'S Oroonoko.

Our woes are like the genuine shades beneath,
 Where fate cuts off the very hope of day,
 And everlasting night and horror reign.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

————— This pomp of horror
 Is fit to feed the frenzy in my soul :
 Here's room for meditation e'en to madness,
 Till the mind burst with thinking.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

————— My sad soul has
 Form'd a dismal melancholy scene ;
 Such a retreat as I would wish to find ;
 An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees,
 Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shades
 Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell ;
 No sound to break the silence, but a brook
 That bubbling winds among the weeds ; no mark
 Of any human shape that had been there ;
 Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,

Who

Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair, and die in.

Ibid.

There is a stupid weight upon my senses,
A dismal sullen stilness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief; like silent death,
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, (as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,)
For I am sick of living: My soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with anger or revenge.
Love was th'informing active fire within;
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

Ibid.

Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave;
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy:
If thou wilt sooth me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around thro' all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Ibid.

Oh! I have a cause to curse my life, my being;
To curse each morn, each chearful morn, that dawns
With healing comfort on its balmy wings
To ev'ry wretched creature but myself,
To me it brings more pain and iterated woes.

Rowe's Ulysses.

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,
To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?
Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ill:
I will indulge my sorrows, and give way
To all the pangs and fury of despair.

Addison's Cato.

Thus given up to scandal's busy tongue,
Unjust reflections, or malicious pity,
My virtue murder'd, and my honour stab'd;

Art.

Are they then lost, and shall myself survive?
 No! 'tis a thought below my sex, or me;
 I scorn to live disgrac'd, and dare be free;
 Rather to other worlds for refuge go,
 That aid, I found not here, to seek below:
 Let all their thousand several tortures glare,
 'Twill be a variation of despair,
 And can't exceed my own;—I'll venture there.

BECKINGHAM's Henry IV. of France.

Unhappy man! with storms of passion tost,
 When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
 On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
 And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
 Then up he started, and with fix'd surprise,
 Upon her picture threw his frantic eyes,
 While thus he cried, "In her my life was bound,
 " Warm in each feature is her mother found:
 " Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
 " And now she floats upon the weeping tide,
 " Or on the willow hung with head reclin'd,
 " All pale and cold she wavers in the wind;
 " Did I not force her hence by harsh commands?
 " Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?"
 Teach not, ye fires, your daughters to rebel,
 By counsel reign their wills, but ne'er compel.

Gay's Dione.

From mountains high,
 Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
 Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
 And dash out life against the flints below?
 Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
 Where my last breath may bubble in the tide?
 No; life shall never flatter me again,
 Nor shall to-morrow bring new sighs and pain.

Ibid.

Is comfort to be found in thinking then?
 Oh no! my mind has rang'd from thought to thought,
 From

From place to place, to seek it—but in vain.
 At length it came unto the court of Death.
 In fullen majesty the horror sat
 Surrounded by a croud of busy courtiers;
 Pain, sickness, frenzy, and ten thousand cares.
 Dreadful he look'd, yet dreadful smil'd on me,
 He smil'd, and sent his minister Despair
 To tempt me in with promise of relief.

MARTYN'S Timoleon.

————— All-judging heav'n
 Was there no bolt, no punishment above?—
 No none is equal to despairing love:
 Hell loudly owns, it and the damn'd themselves
 Smile to behold a wretch more curs'd than they.

HAYARD'S Scanderbeg.

————— Consider how the desperate fight;—
 Despair strikes wild—but often fatal too—
 And in the mad encounter wins success.

HAYARD'S Regulus.

DESPONDENCE.

Edg. ————— Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir, a man may rot ev'n here.

Edg. What in ill thoughts again? men must endure
 Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
 Ripeness is all: come on.

SHAKESPEAR'S King Lear.

————— That some weighty grief
 O'erhangs thy soul, thy ev'ry look proclaims.
 Why then refuse it words? the heart that bleeds
 From any stroke of fate or human wrongs,
 Loves to disclose itself, that list'ning pity
 May drop a healing tear upon the wound.
 'Tis only, when with inbred horror smote
 At some base act, or done, or to be done,
 That

That the reviling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself.

MASON'S Caractacus

DETRACTION.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse, steals trash, 'tis something, no-
thing,

'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been a slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.

Happy are they that hear their detractions,
And can put them to mending.

SHAKESPEARE'S Much ado about Nothing.

'Tis not the wholesome sharp morality,
Or modest anger of a satyric spirit,
That hurts or wounds the body of a state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant and base
Interpreter; who will distort, and strain
The gen'ral scope and purpose of an author,
To his particular and private spleen.

B. JOHNSON'S Poetasters

They talk, as they are wont, not as I merit:
Traduce by custom, as most dogs do bark;
Do nothing out of judgment, but disease;
Speak ill, because they never could speak well:
And who'd be angry with this race of creatures?
What wise physician have we ever seen,
Mov'd with a frantic man? the same affects
That he doth bear to his sick patient,
Should a right mind carry to such as these;
And I do count it a most rare revenge,

That

That I can do thus—with such a sweet neglect,
Pluck from them all the pleasure of their malice,
For that's the mark of all their ingenious drifts,
To wound my patience, howsoever they seem
To aim at other objects: which if miss'd,
Their envy's like an arrow, shot upright,
That, in the fall, endangers their own heads.

B. JOHNSON'S Cynthia's Revels.

1. It is a kind of slander, to trust rumour.
2. I know it: and I could be angry with it.
1. So may not I. Where it concerns himself,
Who's angry at a slander, makes it true.

B. JOHNSON'S Cataline.

For such obloquies
If they despised be, they die suppress;
But, if with rage acknowledg'd, they're confess.

B. JOHNSON'S Sejanus.

DEVOTION.

Devotion in distress
Is born, but vanishes in happiness.

Dryden's Tyrannic Love.

Methinks at such a glorious resignation,
The angelic orders should at once descend
In all the point and drapery of heav'n,
With charming voices and with lulling strings,
To give full grace to such triumphant zeal.

Les's Theodosius.

No eloquence can paint
The rapture and devotion of my soul.
You have new form'd, new moulded my conceptions,
And by the platform of a work divine,
New fram'd, new built me, to your own desires;
Thrown all the lumber of my passions out,
And made my heart a mansion of perfection:
Clean as an anchorite's grove or vot'ry's cell,

And

And spotless as the glories of his steps,
Whom we far off adore.

Ibid.

But behold
The glimmering dusk, involving air and sky,
Creeps slow and solemn on. Devotion now,
With eye enraptur'd, as the kindling stars
Light, one by one, all heaven into a glow
Of living fire, adores the hand divine,
Who form'd their orbs, and pour'd forth glory on them.

Mallet's Alfred.

DISAPPOINTMENT in LOVE.

Are then the joys of this bless'd meeting dash'd
So soon, so soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,
And mock my vain embraces. Thus like one
Who in a dream with mighty toil and labour,
Strives to embrace some visionary form,
Just as he seems to clasp the lovely object,
It slides away, and vanishes to air:
So I who thro' opposing difficulties,
Have cut my tedious way to thy lov'd arms;
At length am disappointed; and but see thee
To take my last farewell. O slipp'ry state
Of human pleasures, fleet and volatile,
Given us and snatch'd again in one short moment,
To mortify our hopes, and edge our suff'rings.

Trapp's Abramule.

O love! how are thy precious sweetest moments
Thus ever cross'd, thus vex'd with disappointments!
Now pride, now fickleness, fantastic quarrels,
And sullen coldness, give us pain by turns;
Malicious meddling Chance is ever busy
To bring us fears, disquiet and delays;
And ev'n at last, when, after all our waiting,
Eager we think to snatch the dear-bought bliss,
Ambition calls us to its sullen cares,
And Honour, stern, impatient of neglect,

Commands

DIS

in 3

Commands us to forget our ease and pleasures,
As if we had been made for nought but toil,
And love were not the business of our lives.

Rowe's Ulysses.

Oh! be hush'd,
Ye dictates of my ever-torturing reason:
Let me not think that I have lov'd, much less,
That I still love, where all returns are hopeless.
Frederick is now another's, and whate'er
My first pretensions were, they now are nothing.
What do I here then?—Why aim I to renew
The memory of past transports in his mind,
And become doubly wretched, by adding guilt
To the fond folly of believing softness?

*E. Haywood's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-
Lunenburgh.*

Damnation! hell!
I cannot bear to see him so caref'd.
Ten thousand furies lash my soul with whips,
At ev'ry look sharp stings transfix my heart,
And my chill'd blood thrills cold thro' ev'ry vein?

Darcy's Love and Ambition.

DISDAIN.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eye,
Despising what they look on.

Shakespeare's Much ado about Nothing.

Disdain has swell'd him up, and choak'd his breath,
Sullen and dumb, and obstinate to death:
No signs of pity in his face appear,
Cramm'd with his pride, he leaves no room within,
For sighs to issue out, or love to enter in.

Dryden's Cleomenes.

DISEASE.

DISEASE.

Before the curing of a strong disease,
 E'en in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
 On their departure most of all shew evil.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John*.

And where the greater malady is fixt
 The lesser is scarce felt: when the mind's free
 The body's delicate. The tempest in my mind
 Does from my senses take all feeling else,
 Save what beats there.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear*.

DISGUISE.

If but as well I other accents borrow,
 And can my speech disguise, my good intent
 May carry through itself to that full issue,
 For which I chang'd my likeness.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear*.

I've heard the powers themselves of old for love,
 Far less than mine have left their starry thrones,
 And hid their daggling forms in brutal shapes;
 Less charming were the beauties which they sought,
 And more their condescension.

TRAP'S *Abramob*.

Stay, madam.

This new embarrassment of mingled pains;
 This tenderness in rage; these hopes, fears, startings;
 This art, to colour some ill-bid distress
 That casts confusion o'er your troubled soul:
 Half sentences broke short, looks fill'd with horror,
 Are Nature's thin disguise, to cover danger.

HILL'S *Microph*.

As you fear my softness of complexion,
 I'll stain it with the juice of dusky leaves,
 Or yellow berries, which this various wood
 From tree and shrub will yield me. These I'll use
 And form a thousand methods to conceal
 The little gleams of grace which Nature lent me,

MASON'S Elfrida.

DISHONESTY.

Dishonest minds, just like the jaundic'd sight,
 See honest deeds in a dishonest light:
 Thro' clouds of guilt, the innocent they view,
 And stain each virtue with some vicious hue.
 The just and good look with a different eye,
 By generous hearts they generous actions try:
 Govern'd by honour, honour they revere,
 And think each virtue, like their own, sincere.

BELLER'S Injured Innocence.

DISSEMBLER.

Thou shalt not break yet, heart; nor shall she know
 My inward torment by my outward show.
 To let her see my weakness were too base,
 Dissembl'd quiet fit upon my face;
 My sorrow to my eyes no passage find,
 But let it inward sink, and drown my mind;
 Falshood shall want its triumph: I begin
 To stagger, but I'll prop myself within;
 The spacious tow'r no ruin shall disclose,
 Till down at once the mighty fabric goes.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

In vain you sooth me with your soft endearments,
 And set the fairest countenance to view;
 Your gloomy eyes betray a deadness,
 And inward languishing: That oracle
 Eats like a subtle worm its venom'd way,

Preys

Preys on your heart, and rots the noble core,
Howe'er the beauteous outside shews so lovely.

DRYDEN's Oedipus.

I cannot love, to counterfeit is base
And cruel too; dissembl'd love is like
The poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness.

SEWELL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Forgive me then, ye faithful nymphs and swains,
Teach me to look like you, to steal your pains;
To make dissembl'd tears successful start,
And dropping seem to cool the love-sick heart:
Then when you view me struggling in the snare,
Of lying fears, sick hopes and false despair;
For the sad trial let your pity plead,
And Heav'n who made the cause, excuse the deed.

Ibid.

O my lov'd prince, I cannot trust this Didas,
His are the homages which I distrust:
Yon undesigning croud wears no disguise,
But this man's artful words too smoothly flow,
To spring from that plain thing, an honest heart.

LEWIS's Philip of Macedon.

DISSIMULATION.

Look fresh and merrily,
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits, and a formal constancy.

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.

We'll mock the time with fairest show;
Fair face must hide what the false heart does know.

SHAKESPEARE's Macbeth.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,

Your

Your hand, your tongue ; look like th' innocent flow'r,
And be the serpent under't. *Ibid.*

When devils will their blackest fins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly shews,
As I do now. *SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.*

He was a man that would keep church duly, rise
Early before his servants, and ev'n for
Religious haste, go ungarter'd, unbutton'd,
————— To morning prayer ;
Dine quickly upon high days, and when I
Had great guests, would e'en shame me, and rise from
The table, to get a good seat at an
Afternoon sermon—————

SHAKESPEARE'S Puritan.

Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry content to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk ;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could ;
And, like a Simon, take another Troy :
I can add colours ev'n to theameleon ;
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages ;
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

SHAKESPEARE'S King Henry VI.

Now we must shew a masterpiece indeed,
To meet the man whom we would make an end of,
Ev'n at that time when mortal war's within,
When the blood boils and flashes to be at him ;
Yet then to shew the signs of heartiest love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, to weep, to fear.

LEE'S Massacre of Paris.

Nothing is more tedious to a wretch
O'erwhelm'd with misery, than to dissemble
His grief, and be deny'd to give it vent.

TRAP's Abramule.

Curse on him that
First flatter'd with his tongue; on her that first
Dissembl'd in her silence:

What miseries have they entail'd on life,
To bring in fraud and diffidence in love!
Simplicity's the dress of honest passion;
Then why our arts, why to a man enamour'd,
That at our feet effuses all his soul,
Must woman cold appear, false to herself and him.

STEELE's Lying Lover.

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falshood
Smiles in thy lips, and flatters in thy eyes.

SMITH's Phædra and Hyppolitus.

Disimulation dwells
As at her home in every smile he wears.

SEWELL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

The man who dares to dress misdeeds,
And colour them with Virtue's name, deserves
A double punishment from gods and men.

CH. JOHNSON's Medea.

Obey me, features, for one supple moment:
You shall not long be tortured. Here, in courts,
We must not wear the soldier's honest face.

THOMSON's Agamemnon.

It was, however, hard, a bitter task,
To wink at public villainy; to wipe
Each honest passion from my livid face,
To bind my hands, and seal my quiv'ring lips,
While my heart burn'd with rage, and treasur'd up
A storm of indignation.

Ibid.

Lust

Lust and ambition, Mirvan, are the springs
Of all his actions, whilst, without one virtue,
Disimulation, 'like a flatt'ring painter,
Bedecks him with the colouring of them all.

MILLER's Mahomet.

Let honest fools the boast of truth enjoy,
To look by nature, and through passions speak;
But men like me th' inverted act maintain,
To weep in pleasure, and to laugh at pain.

HARVARD's Regulus.

It must be so! were men t'appear themselves,
Set free from customs that restrain our nature,
Nor wolves, nor tygers would dispute more fiercely?
Yet all we boast above the brute is—What?
That in our times of need we dare dissemble!

CIBBER's King John.

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband and her father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having heav'n, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks!
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Can she abase her beauteous eyes on me,
On me, that halt, and am murther'd thus?
My dukedom to a widow's chastity,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, altho' I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll have my chamber lin'd with looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of taylors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:

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Since

Since I am crept in favour with myself
 I will maintain it with some little cost;
 But first, I'll turn St. Harry to his grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.

CIBBER'S Richard III.

But be sure,
 Suspicion is abroad; it marks your steps.
 Would you insure these threats, which now are air,
 Keep your eye constant; let no passion shake it,
 No colour change your cheek; open your face
 In smiles, and let your tongue grow loose in flattery.

FRANCIS'S Constantine.

DISSOLUTION.

Rush down, ye Heav'ns!
 Ye pitying thunders rivet me to earth!
 And save me from this hell-hound's voice
 That shakes my frame to dissolution!

BROWN'S Asbelstan.

DISTRACTION.

A thousand thoughts prey on my tortur'd soul,
 And whirling fancy turns my senses round

SOUTHERN'S Loyal Brother.

What shall I do? His fury wildly
 Champs upon the curb:
 Anon it foams, and starting with a bound,
 Hurries him headlong far from Reason's road:
 I shake, I tremble at the dismal consequence;
 I can no longer bear this mortal agony
 In him whom dearer than myself I love.

DENNIS'S Iphigenia.

Oh! hide me from him!
 Ye walls, ye pillars, from your basis start,
 And crush me with your fall, ye vaulted roofs:
 Earth ope, and living in thy womb involve me;

Confusion

Confusion seize me! madness waste my reason,
That I may never, never think again!

OLDMIXON'S Governor of Cyprus.

DISTRESS.

Has pity lost its mighty power to move
That all my mournful sorrows can't incline you,
To weigh my sufferings with my real deserts?
Can you then see me with a broken heart,
Wretched, wand'ring, and forsook by all,
Except th' insatiate rabble at my heels:
And as pinching need of thirst or hunger,
Shall make me seek relief from door to door,
Perhaps receive harsh language and reproach,
Instead of succour to supply my wants.
Then after all the mis'ries of the day,
Soon as th' unwholesome night brings on its dews,
Under some dropping eve, or leaf-lefs hedge,
Shiv'ring and almost starv'd with piercing cold,
Repose my weary limbs, with toil fatigu'd.

WANDESFORD'S Fatal Love.

DISTRUST.

Siffredi gives his daughter to my wishes—
But does she give herself? Gay, young, and flatter'd,
Perhaps engag'd, will she her youthful heart
Yield to my harsher, uncomplying years?
I am not form'd, by flattery and praise,
By sighs and tears, and all the whining trade
Of love, to feed a fair one's vanity;
To charm at once and spoil her. These soft arts
Nor suit my years, nor temper; these be left
To boys and doating age.

THOMSON'S Tamer and Sigismundo.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

D O M I N I O N .

Mankind are all, by nature, free and equal,
'Tis their consent alone gives just dominion.

DUNCOMBE'S Junius Brutus.

D O U B T .

Doubt is some ease to those that fear the worst.

DRYDEN'S State of Innocence.

Oh! how this tyrant Doubt torments my breast!
My thoughts, like birds when frighted from their rest,
Around the place, where all was hush'd before,
Flutter and hardly flutter, and hardly settle any more.

OTWAY'S Don Carlos.

— And yet
A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart;
My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,
Like fowls in air too damp, and lugs along
As if she were a body in a body,
And not a mounting body made of fire.
My senses are too dull and stupify'd,
Their edge rebated; sure some ill approaches,
And some kind spirit knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

Come to my arms, far dearer than my soul;
To doubt my passion shews how well thou lov'st;
Such kind suspicions gives me new delight,
And I am blest beyond a mortal's share.

Mrs. WISEMAN'S Antiochus.

Still dost thou lead me thro' a maze of doubt,
My passions all alarm'd, and thoughts as dark
As the benighted traveller's, whole mind
Strays into horrors, and starts back from shadows.

BECKINGHAM'S K. Hen. IV. of France.

D O V E .

D O V E.

Thus when of old the dove was sent t'explore
 The long-wish'd blessings of a rising shore ;
 At length a distant springing grove she spies,
 Crops the first branch, a sure credential prize ;
 Then to the happy ark resumes her wings,
 And to the world preserv'd the peaceful olive brings.

CIBBER's King John.

D R E A M S.

In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron war :
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed ;
 Cry courage ! to the field ! and thou hast talk'd
 Of fallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
 Of palisadoes, fortins, parapets ;
 Of basilisks, cannon, culverin,
 Of prisoners ransom, and of soldiers slain,
 And all the current of a heady fight.
 Thy spirits within thee hath been so at war,
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow
 Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream :
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath
 On some great sudden haste.

SHAKESPEARE's Henry IV.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you
 tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tow'r,
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
 And in my company my brother Glo'iter,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches ; thence we look'd toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,

L 4

That

That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along,
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me (that thought to save him) over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 Lord, lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What sights of ugly deaths within my eyes!
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost, but still th' envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty vast, and wand'ring air,
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sad agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life:
 O then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd methought the melancholy flood
 With that grim ferry-man which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renown'd Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud, what scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair,
 Dabb'd in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
 Clarence is come, false, fleeing, perjur'd Clarence.

That

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments.
 With that methought a legion of foul fiends
 Invirion'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell:
 Such terrible impressiion made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, Brakenbury! I have done those things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake, and see how he requites me:
 O God! if my deep pray'rs can't appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone;
 O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard III.

Mer. O then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
 She's the fancy's midwife, and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with the team of little atomies,
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
 Her waggon spokes made of long spinners legs;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
 The collars, of the moon-shine's watry beams;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
 And in this state she gallops night by night,
 Thro' lovers brains, and then they dream of love;
 On courtiers knees, that dream of curtsies straight;

O'er lawyers fingers, who straight dream on fees;
 O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
 And sometimes comes she with a tythe pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes,
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again. This is that Mab——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio,
 Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
 Which are the children of an idle brain,
 Begot of nothing but vain phantasy,
 Which is as thin of substance as the air,
 And more unconstant than the wind.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Romeo and Juliet*

As one who in some frightful dream would shun
 His pressing foe, labours in vain to run,
 And his own slowness in his sleep bemoans
 With thick short sighs, weak cries, and tender groans.

DRYDEN'S *Conquest of Granada*.

A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour
 This morn'; and dreams, they say, are then divine,
 When all the balmy vapours are exhal'd,
 And some o'erpow'ring god continues sleep.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

————— Like one
 Who in a dream with mighty toil and labour,
 Strives to embrace some visionary form,

Jul

Just as he seems to clasp the lovely object,
It slides away and vanishes to air.

TRAP's Abramule.

Let fools and cowards start at fancy's visions,
Thy well-taught spirit knows these dreams are bred
From fumes and indigestions that oppress
The mind, which thus o'erloaded, still throws off
These crudities, these ordures of the soul:
As such despise them.

MADDEN's Themistocles.

'Tis said the soul, while the tir'd body sleeps,
Her mansion often leaves, and roves abroad,
Sometimes to groves and solitary cells;
Sometimes to courts, to cities, and to camps,
Mingling with crouds, then strangely left alone.

BANCROFT's Fall of Mortimer.

When night with her black curtain veils the world,
And sleep chains up the faculties of men,
The loosen'd soul oft takes its airy flight,
Through ways impassable, and craggy steeps;
Sometimes descending to old Ocean's bosom.
Anon she bounds, and on Olympus' top,
With wings expanded, seems to reach the stars.

MARSH's Amasis.

D R I N K I N G.

My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge,
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-swells the cup,
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Cæsar.

————— Come to the banquet all,
And revel out the day, 'tis my command;
Gay as the Persian god, our self will stand,
With a crown'd goblet in our lifted hand;

}
Young

Young Ammon and Statira shall go round,
 While antick measures beat the burthen'd ground,
 And to the vaulted skies our clangors sound.
 All drink it deep, and while it flies about,
 Mars and Bellona join to make us music.
 An hundred bulls be offer'd to the sun,
 White as his beams: Speak the big voice of war,
 Beat all our drums, and blow our silver trumpet,
 Till we provoke the gods to act our pleasures
 In bowls of nectar, and replying thunder.

Lee's Alexander.

Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
 Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;
 The sprightly bowl shall chearfully go round,
 None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
 Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
 The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
 In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
 Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Hard are the laws of Love's despotick rule,
 And every joy is trebly bought with pain.
 Crown we the goblet then, and call on Bacchus,
 Bacchus! the jolly god of laughing pleasures.
 Bid ev'ry voice of harmony awake,
 Apollo's lyre, and Herme's tuneful shell:
 Let wine and music join to swell the triumph,
 To smooth uneasy thoughts, and lull desire.

Rowe's Ulysses.

D R O W N I N G.

—————He in the general rout
 Mistook a swelling current for a ford,
 And in Mucazor's blood was seen to rise.
 Thrice was he seen, at length his courser plung'd,

And

And threw him off; the waves whelm'd o'er him,
And helpless in his heavy arms he drown'd.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

Like some despairing wretch,
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants and struggles with the whirling waves,
And catches every slender reed to save him.

SMITH'S Phœdra and Hippolitus.

DRUNKENNESS.

1. Oh, that men should put an enemy into
Their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we
Should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,
Transform ourselves into beasts.

2. Why, but you are now well enough: how came
You thus recover'd?

1. It hath pleas'd the devil, Drunkenness, to
Give place to the devil, Wrath; one
Unperfectness shews me another, to
Make me frankly despise myself.
I will ask him for my place again; he
Shall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I
As many mouths as hydra, such an answer
Would stop them all. To be now a sensible
Man, by and by a fool, and presently
A beast! every inordinate cup
Is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.
Oh, thou invisible spirit of wine,
If thou hast no name to be known by, let
Us call thee devil!

SHAKESPEARE'S Othello.

Drunkenness! Oh, 'tis a most fluent and
Swelling virtue, sure the most just of all
Virtues, 'tis Justice itself; for if it
Chance t'oppress and take too much, it presently
Restores it again. It makes the king and

The

The peasant equal; for if they are both
 Drunk alike, they are both beasts alike:
 As for that most precious light of heav'n,
 Truth, if time be the father of her,
 I am sure drunkenness is oftentimes
 The mother of her, and brings her forth;
 Drunkenness brings all out; for it brings all
 The drink out of the pot, all the wit out
 Of the pate, and all the money out of the purse.

MARSTON'S FAWN.

Drunkenness! that's a most gentleman-like
 Sin, it scorns to be beholden! for what it
 Receives in a man's house, it commonly
 Leaves again at his door.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Till wicked drink possesses you again,
 That bane to virtue and to common sense,
 That makes you live in a continued mist,
 Without the benefit of one clean thought;
 Nature has prudently contriv'd each man
 In the worst miseries of human life
 Would be himself, and I, would be I still,
 But sordid drunkenness makes you differ more
 From your lov'd self, than from another man.

* * * * *

You think yourselves the finest gentlemen,
 When you are the most to be despis'd and pity'd;
 Not monkies can be more ridiculous,
 Besides the infamy you must contract
 In the opinion of the good and wise.
 As soon I'd choose a madman for a friend;
 You vomit secrets when o'ercharg'd with wine,
 You often quarrel with the best of friends:
 And she must be as bold as is a lioness
 Who takes you for a husband. Drink, in short,
 Provokes you to all folly, to all vice,
 Till you become a nuisance to mankind.

* * * * *

By

By drunkenness you are useless at the best,
 Unless as flies or humble-bees, mere drones.
 What office is there in a commonwealth
 A drunkard can sustain? Unless it be one
 'To be a strainer through which claret runs.
 Your nerves you weaken, and drown your minds;
 You're all mere sops in wine, your brains are boys.
 A toast is equal to a common drunkard.

SHADWELL'S Scourers.

————— O when we swallow down
 Intoxicating wine, we drink damnation;
 Naked we stand the sport of mocking fiends,
 Who grin to see our noble nature vanquish'd,
 Subdued to beasts. Well is the drunken god
 Drawn in his giddy carr by reinless tygers;
 Our passions then, like swelling seas, break in;
 The monarch Reason's govern'd by our blood,
 The noisy populace declare for liberty,
 While anarchy and riotous confusion
 Usurp the sovereign's throne, claim his prerogative.
 Till gentle sleep exhales the boiling surfeit;
 Then this unnatural rebellion's quell'd,
 The faction quieted; those mad mechanics,
 Our trait'rous spirits, all again subside,
 Each to the body's proper work repairs.

CH. JOHNSON'S Wife's Relief.

D U N G E O N.

Then to a dungeon's depth I sent both bound,
 Where stow'd with snakes and adders now they lodge,
 Two planks their bed, slipp'ry with ooze and slime,
 The rats brush o'er their faces with their tails,
 And croaking paddocks crawl upon their limbs.

DRYDEN'S King Arthur.

Haste to the dungeon, plunge them down
 Far from the hopes of day, then let them lie
 Banish'd this world while yet alive, and groan

In

In darkness and in horror, let double chains
 Consume the flesh of Memnon's loaded limbs,
 Till death shall knock them off.

Young's Basiris.

I am rival'd by his chains, they clasp
 The hero round (a cold unkind embrace)
 And but an earnest of far worse to come.
 While he my soul in dungeon-darkness clos'd,
 Breathes damp unwholesome steams, and lives on poison.
Ibid.

Thou subterranean sepulchre of peace!
 Thou home of horror! Hideous nest of crimes!
 Guilt's first sad stage to her dark road to hell!
 Ye thick-barr'd sunless passages for air,
 To keep alive the wretch that longs to die!
 Ye low-brow'd arches, thro' whose sullen gloom
 Resound the ceaseless groans of pale Despair!
 Ye dreadful shambles, cak'd with human blood!
 Receive a guest, from far, far other scenes.

Young's Brothers.

There to lie
 Where never sun beam pierc'd the solid gloom,
 Where rattling chains, and doors, that grind the hinge,
 To let in new distress, make hideous concert.

Francis's Constantine.

D Y I N G.

Her dying looks, where new-born beauty shines,
 Oppress'd with blushes, modestly declines,
 While death approach'd with a majestic grace,
 Pleas'd to look lovely once in such a face;
 Her arms, spread to receive her welcome guest,
 With a glad sigh she drew into her breast;
 Her eyes then languishing towards heav'n she cast,
 To thank the powers that death was come at last;

And

And at th' approach of the cold silent god
Ten thousand hidden glories rush'd abroad.

ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.

His eye-balls roll in death :
Behold the ling'ring soul's convulsive strife,
His thick short breath catches at parting life.

DYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt,
She half pronounc'd your name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

DYDEN'S All for Love.

He breathes short,
The taper's spent, and this is his last blaze.

LEE'S Cæsar Borgia.

His drooping lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
Were faintly rear'd to tell me that he liv'd;
The balls of sight, dim and depriv'd of motion,
Sparkl'd no more with that majestic fire
At which even kings have trembl'd, but had lost
Their common useful office, and were shaded
With an eternal night.

ROWE'S Ambitious Stepmother.

There life gave way, and the last rosy breath
Went in that sigh, Death like a brutal victor
Already ent'red, with rude haste defaces
The lovely frame he's master'd: See how soon
Those starry eyes have lost their light and lustre.
A deadly cold has froze the blood,
The pliant limbs grow stiff and lose their use,
And all the animating fire is quench'd.
Even beauty too is dead; an ashy pale
Grows o'er the roses, the red lips have lost
Their fragrant hue, for want of that sweet breath
That blest'd 'em with its odours as it pass'd.

ROWE'S Jane Shore.

The

The peaceful slumber of the grave is on me ;
 Ev'n all the tedious life of day I've wander'd,
 Bewilder'd with misfortunes :
 At length 'tis night, and I have reach'd my home ;
 Forgetting all the toils and trouble past,
 Weary I lay me down, and sleep for ever. *Ibid.*

Sure I am near upon my journey's end,
 My head runs round, my eyes begin to fail ;
 And dancing shadows swim before my sight :
 I can no more : Receive me, thou cold earth,
 Thou common parent, take me to thy bosom,
 And let me rest with thee.

Rowe's Tamerlane.

Can I behold thee thus ?
 See the pale fingers of approaching death,
 Damping those beauties, chilling all thy flames,
 And only moan thee with an idle sorrow.

SEWELL'S Sir Walter Raleigh.

When low beneath the sable mold I rest,
 May a sincerer friendship share thy breast ?
 Why are those heavy groans ? (ah ! cease to weep !)
 May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep ;
 Yet this sad tale no sleeping stone declare,
 From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
 Let o'er my grave the levelling plough-share pass,
 Mark not the spot, forget that e'er I was.
 Then may'st thou with Parthenia's love be blest,
 And not one thought on me thy joys molest !
 My swimming eyes are overpower'd with light,
 And dark'ning shadows fleet before my sight.
 May'st thou be happy !

Gay's Dionis.

Her catching grasp, by fits, strives hard to hold me !
 Her straining eyes half burst their wat'ry balls !
 Vainly they glare to snatch a parting look !
 And Love, convulsive, shakes her struggling bosom :
 Care comes too late ;—her quivering lip grows pale ;
 And

And frighted beauty, loth to leave his mansion,
Ebbs slow, with the unwilling blood away.

HILL's Henry V.

—The pains of death are on me,
My heart sinks down, convulsions shake my breast,
A shuddering damp creeps cold along my veins,
And thick'ning mists o'ercloud my swimming eyes.

FROWDE's Philotas.

—There death displays
His utmost terrors.—Pale and lifeless, there
She lies, whose looks were love, whose beauty smil'd
The sweet effulgence of endearing virtue.

THOMSON's Edward and Elconora.

—See that sweet bosom
All gor'd and bloody, heaving yet in death!
Look on her quiv'ring lips, and that dead pale
That creeps o'er all her bloom.

CRISP's Virginia.

D Y I N G of O L D A G E.

—The hand of death
Comes, like eternal night, with her dark wing,
To bar the comfortable light for ever
From these my aged eyes.

LEE's Mithridates.

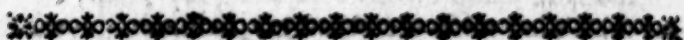
Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow'd long,
Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

LEE's Oedipus.

—He with a cold
And shaking hand, just in the pangs of death,
Groan'd

Groan'd out a parting;
Fain would have spoke, but falter'd in his speech
With undistinguish'd sounds.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.



E A G L E.

SO the eagle,
That bears the thunder of our grandfire Jove,
With joy beholds his hardy youthful offspring
Forake the nest, to try his tender pinions
In the wide untrack'd air, till bolder grown,
Now like a whirlwind on the shepherd's fold,
He darts precipitate, and gripes the prey;
Or fixing on some dragon's scaly hide,
Eager of combat, and his future feast,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain,
Wreathing his spiry tail.

Rowe's Ulysses.

The eagle thus prepar'd to mount the sky
To the sun's orb undazzled darts his eye,
And spurns the ground with awful dignity;
Exulting in his pride, is pleas'd to view
The feather'd tribe, admiring where he flew.
With failing strength they tempt the wond'rous height,
But faint beneath the radiant load of light.
While he alone enjoys the sovereign sway,
Alone supports the sun's encreasing ray,
And joyous revels in the blaze of day.

MARTYN's Timoleon.

As when some serpent his dread length extends,
Safe in the brake, and his scal'd curls unbends;
Jove's watchful bird down from his height of skies
Impetuous stoops, then gripes secure the prize;

Vain

E C H

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Vain is resistance now, nor aught avail;
The crest erected high, and wreathing tail;
His strong-ribb'd sides the victor-eagle gores,
And tears him struggling, as aloft he soars.

Frowde's Philotas.

E A S E.

Ease, delight of human kind,
Soft enchantress of the mind;
Ease, thou happy gift of heav'n,
By the gods to mortals giv'n;
Thou to fair Virtue near ally'd,
Art ever by her sacred side,
Whether she choose the rugged way,
Or thro' the moss-green valley stray;
You, sooth'd with raptur'd fancy, walk along,
And lend attentive ear to her celestial song.

Ease the lyric bard inspires,
Warms his breast with heav'nly fires;
Bids him swell a fuller key,
Or a softer sound convey.

'Tis Ease alone gives peaceful rest,

To the pure-virtue breathing breast.

'Tis Ease that calms the ruffled soul,

'Tis Ease can passion's force controul.

Virtue and Ease for ever social join,

Both of congenial form, and both of birth divine.

Burns's Socrates.

E C H O.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen

Within thy airy shell,

By slow Meander's margin green,

And in the violet embroider'd vale,

Where the love-lorn nightingale

Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well,

Canst

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair,
That liketh thy Narcissus are?

O! if thou have
Hid them in some flow'ry cave,
Tell me but where.

'Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

MILTON'S *Comus*.

E C L I P S E.

—————The moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Hamlet*.

—————The silver moon is all o'er blood;
A settling crimson stains her beauteous face;
A vast eclipse darkens the lab'ring planet.
Sound there, sound all your instruments of war,
Clarions and trumpets, silver, brass, and iron,
And beat a thousand drums, to help her labour.

LEE'S *Oedipus*.

Struggling in dark eclipse, and shooting day,
On either side of the black orb that veil'd him.

DRYDEN'S *Don Sebastian*.

E L D E R B R O T H E R.

My claim to her by eldership I prove;
Age is a plea in empire, not in love.

DRYDEN'S *Indian Emperor*.

Birthright's a vulgar road to kingly sway,
'Tis every dull-got elder brother's way;
Dropp'd from above, he lights into a throne,
Grows of a piece with that he sits upon;
Heav'n's choice! a low, inglorious, rightful drone.

DRYDEN'S *Aurengzebe*.

I lov'd

I lov'd her first, and cannot quit my claim,
But will preserve the birthright of my passion.
OTWAY's Orphan.

Is not the elder
By nature pointed out for perference?
Is not his right enroll'd among those laws
Which keep the world's vast frame in beauteous order?
Ask those thou nam'dst but now, what made them lords?
What titles had they had, if merit only
Could have conferr'd a right? If Nature had not
Srove hard to thrust the worst-deserving first,
And stamp'd the noble mark of eldership
Upon their baser metal.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

An elder brother, a less awful parent,
He should assuage you, he should intercede;
Soften my failings, and indulge my youth.
Young's Brothers.

E L O Q U E N C E.

For your words they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.

Ev'ry word he speak's a fyren's note
To drown the careless hearer.

BEAUMONT's Sea Voyage.

Fine speeches are the instruments of fools,
Or knaves, who use them when they want good sense;
But Honesty needs no disguise or ornament.

OTWAY's Orphan.

When he spoke, what tender words he us'd!
So softly, that like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.

DRYDEN's Spanish Friar.

— I'll

I'll try
 To change the soldier's to the lover's line,
 Use all the strongest eloquence that art
 Or the sharp anguish of my soul can frame,
 To plead my passion, and promote my love.

BECKINGHAM's Scipio.

Ye faithful lovers' shades of old,
 Whose spirits once inform'd the female mold;
 Who for the charms of some successful youth,
 Have prov'd blest miracles of love and truth;
 Descend and give, ye fair celestial throng,
 Fire to my heart, and music to my tongue.

SEWELL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

O Eloquence! thou violated fair,
 How art thou woo'd, and won to either bed
 Of right or wrong! O when Injustice folds thee,
 Dost thou not curse thy charms for pleasing him,
 And blush at conquest?

HAYARD's King Charles L.

Could words, O Regulus, express the joy,
 The fulness of our joy at thy return,
 This welcome office had not then been mine;
 Then, every grace that marks the orator,
 The force of rhetoric, the flowers of speech,
 That Athens practis'd, or Minerva taught;
 Had all been summon'd to perform the task,
 And all been baffled in the weak attempt.

HAYARD's Regulus.

Now with fine phrase, and foppery of tongue,
 More graceful action, and a smother tone,
 That orator of fable, and fair face,
 Will steal on your brib'd hearts.

YOUNG's Brothers.

EMBRACE

E M B R A C E.

Ant. I thought how those white arms would fold
me in,

And strain me close, and melt me into love :
So pleas'd with that sweet image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow.

Cleop. Come to me, come, my soldier, to my arms,
You've been too long away from my embraces ;
But when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and tumultuous sighs,
I'll say you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.
Let Cæsar spread his subtle nets like Vulcan,
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By heav'n and earth at once,
And make their envy what they meant their sport :
Let those who took us blush, I would love on
With awful state, regardless of their frown,
As their superior god.

Dryden's All for Love.

Let me hold thee
Thus to my bosom ! Ages let me grasp thee,
Life of my life, and treasure of my soul !
Tho' round my bed the furies plant their charms,
I'll break them with Jocasta in my arms :
Clasp'd in the fold of love, I'll wait my doom,
And act my joys, tho' thunder shake the room.

Lee's Oedipus.

I swear I press thee with as hearty joy
As ever fearful bride embrac'd her man,
When from a dream of death she wak'd and found
Her lover safe, and sleeping by her side.

Lee's Theodosius.

Oh ! I will I hold thee with these longing arms ;
Hold thee till morn, and from that morn till evening ;

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M

From

From evening to mid-day, from day to night,
From night to death—I'll clasp thee thus for ever.

LEE'S Lucius Junius Brutus.

Eternal comfort's in thy arms:

To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease

Than downy pillows, deck'd with leaves of roses.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

Thus let me grow to thee, too close for fate to sever,
Oh! let death find me in these dear, dear arms,
And looking on thee, spare my better part,
And take me willing hence,

DRYDEN'S Cleomenes.

— Thus, my Chryseis, thus

Embrace me close, and join thy lips to mine.

There's no security in other joys;

Here happiness is rivetted alone;

Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the sweets

Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

LANSDOWN'S Heroic Love.

— O let me press thee,

Pant on thy bosom, sink into thy arms,

And lose myself in the luxurious fold.

ROWE'S Jane Shore.

EMPEROR and EMPIRE.

See GREATNESS.

To you the drudg'ry of pow'r I give;

Cares be your lot; reign you, and let me live;

Were I a god, the drunken world should roll,

The little emmets with the human soul

Care for themselves, while at my ease I fate,

And second causes did the work of fate.

DRYDEN'S Aurengzebe.

There's no true joy in such unweildy fortune;

Eternal gazers lasting troubles make,

All find my spots, but few my brightness take.

Why

Why was I born a prince? Proclaim'd a god?
 Yet have no liberty to look abroad.
 Thus palaces in prospect bar the eye,
 Which pleas'd and free would o'er the cottage fly,
 O'er flow'ry lawns to the gay distant sky.
 Farewel then empire, and the racks of love;
 By all the gods, I will to wilds remove,
 Stretch'd like a silvan god, on grass lie down,
 And quite forget that e'er I wore a crown.

LEE'S Alexander.

When empire in its childhood first appears,
 A watchful fate o'ersees its tender years;
 Till grown more strong, it thrusts, and stretches out,
 And elbows all the kindoms round about:
 The place thus made for its first breathing free,
 It moves again for ease and luxury;
 Till swelling by degrees, it has possess'd
 The greater space, and now crowds up the rest:
 When from behind there starts some petty state,
 And pushes on its now unweildly fate:
 Then down the precipice of time it goes,
 And sinks in minutes, which in ages rose.

DRYDEN'S Conquest of Granada.

Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
 With scepter'd slaves, who waited to salute me?
 With Eastern monarchs, who forgot the sun
 To worship my uprising? Menial kings
 Ran courting up and down my palace yards,
 Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,
 And at my least command all started out,
 Like racers for the goal.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

Emperor! Why that's the stile of victory!
 The conqu'ring soldier, red with unselt wounds,
 Salutes his gen'ral thus. But never more
 Shall that sound reach my ears;
 For I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd

M 2

The

The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours,
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other hands.

Ibid.

Oh! that I had been born some happy swain,
And never known a life so great, so vain!
Where I th' extremes might not be forc'd to chuse,
And, blest'd with some mean wife, no crown could lose,
Where the dear partner of my little state,
With all her smiling offspring at the gate,
Blessing my labours, might my coming wait;
Where in our humble bed all safe might lie,
And not in cursed courts for glory die.

LIEB'S Theodosius.

Reign, reign, ye monarchs that divide the world,
Busy ambition ne'er will let you know
Tranquility and happiness like mine:
Like gaudy ships th' obsequious billows fall,
And rise again to lift you to their pride:
They wait but for a storm and then devour you.

OTWAY'S Venice Preserv'd.

Have we not seen him shake his silver reigns,
O'er harness'd monarchs, to his chariot yok'd;
In fullen majesty they stalk along,
With eyes of indignation and despair;
While he aloft displays his impious state,
With half their rifl'd kingdoms o'er his brow,
Blazing to heav'n in diamond and in gold.

YOUNG'S Bussy.

When empires are at stake, nothing is just,
Or great, but what implicitly maintains them.

CIBBER'S Caesar in Egypt.

What is empire, all the glitt'ring trophies
Of power and wide-extended sway, when pois'd
Against the weightier virtues of the mind?

*E. HAYWOOD'S Frederick Duke of Brunswick
Lunenburgh.*

Wh

Who careless sits, and nods upon a throne,
 Rules by the will of others, not his own :
 Of every ill he justly bears the blame ;
 But all the praise of good his subjects claim. *Ibid.*

———The genius of imperial rule,
 All-incommunicable, knows no equal ;
 Nay, knows no second.

Mallet's Mustapha.

———If thou think'st
 That crowns are vilely property'd, like coin,
 To be the means, the specialty of lust.
 And sensual attribution—If thou think'st
 That empire is of titled birth, or blood ;
 That Nature in the proud behalf of one,
 Shall disfranchise all her lordly race,
 And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke
 Of private domination—then, thou proud one,
 Here know me for thy king.

Baron's Gustavus Vasa.

Extended empire, like expanded gold,
 Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.

S. Youngson's Irene.

Right, to rule men, is now longer held
 By dull descent, like land's low heritage.
 'Tis the pluck'd fruit of toil—'tis the paid price
 Of blood, lost nobly.

Hall's Merope.

'Tis empire ! empire ! empire ! Let that word
 Make sacred all I do, or can attempt !
 Had I been born a slave, I should affect it :
 My nature's fiery, and of course aspires.
 Who gives an empire, by the gift defeats
 All end of giving ; and procures contempt
 Instead of gratitude. An empire lost,
 Destroy'd, would less confound me, than resign'd.

Young's Brothers.

EMULATION.

So it is
 The thousands, who with busy hands and feet,
 Are ever labouring up the steep ascent
 Of wealth and honour; see, with jealous eyes,
 And wou'd prevent each other's purposes:
 Nor can the envy'd summit be attain'd
 Without the sharp contention that attends
 And makes the glory greater.

BELLER's Injured Innocence.

ENCHANTMENT.

He, ripe and frolick of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,
 And in thick shelter of black shades imbower'd
 Excels his mother at her mighty art;
 Off'ring to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a chrystal glass,
 To quench the drought of Phoebus; which as taste,
 (For most do taste thro' fond intemp'rate thirst)
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 Th' express resemblance of the gods, is chang'd
 Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were.
 Yet when he walks his tempting rounds, the sor-
 cerer
 By magic power their human face restores,
 And outward beauty, to delude the sight.
 * * * * *
 * * * They (so perfect in their misery)
 Not once perceive this foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,

And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual fly.

MILTON's Comus.

Within the naval of this hideous wood,
Immer'd in cypress shades, a forcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep snail'd in all his mother's witcheries;
And here to ev'ry thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticements gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage,
Character'd in the face.

Ibid.

E N E M Y.

Such foes indeed must surely aim the blow,
Who praise to wound, and honour to destroy.

MALLEY's Mustapha.

But if, tho' in a foe, to reverence virtue,
Withstand oppression, rescue injur'd innocence,
Step boldly in betwixt my fire and guilt,
And save my king, my father from dishonour;
If this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence.

BROOK's Gustavus Vasa.

To exult
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on th' afflicted, is the mark,
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul.

SMOLLET's Reginald.

E N G L A N D.

See BRITAIN.

O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like a little body with a mighty heart,

M 4

What

What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural?

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry V.*

England, that silver shore, white-fac'd and pale,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her islanders:
High tow'ring England, by the main hedg'd in,
A water-wall'd bulwark, still secure,
And confident from foreign purposes,
Still reigns the utmost corner of the West.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King John.*

———England never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself. *Ibid.*

ENJOYMENT.

See FALSEHOOD.

Yet this was she, ye gods! the very she,
Who in my arms lay melting all the night,
Who kiss'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and kiss'd again,
As if her soul flew upward to her lips,
To meet mine there, and parted at the passage;
Who, loth to find the breaking day, look'd out,
And shrunk into my bosom, there to make
A little longer darkness.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Troilus and Cressida.*

When I have once enjoy'd my sweet Evanthe,
And blest my youth with her most dear embraces,
I have done my journey here, my day is out;
All that the world has else is fool'ry,
Labour, and loss of time.

BEAUMONT'S *Wife for a Month.*

'Tis a bliss above the fabled elysium
To clasp a dainty wrist; to kiss a lip
Melts into nectar; to behold an eye
Shoot am'rous fires, that would warm cold statues

Idem

Into life and motion ; play with her hair
 Brighter than that was stellified ;
 And when the wanton appetite is cloy'd
 With thousand satisfactions of this kind,
 Then follows th' absoluteness
 Of all delight : but were desire restrain'd
 From variation, soon 'twould satiate,
 And glut itself to loathing.

Nani's Covent Garden.

Oh ! let me press these balmy lips all day,
 And bathe my love-scorch'd soul in thy moist kisses !
 Now, by my joys, thou art all sweet and soft,
 And thou shalt be the altar of my love :
 Upon thy beauties hourly will I offer,
 And pour out pleasure and bless'd sacrifice,
 To the dear memory of my Lucina.
 No god or goddess ever was ador'd
 With such religion as my love shall be :
 For in those charming raptures of my soul,
 Clasp'd in thy arms, I'll waste myself away,
 And rob the ruin'd world of their great lord ;
 While to the honour of Lucina's name,
 I leave mankind to mourn the loss for ever.

ROCHESTER's Valentinian.

And why this niceness to that pleasure shows,
 Where Nature fums up all her joys in one ?
 Gives all she can, and lab'ring still to give,
 Makes it so great, we can but taste and live :
 So fills the senses, that the soul seems fled,
 And thinks itself does for a time lie dead ;
 Till like a string screw'd up with eager haste,
 It breaks, and is too exquisite to last.

DRYDEN's Aurangzeb.

When you were gone, and
 None but I left with that charming maid,
 What furious fires did my hot nerves invade !

M 5

With

With open arms upon my bliss I ran,
 With pangs I grasp'd her like a dying man :
 Like light and heat incorp'rate we lay,
 We blest'd the night, and curs'd the coming day.

LEE's Sopboniso.

What said he not, when in the bridal bed
 He clasp'd my yielding body in his arms ?
 When with his fiery lips devouring mine,
 And moulding with his hands my throbbing breasts,
 He swore the globes of heav'n and earth were vile,
 To those rich worlds ; and talk'd, and kiss'd, and lov'd,
 And made me shame the morning with my blushes.

LEE's Alexander.

When will the dear man come, that all my doubts
 May vanish in his breast ? That I may hold him
 Fast as my fears can make me ; hug him close
 As my fond soul can wish ; give all my breath
 In sighs and kisses ; swoon, die away with rapture !

Ibid.

These stifling lips shall smother all her smiles,
 And follow her with such pursuit of kisses,
 That e'en our souls shall lose themselves i' th' pleasure.

LEE's Mithridates.

When your kind eyes look languishing on mine,
 And wreathing arms did soft embraces join,
 A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,
 Then wishes, and a warmth unknown before ;
 What follow'd was all ecstasy and trance,
 Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did dance,
 And speechless joys, in whose rude tumult lost,
 I thought my breath, and my new being lost.

DRYDEN's State of Innocence.

There's no satiety of love in thee ;
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new : Perpetual spring
 Is in thy arms ; the ripen'd fruit but falls,

And

And blossoms rise to fill its empty place,
And I grow rich by giving.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

Our life shall be but one long nuptial day,
And, like chaf'd odours, melt in sweets away,
Soft as the night our minutes shall be worn,
And chearful as the birds that wake the morn.

DRYDEN'S Secret Love.

Oh! with what soft devotion in her eyes
The tender lamb came to the sacrifice!
Oh! how her charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too near sweets they took my sense away,
And I even lost the power to reach at joy.
But those cross witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in trances sweeter far,
As anchor'd vessels in calm harbours ride,
Rock'd on the swellings of the floating tide.

OTWAY'S Don Carlos.

— O thou great chymist, Nature!
Who draw'st one spirit so divinely perfect,
Thou mak'st a dreg of all the world besides.

LEE'S Cesar Borgias.

Who'd be that sordid foolish thing call'd man,
To cringe thus, fawn, and flatter for a pleasure,
Which beasts enjoy so very much above him?
The lusty bull ranges thro' all the field,
And from the herd singling his female out,
Enjoys her, and abandons her at will.

OTWAY'S Orphan.

Immortal pleasures shall our senses drown,
Thought shall be lost, and ev'ry pow'r dissolv'd.

Ibid.

Queen. How dear, how sweet, his first embraces were!
With what a zeal he join'd his lips to mine!
And suck'd my breath at every word I spoke,
As if he drew his inspiration thence!

M 6

While

While both our souls came upwards to our mouths,
 As neighb'ring monarchs at their borders meet.
 I thought, O no! 'tis false, I could not think!
 'Twas neither life nor death, but both in one.

Teresa. Then sure his transports were not less than
 your's.

Queen. More! more! for by the high-hung taper
 light,

I could discern his cheeks were glowing red,
 His very eye-balls trembled with his love,
 And sparkl'd thro' their casements humid fires:
 He sigh'd and kiss'd, breath'd short, and would have
 spoke;

All he could say, was Love and Leonora.
 In thy possession years roll round on years,

DRYDEN'S Spanish Fryar.

And joys in circles meet new joys again.
 Kisses, embraces, languishings and deaths,
 Still from each other to each other move,
 To crown the various seasons of our loves.

Ibid.

I'll steal into the eternal knot of love,
 This night; this night shall tell thee how I love:
 When words are at a loss, and the mute soul
 Pours out herself in sighs and gasping joys;
 Life grasps the pangs of bliss and murm'ring pleasures,
 Thou shalt confess all language then is vile,
 And yet believe me most without my vowing.

LEE'S Lucius Junius Brutus.

I found a pleasure I ne'er felt before,
 Dissolving pains, and swimming shudd'ring joys.

LEE'S Princess of Cleve.

The ties of minds are but imperfect bands,
 Unless the bodies join to seal the contract.

DRYDEN'S Don Sebastian.

————— Make haste to bed,
 There let me tell my story in thy arms;

There

There in the gentle pauses of our love,
 Betwixt our dyings, e'er we live again,
 Thou shalt be told the battle and success,
 Which I shall oft begin, and then break off;
 For love will often interrupt my tale,
 And make so sweet confusion in our talk,
 That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer things
 That are not of a piece; but patch'd with kisses,
 And sighs, and murmurs, and imperfect speech,
 And nonsense shall be eloquence in love.

DRYDEN'S Amphitryon.

Your fruits of love are like eternal spring
 In happy climes; where some are in the bud,
 Some green, and rip'ning some, while others fall.

Ibid.

Let me not live but thou art all enjoyment;
 So charming and so sweet, that not a night
 But whole eternity were well employ'd,
 To love thy each perfection as it ought.

Ibid.

Oh! how I flew into your arms,
 And melted in your warm embrace!
 Did not my soul ev'n sparkle at my eyes,
 And shoot itself into your much lov'd bosom?
 Did I not tremble with excess of joy,
 Nay, agonize with pleasure at your sight,
 With such inimitable proofs of passion,
 As no false love could feign?

Ibid.

Now let us start, and give a loose to love,
 Feast every sense with most luxurious pleasure;
 Improve our minutes, make 'em more than years,
 Than ages, and even live the life of gods!

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

Oh! let me sink upon thy gentle bosom,
 And blushing tell how greatly I am blest!
 Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow,
 That all the pleasures of my virgin state

Were

Were poor and trifling to the present rapture.
A gentle warmth invades my glowing breast,
And while I fondly gaze upon thy face,
Ev'n thought is lost in exquisite delight.

Ibid.

Once in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon,
And stars alone shone, conscious of the theft;
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Hap'ly I stole unheeded to her chamber;
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and Pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and Love alone was waking;
I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
And with prevailing youthful ardor press'd her,
Till with short sighs and murmuring reluctance
The yielding fair-one gave me perfect happiness;
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever:
At length the morn and cold indiff'rence came,
When, fully fated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was pass'd, and sigh alone.
I saw her soon again, alas! too soon;
For, Oh! that meeting was not like the former:
I found my heart no more beat high with transport;
No more I sigh'd, and languish'd for enjoyment:
'Twas pass'd, and reason took her turn to reign,
While every weakness fell before her throne.

Rowe's Fair Penitent.

The ravishing thoughts of mighty joys to come,
Kept me in ecstasy, and made me dumb;
When on thy snowy breast dissolv'd I lie;
What monarch can there be more blest than I?

Carrol's Perjur'd Husband.

Then haste, my charmer,
Let's feast our famish'd souls with am'rous riot,

With

With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
And in a moment love the age we've lost.

SMITH'S Phædra and Hippolytus.

Accurst fruition ! most enchanting ill !
Thou good sublime in prospect, pleasing ruin !
Destructive of thyself, and woman's peace !
Oh ! wherefore, partial Nature didst thou frame
Our souls so different from perfidious man's ?

FROWDE'S Philotas.

E N T H U S I A S M.

At Delphos, when the glorious fury
Kindles the blood of the prophetic maid,
The bounded deity does shoot her out,
Draws every nerve thin as a spider's web,
And beats the skin out like expanded gold.

LEE'S Misbridates.

Something I'd unfold,
If that the god would wake ; for something still there
lies

In heav'n's dark volume, which I read thro' mists :
'Tis great ! prodigious ! 'tis a dreadful birth
Of wound'rous fate ! And now, just now disclosing !
I see how terrible it dawns,
And my soul sickens at it !
Now the god shakes me ! He come ! He comes !

DRYDEN'S Oedipus.

I feel him now
Like a strong spirit charm'd into a tree,
That leaps and moves the wood without a wind :
The roused god, as all this while he lay
Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself ;
He struggles, and he tears my aged trunk
With holy fury ; my old arteries burst ;
My shrivell'd skin, like parchment, crackles at the
hallow'd fire.

I shall

I shall be young again ! Manto, my daughter,
 Thou hast a voice that might have sav'd the bard
 Of Thrace, and forc'd the rag'd Bacchanals
 With lifted prongs to listen to thy airs :
 O charm this god, this fury in my bosom !
 Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,
 With powerful strains ! Manto, my lovely child !
 Soothe the unruly godhead to be mild. *Ibid.*

E N T R Y.

—————Great Bolingbroke !
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
 With slow but stately pace kept on his course ;
 While all tongues cry'd, God save thee, Bolingbroke !
 You would have thought the very windows spake :
 So many greedy looks of young and old,
 Thro' casements datt'd their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage, and that all the walls
 With painted imag'ry had said at once,
 Jesu reserve thee ! Welcome Bolingbroke !
 Whilst he from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespoke them thus ; I thank you, countrymen.
 And thus, still doing thus, he pass'd along.
 But, as in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
 E'en so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cry'd, God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 (The badges of his grief and patience,)
 That had not God (for some strong purpose) steel'd
 The

The hearts of men, they must, perforce, have melted,
And barbarism itself have pity'd him.

SHAKESPEARE's Richard II.

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace, in captive bands, his chariot wheels?
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea to chimney-tops
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome?
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores.

SHAKESPEARE's Julius Caesar.

Your glorious father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurels,
Is ent'ring now, in martial pomp, the palace:
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth;
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glittering gems,
Succeed; and next a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleety ram on Alpine hills,
That bound, and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace:
Pris'ners of war in shining fetters follow,
And captains, of the noblest blood of Africk,
Sweat by his chariot wheels, and lick, and grind,
With gnashing teeth, the dust his triumphs raise:
The swarming pop'lace spread on every wall,
And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
Their hold thro' clefted stones, stretching, and staring
As they were all of eyes, and ev'ry limb
Would feed its faculty of admiration.

CONGREVE's Mourning Bride.

E N V Y.

—Now I feel
Of what course metal ye are moulded—Envy!
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed you, and how sleek and wanton
Y' appear in ev'ry thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice,
You've Christian warrant for them, and no doubt
In time will find their fit rewards.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry VIII.*

For the true condition of Envy, is,
Dolor alienæ felicitatis; to have
Our eyes continually fix'd upon another
Man's prosperity, that is, his chief happiness,
And to grieve at that. Whereas if we make
His monstrous and abhorred actions our
Object, the grief we take then comes nearer
The nature of Hate than Envy; as being
Bred out of a kind contempt and loathing
In ourselves.

B. JOHNSON'S *Every Man out of his Humour.*

E R R O R.

Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not soon conceiv'd?
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar.*

E V E N I N G.

The god of day does to his Thetis haste,
In clouds of gold and shining purple dress'd:
Each lab'ring husbandman his setting waits,
And to his coarse, but welcome, home retreats:

The

The drudging oxen from the yoke are freed ;
 And scatt'ring ewes which on the mountains feed,
 Are by their shepherd to inclosures led ;
 Whilst the gay chirping flutt'ers of the air,
 To their own mossy architects repair.

MOUNTFORD'S Greenwich Park.

See the descending sun,
 Scatt'ring his beams about him as he sinks,
 And gilded heaven above, and seas beneath,
 With paint, no mortal pencil can express.

HOPKINS' Pyrrhus.

The setting sun descends
 Swift to the Western waves ; and guilty night,
 Hasty to spread her horror o'er the world,
 Rides on the dusky air.

Rowe's Ulysses.

The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantic* stream ;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole
 Pacing toward the other goal
 Of his chamber in the East.

MILTON'S Comus.

The grey-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's woods,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus'* wain.

Ibid.

Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat.

Ibid.

The veil of evening, o'er these murmuring woods
 around,
 A lonely horror spreads.

MALLET'S Alfred.

EUNUCH.

E U N U C H.

Pleasure forsook his early infancy:
 The luxury of others robb'd his cradle,
 And ravish'd thence the promise of a man,
 Cast out from Nature, disinherited
 Of what her meanest children claim by kind.

DRYDEN'S All for Love.

E X A M P L E.

Example is a living law, whose sway,
 Men more than all the written laws obey.

SEDLEY'S Anthony and Cleopatra.

Shall I shew you

How more unfortunate you stand in sin,
 Than does the private man; all his offences,
 Like inclos'd grounds, keep but about himself,
 And seldom stretch beyond his own soul's bounds;
 And when a man grows mar'able, 'tis some comfort
 When he's no farther charg'd, than with himself:
 'Tis a sweet ease to wretchedness: but, great man,
 Ev'ry sin thou commit'st, shews like a flame
 Upon a mountain, 'tis seen far about,
 And with a big wind made of popular breath.
 The sparkles fly thro' cities: here one takes,
 Another catches there, and in short time
 Wastes all to cinders: but remember still,
 What burnt the valleys first, came from the hill;
 Ev'ry offence draws his particular pain,
 But 'tis example proves the great man's ruin.
 The sins of mean men lie like scatter'd parcels
 Of an imperfect bill; for when such fall,
 Then comes example, and sums up the whole;
 And this your reason grants, if men of good lives,
 Who, by their virtuous actions, stir up others
 To noble and religious imitation,

Receive

Receive the greater glory after death,
 As sin must needs confess; what may they feel
 In height of torments, and in weight of vengeance,
 Not only they themselves, not doing well,
 But set a light up to shew men to hell?

MIDDLETON'S Women beware Women

When I am done,
 Who shall take care to form their ductile minds,
 (Unprincipled as yet in Virtue's school)
 To shew them Honour's path—to turn their steps
 From Vice's flow'r-strew'd way?—Say whose example,
 Bettering all precept, still shall shine before them,
 The fairest call to good?

HAYWARD'S Regular

EXECRATION.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Tho' rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs;
 As a long parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed not thy sovereign's foe my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense,
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy gaited toads, lye in their way,
 Doing annoyance to their treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee;
 Yield stinking nettles to my enemies;
 And, when they from your bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder,
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sov'reign's enemies.

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard II.

Let heav'n kiss earth, now let Nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd; let order die;

And

And let the world no longer be a stage,
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act,
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain,
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the butier of the dead.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*

Let ignominy brand thy hated name;
 Let modest matrons at thy mention start:
 And blushing virgins, when they read our annals,
 Skip o'er the guilty page that holds thy legend,
 And blots the noble work.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Troilus and Cressida.*

Blow winds until you crack your cheeks; rage, rage
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes spout
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks.
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
 Vaunt-curriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
 Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world,
 Crack Nature's moulds, all germains spill at once,
 That makes ingrateful man.

SHAKESPEARE'S *King Lear.*

Hear, Nature, hear; dear goddess, hear a father!
 Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
 To make this creature fruitful:
 Into her womb convey sterility,
 Dry up in her the organs of increase,
 And from her derogate body never spring
 A babe to honour her. If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen, that it may live
 And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her:
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
 With cadent tears, fret channels in her cheeks,
 Turn all her mother's pains and benefits,
 To laughter and contempt.
 That she may feel

How

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Ibid.

Then hear me, heav'n, and heav'n at his latest hour
Be deaf to him, as he is now to me.

Ere from this war he turn a conqueror,
Ye powers, cut off his dangerous thread of life,
Lest his black sins rise higher in account,
Than hell has pains to punish.
Mischance and sorrow wait thee to the field,
Hearts discontent, languid, and lean despair,
With all the hells of guilt, pursue thy steps for ever.

CIBBER's Richard III.

E X I S T E N C E.

To be, is better far than not to be,
Else Nature cheated us in our formation.
And when we *are* the sweet delusion wears
Such various charms and prospects of delight;
That what we cou'd not will, we make our choice,
Desirous to prolong the life she gave.
Madmen and fools may hurry o'er the scene,
The wise man walks an easy sober pace,
And tho' he sees one precipice for all,
Declines the fatal brink of looking back
On what he leaves, and thinking where he falls,

SEWALL's Sir Walter Raleigh.

E X P E C T A T I O N.

Now do I feel what women do who long
For pleasures unexperienc'd, and forbid,
The want of what we wish to know, begets
Suspence: and that inflames the wild desire.

*E. HAYWOOD's Frederick Duke of Brunswick-
Lunenburg.*

How the time
Slutters in expectation!—Then the mind

Drags

Drags the dead burthen of one hundred years
In one short moment's space—The nimble heart
Beats with impatient throbs, sick of delay,
And pants to be at ease.

HAYARD'S Regular.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,
And give the tortures of suspense a period?
Still must we linger in uncertain hope,
Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom;
Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death shoots thro' our wither'd limbs!
S. JOHNSON'S Irene.

With what a leaden and retarding weight
Does expectation load the wing of Time?

MASON'S Elfrida.

EXPEDITION.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary.
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury's herald for a king.

SHAKESPEARE'S Richard III.

—If thou lov'st me
Mount thy horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether your troops are friends or enemies.

SHAKESPEARE'S Julius Caesar.

EXPERIENCE.

—He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

SHAKESPEARE'S Two Gentlemen of Verona.

EXTREMES.

E X T R E M E S.

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much,
As they that starve with nothing; therefore it
Is no mean happiness to be seated
In the mean; superfluity comes sooner
By white hairs, but competency lives longer.

SHAKESPEARE'S Merchant of Venice.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

SHAKESPEARE'S Romeo and Juliet.

Extremes, though contrary, have the like effects;
Extreme heat mortifies, like extreme cold;
Extreme love breeds satiety, as well
As extreme hatred; and too violent rigour
Tempt's Chastity as much, as too much licence.

CHAPMAN'S All Fools.

E Y E S.

The abstract of all beauty, soul of sweetness:
Defend me, honest thoughts, I shall grow wild else.
What eyes are there! rather what little Heavens!
To stir men's contemplations! What a Paradise
Runs thro' each part she has! Good blood be temp'rate!
I must look off; too excellent an object
Confounds the sense that sees it.

BEAUMONT'S Chances.

Who knows how eloquent these eyes may prove,
Begging in floods of tears, and flames of love?

ROCHESTER'S Valentinian.

Shall I ne'er bask in her eye-shine again,
Nor view the love that play'd in those dear beams,
And shot me with a thousand thousand smiles.

LEE's Alexander.

—————Your fiery eye,
Which, like the sun at noon, none could behold,
But with a snatch of light, and then be dazzl'd,
Now like a cold and drowsy winter star,
Bears a bleak brightness : O decay of lustre !

LEE's Mithridates.

O turn away those basilisks, thy eyes,
The infection's fatal, and who sees them dies.

OTWAY's Don Carlos.

—————Methought her eyes
Grew larger, and a thousand frantic spirits,
Seething like rising bubbles on the brim,
Peep'd from their wat'ry brink, and glow'd upon me

LEE's Oedipus.

When with a groan, that seem'd the call of Death,
With horrid force lifting his impious hands,
He snatch'd, he tore forth from their bloody orbs
The balls of sight, and dash'd them on the ground.

Ibid.

Their glances could create a day in cells,
And kindle freezing hermits into dalliance.

FATE's Loyal General.

My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ach with gazing.

OTWAY's Venice Preserv'd.

There is discourse in eyes ; consent, denial,
All understood by looks. *LEE's Princess of Cleve.*

—————Her eyes,
Tho' they are mute, they plead, nay more, command
For beauteous eyes have arbitrary power.

DRYDEN's Don Sebastian.

Our

Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,
 Whose influence cheers the world he did create,
 Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,
 And bless the kindred beauties of thy eyes:
 Thy eyes which, could his own fair beams decay,
 Might shine for him, and bless the world with day.

Rowe's Ambitious Stepmother.

You strive to cloud your brightness, and restrain
 The lightning of your eyes, lest on the spot
 Its force should flash me dead. *TRAP's Abramule.*

More fatal influence flashes from your eyes,
 Than all those glitt'ring balls that light the skies.

Ibid.

—But her eyes—

Say, is it possible that these were made
 Without the illuminating fire of Heav'n?
 Say, could they kindle such desires in me,
 Yet want the property of heat themselves?

HAYARD's Scanderbeg.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

E. Y. M.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.